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YALE REVIEW

NEW SERIES

Vol. II

OCTOBER, 1912

No. 1

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

By SAMUEL J. ELDER

THE issue between the Republican Party and the Democratic Party is that of the tariff. The Democrats threw down the gauge of battle a year ago in the Cotton Bill, the Wool Bill, and the Farmers' Free List. President Taft accepted the challenge and vetoed the bills. Similar bills have been presented to him again this summer, on the eve of election and in the midst of an intense campaign, and Mr. Taft has again vetoed them. Certainly no one can deny that he has the courage of his convictions, or, as some one has expressed it, "the courage of his vetoes."

The Democrats have carried their proposed legislation into their platform, and declared for a tariff for revenue only. The wing of that party which has always been opposed to the protection of northern manufacturers is in control. The Democratic speaker of the House of Representatives, the Democratic floor leader, and the Democratic Presidential candidate are opposed to protection. They have not contented themselves with denunciation of the inequalities in the tariff, but have raised anew the question whether the Constitution permits the protection of American industries. They have, in their proposed legislation, discriminated in favor of raw materials and against manufactures. For instance, the Wool Bill fixes 29% as the duty

on raw wool (a grotesque figure, based upon no possible computation), and 32% on "tops," and 35% on yarns.

The Republican Party stands not merely on its declarations, but on its accomplishments. President Taft has suffered more, perhaps, from the statement at Winona three years ago that the Payne-Aldrich Bill was the best tariff measure the country had ever had than from any other single cause; but it *was*, and *is*, the best tariff the country has ever had. At the time of the Winona speech there were, of course, no figures to justify or disprove the truth of the statement. Immediately upon the passage of the bill and during its consideration, there was violent outcry in the newspapers against the measure, just as there once was against the McKinley Bill. Interests not getting so much protection as they desired and newspapers not getting print paper on the free list, assailed the bill, and it became anathema to the public. There are now abundant figures by which it can fairly be judged. Since the law went into operation thirty-five months had elapsed down to June 30, 1912, and its merits are now a matter of record instead of prediction.

Under the Payne-Aldrich Bill upwards of eight hundred million dollars worth of our annual imports have come in free, being 51.2% of the total imports; under the Dingley Bill the percentage was 44.3%; under the Wilson Bill 48.8%; and under the McKinley Bill 53%. The present tariff is exceeded only by the McKinley tariff in the percentage of free imports, and the high percentage under the McKinley law was due to the fact that sugar was on the free list. Of merchandise, other than sugar, imported under the McKinley law, 39.56% only was free of duty. Another test will perhaps be more satisfactory, and that is the ratio of revenue collected to the total value of all imports. Under the McKinley Bill it was 22.1%; under the Wilson Bill 21.9%; under the Dingley Bill 25.5%; and under the Payne-Aldrich Bill 20.1%. The astonishing fact is thus

disclosed that the much-derided Payne-Aldrich Bill, charged with "increasing duties" and "pandering to the interests," has reduced, by five and four tenths per cent, the ratio of the duties collected to the value of imports. That is to say, it has made a reduction of more than twenty-one per cent in the tariff (five and four tenths per cent from twenty-five and five tenths), in addition to placing more than half the imports on the free list. This it has done without disturbing business, closing a single shop, or throwing a man out of employment. No such achievement in tariff legislation has been heretofore accomplished.

When the Democratic Party was last placed in power it passed the Wilson Bill, under which the percentage of free imports was substantially less, and the ratio of revenue collected to total imports was materially higher, than under the present bill. But so crudely and unscientifically was the work done that many industries were crippled and others were halted or suspended. It was followed by a period of depression, which threw the party out of power and paved the way for the election of Mr. McKinley, as the "advance agent of prosperity," upon the platform of the "full dinner pail." Those two phrases which fell into common speech tell the story of the effect of a Democratic tariff better than reams of argument and statistics.

President Taft did not regard the work of tariff revision as finished, but only as begun, and it was due to his insistence that the really great step forward was taken. A non-partisan tariff commission was created and the way thereby opened for intelligent, scientific dealing with this vexed question. President Taft cannot be given too abundant credit for this measure, which promised, after years of wandering in the wilderness, to take the tariff out of politics. So far from being helped by the Democrats in his efforts, the commission has been crippled and hampered from the first, and finally destroyed by them, but not until several of its monumental reports were before the country. The

issue is thus squarely made. The Republican Party stands for steady, continuous, scientific revision of the tariff upon full knowledge of the facts. It definitely proposes to give to the business, the capital, and the labor of the country a measure of protection in its own market without excluding competing foreign products or prohibiting their entry. It proposes to revise and scale down schedules from time to time in order that protection may not become prohibition, and in order that there shall be enough foreign competition to serve as a regulation of and a check on monopolistic tendencies.

The Democratic Party stands avowedly hostile to the idea of protection. It proposes that duties shall be imposed only on non-competitive products, to secure revenue sufficient to meet the necessities of the government but not to give protection to any industry. It is unable, because of some sentiment favorable to protection in its own ranks, to carry out its full programme, and proceeding on lines inimical to protection, it does not propose a scientific adjustment of duties to both revenue and protective ideas.

Nothing should be plainer than that radical reduction of the tariff in this country is impossible. Radical revision downward means unemployment, closed shops, and workmen in the employ only of "Street & Walker." It is of no importance whether such a revision is wise or not, whether it would furnish in the end an ideal tariff or not. It cannot be tested. In two years comes a new Congressional election, in four years a new Presidential election. Workmen are without work and farmers have diminished markets for their product. It is unavailing to urge them to possess their souls in patience. The party which is the immediate cause of the suffering goes down to defeat, and men pledged to protection are returned to power by overwhelming majorities. The result is a revision of the tariff *upward*. Not a scientific or conservative revision, but a retaliatory revision. Not back to old rates, but to higher ones. The suffering has

been for naught. No ground has been gained and held. The political football merely goes sailing up the field, and the teams line up where they were thirty years ago. This is the danger with which we are confronted to-day. Substantial progress has been made in downward revision of the tariff. There is every reason to believe that further sound and sane revision can follow. Even that problem in quadratic equations, Schedule K, is in a fair way, at least measurably, to be solved.

A Democratic victory will destroy all this. Four years hence another reaction will ensue. The high protectionists will again be in power, justified by reëlection in having stood pat; and those who have so long labored in the cause of genuine revision downward will begin their weary work anew. No wonder the high protectionists look on with complacency. They can endure, when they must, these radical revisions of the tariff, assured that their inning will come again; that their losses will be recouped and their power reëstablished.

As for Mr. Roosevelt, he has never had any tariff policy and he has none now. For seven years and a half, in the face of increasing and vehement protests against the Dingley Bill, he did nothing. He is the ablest of politicians and he knew the danger of definite dealing with the tariff. He left it to his successor. And now, four years later, when the tariff is no longer a matter of generalities, but absolutely concrete in its questions, he has nothing but generalities to offer. He told us in Massachusetts, and again in Ohio and New Jersey, that he believed in a protective tariff, but in protection that would get through the counting-room into the pay envelope. He reiterates it in his Confession of Faith at Chicago and in his opening campaign speech at Providence. It is a clever and vote-catching phrase. It will comfort the soul and receive the support of thousands of workingmen. But what does it mean? The manufacturing interests of the country need to know, workingmen

need to know, whether Mr. Roosevelt would, if elected, veto such bills as Mr. Taft vetoed a year ago and again this summer. It is true that the ex-President favors a "permanent commission of non-partisan experts whose business shall be to study scientifically all phases of tariff making and of tariff effects," but this is only what Mr. Taft has favored and fought for during his administration, without the lifting of Mr. Roosevelt's little finger to assist him in the contest, and without a single word, except of disparagement, in his Confession of Faith. It was hoped that in his opening speech at Providence his position would be made definite, but it is the old story of the counting-room and the pay envelope; of the wickedness of Aldrich and the "interests," and of the millenium that will result from the square deal which he will give everyone in tariff revision. It is not safe to be specific. Some votes will be lost by every exact statement or a definite position on any schedule. It is far better to promise that every honest manufacturer shall be secured in his investments and in a fair return, every workingman in his share of the benefits of protection; and that all consumers shall be guaranteed reduced prices. No one can find any flaw in that and no one should be tolerated who asks for more.

It is difficult to pass the tariff question without a word as to reciprocity. It was a definite effort to extend our sources of free food supply and to reduce the cost of the necessaries of life. The present demand for a general reduction or removal of the tariff on food stuffs shows that it was a move in the right direction. It rested on broad principles of benefit to both parties to the contract. Two homogeneous peoples, touching each other along an invisible boundary of three thousand miles, could trade together to mutual advantage. The lines of communication were north and south. The reciprocity bill was a step forward in gradual tariff reduction. It was not a reckless and wanton sacrifice of American interests in favor of Canada,

as is at least indicated by Canada's rejection of it, however short-sighted that rejection was. It was a courageous measure, sure to be unpopular and to lose votes for a time, but sure of justification in the long run. Mr. Roosevelt's change of front towards it was a grievous disappointment to thousands who in times past followed and believed in him. No one was more ardent than he in its praise during the winter and spring of last year. In New York and in Michigan he proclaimed his adherence to the measure and applauded the response given to the appeals "to uphold the hands of President Taft in his efforts to secure reciprocity with Canada." It is pitiable for him now to say that he did not understand the measure and that he was deceived as to its provisions. Candidate Roosevelt differs from Citizen Roosevelt. Our old advocate of fair play and the square deal would not have advised the President in favor of the measure and denounced him later for following the advice; would not have praised the bill when it seemed likely to be popular and sought the farmers' vote by deriding it when it turned out to be unpopular.

The Democratic platform expresses its "regret that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law has received a judicial construction depriving it of much of its efficiency," and favors "the enactment of legislation which will restore to the statute the strength of which it has been deprived by such interpretation." The Democratic Party apparently means to enact into law what Judge Harlan regarded as the meaning of the present law. This would be a long step backward rather than forward, and wholly unadapted to the needs of the business of the present day. It ought not to require argument to show that neither in the competition for foreign trade nor in the economical supply of home needs can business in most lines be conducted except on a large scale. Difficult as it may be to determine, it nevertheless must be determined when the combination of large interests becomes unreasonable and when not. President Taft's message to

Congress last December clearly sets out and defines the true course. Combination is not wrong in and of itself. It must be permitted and encouraged up to the point where it seeks to restrict output, reduce quality, and control prices. From the first the President has pointed out and urged upon Congress to enact supplemental legislation defining as separate offenses well-recognized acts of restraint of trade and oppression and creating an administrative board. But he wisely opposes changes in the text of the present law which now, after twenty years, has received definite judicial construction, while changes in its language would result in twenty years more of uncertainty.

No complaint can fairly be made that the Taft administration has not vigorously prosecuted the trusts and enforced the Anti-Trust Law. It has brought more prosecutions, civil and criminal, twelve times over than the Cleveland administration did, four times as many as the Roosevelt administration, and about as many as all the previous administrations since 1890 had done. It has prosecuted these and the cases left over by the Roosevelt administration with great vigor and legal acumen. Vehement complaint is made that the prosecutions have been too numerous and too severe. Much of the most influential defection from the Taft cause has been due to these prosecutions. Whatever else may be said of this administration, it has regarded neither friend nor foe; has rigorously and conscientiously enforced the law; and wholly apart from the results of specific litigation, has brought about a respect for and obedience to the law which were previously unknown. Big business has been taught that it is the servant and not the master of the country, and in every direction it is setting its house in order in conformity to the law. Mr. Taft said, of this law, that it was the result of the struggle of a free people to preserve equality of opportunity. No law can wholly accomplish that result, but it redounds to the glory of the present

administration that this law has been given its full scope and that the President's oath to enforce the laws has been kept.

It is not possible in the space allotted to this article, to consider further the differences between the Republican and Democratic parties, but a word should be said with regard to the candidates.

Upon the President of the United States falls a stupendous burden. The most complete equipment and the most untiring energy are necessary to the performance of its duties. Admirable as Mr. Wilson is, he is in national affairs an untried man. He knows little from experience of the hundreds of questions which the Chief Executive must settle. His early convictions and his later ones are widely at variance. His following, from which his advisers must be drawn, is of a motley and divergent character. His nomination was brought about by a leader whose radicalism had been thrice rejected by the American people. To elect him would be to launch upon unknown seas.

On the other hand, Mr. Taft had the widest training with which any President ever entered the White House. He was, as was then said, "the only man who had been over the plant." During his administration the country has recovered from the financial reaction of 1907 and entered upon what ought to be an assured course of prosperity. He has pursued that middle course which has so little of popular appeal in it and so much of assurance and security. During his administration a deficit of \$50,000,000 a year has been changed into a surplus of \$30,000,000 a year; a reasonable corporation tax has been imposed; reform of the civil service greatly extended; conservation has been sanely and vigorously promoted; excellent judicial appointments have been made; a Workmen's Compensation Act pushed forward; increased railroad rates restrained; a parcel post secured; the Panama Canal has been brought towards an early completion; in the face of popular clamor, the Con-

stitution and the courts have been fearlessly upheld. Mr. Taft has never played politics. No trust prosecution has been delayed to affect an election. He is not a politician and has had no policy except to tell the people the truth as he sees it, and to follow the truth, not only in words, but in deeds. History will do justice to him and to his wise and great administration.

Nothing has been said about the Third Party because, apart from Theodore Roosevelt, there is no Third Party. Its point of departure and reason for existence were Mr. Roosevelt's failure to obtain the Republican nomination. Its platform is his. Acceptance of his Confession of Faith was the condition of its birth. Its National Committee paused in its consideration of contested delegations until his arrival. He fixed Mason and Dixon's Line as the color line for the admission and rejection of negro delegates. It would be absurd to contend that Johnson, Heney, Pinchot, Garfield, Hanna, Woodruff, Flinn, or Lyon—or all of them—could have given the party the breath of life as a political entity, or could now maintain its existence. Roosevelt could say without egotism, "The Party, it is I." The situation is unique. Its like has never before existed in American politics. It is the question of a man in "a government of laws and not of men." Not that policies are not avowed; they are avowed, but they are "my policies." Progressive principles had been advanced for many years without him. Their chief and devoted champion, La Follette, had fought for them, great advances had been made, and thousands of adherents had been enlisted before Mr. Roosevelt's ambition sidetracked him and sought to reap where he had sown. No wonder that La Follette and the other Progressives in Congress distrust him and vehemently repudiate his candidacy. Progressives may well pause. The enormous expenditures of Mr. Roosevelt's pre-convention campaign indicate all too surely that others than the

poor and lowly, others than "the plain people," find reason for acclaiming him as a savior.

A prominent Roosevelt man recently used an enlightening illustration. He said that he was satisfied that we faced in the next few years the most radical attacks upon property which the country has ever seen; that the people had stampeded like the cattle on a range; that it was utterly useless to attempt to stop them head on. The only thing that could be done was to ride with them, and gradually, as they grew tired, edge them off and off till they made a circle and came back where they started. In his judgment Mr. Roosevelt was the only man who could do this; the people trusted him, for he seemed to be moving in their direction, and in the end he would bring them back to the old ground. Unquestionably many men of wealth believe that Mr. Roosevelt, however violent in his utterances, however much he may denounce "the interests," is a conservative, and will best be able, in fact is the only man who will be able to check the radicalism of the day.

On the other hand, there is a large body of earnest men who believe implicitly in him, in his sincerity, unselfishness, and public spirit. They follow him because they believe he will work out a square deal and social justice for all men and all classes. And there is a still larger class, many of whom were formerly his devoted admirers, who now profoundly distrust him and regard his personal popularity with the gravest concern. Nothing can show the remarkable characteristics of the man more clearly than these three antagonistic opinions concerning him after his twenty years in the limelight. No excuse need be made for considering him as one of the issues in the campaign. He has marvellous power of popular appeal; he fascinates the imagination. He is to his followers the mighty hunter, the fearless soldier, the far-seeing statesman, the enemy of the bosses, the friend of the people, the apostle of civic right-

eousness. He is the greatest preacher of political ethics, except Bryan, that this generation has produced. He profoundly believes in himself and his mission to the American people, and in the service he can render. He knows the value of the press and how to use it. No man in public life has ever been more constantly in the headlines or cleverer in newspaper "copy." His speeches are in the hands of editors long before they are delivered, and are thus assured of prominence. He has "news value." Complaining that the papers are discriminating against him, he gets more space than both of his antagonists. He appeals most powerfully to the man in the street. The language of the prize ring and of the revival are equally his. "We are at Armageddon and we fight the battle of the Lord" stands by the side of "My hat is in the ring," "We will lick them to a frazzle," and "We have slugged them over the ropes."

Mr. Roosevelt scorns to be consistent. He is against the bosses, and yet Flinn and Lyon and Woodruff and Hanna are his managers. He is against the magnates and the interests, and yet neglects, though often urged, to state how much they have contributed to his campaigns. He cries out against theft and robbery and the "stealing" of delegates at Chicago, and yet allowed his managers to set up fake contests for one hundred and sixty-four seats in the Republican Convention on such silly grounds that his own members of the National Committee would not support them. He continues to cry fraud and tainted nomination when he would have accepted a nomination if enough of these fake contests had been decided in his favor. While preaching righteousness, he permits a defense of these contests on the ground that they were set up only for "psychological effect as a move in practical politics." That is to say, to deceive the voters during the primary campaign as to the number of delegates Mr. Taft really had. He permitted and promoted a campaign of vituperation in advance

of and during the sessions of the National Committee, which might either frighten that Committee into seating delegates not entitled to seats or justify a bolt in his favor in case of defeat. He continues to charge the National Committee and the Credential Committee with "stealing" seventy other delegates when his own contest manager refuses to follow him and when a fair reading of the evidence clearly shows that the committees and the Convention itself followed the long settled rules and practice of the Republican Party and the terms of the call under which the Convention was held. Reiteration and vituperation are not argument, though they are expected to prove "good enough Morgan till after election."

In Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy the country is faced by the most serious attack upon its Constitution and judiciary which it has ever known. Although in some of his later pronouncements he has somewhat modified his Columbus speech, it is nevertheless the fact that he advocates the removal of judges at any time by a majority vote of both Houses of the Legislature. He asserted at Columbus that "Massachusetts has the right to have appointive judges who serve during good behavior, subject to removal, not by impeachment, but by simple majority vote of the two Houses of the Legislature," and said that for his part he preferred the Massachusetts plan to all others. This utterly misstates the provision of the Massachusetts Constitution which provides, Chapter III, Article I, that "The Governor, with the consent of the Council, may remove them" (i. e., judges who are appointed for life or good behavior) "upon the address of both Houses of the Legislature." It was a strange blunder for him to make in a serious speech before a constitutional convention. The three steps for removal in Massachusetts are perfectly clear. The Governor is under no obligation to remove a judge upon a vote of the legislature, but must exercise an independent judgment; and he cannot remove even upon such a vote and upon his own judgment

without the consent of the Council, a separately elected body, independent both of the Governor and the Legislature. The Governor cannot appoint a judge without its consent and cannot remove one without its consent. Although Mr. Roosevelt's attention was frequently called to the blunder during the Massachusetts primary campaign, he repeated it in his speech at the Arena in Boston at the close of the campaign, saying that he had been accused of "casting obloquy on the Massachusetts judiciary" when he held it in the highest esteem, and adding that he was only urging other States "to adopt the same supervision over their judges that Massachusetts had." He was recommending a totally different thing and no one had accused him of casting "obloquy" but of misstating the constitution.

In addition to this, he advocates the annulling of decisions of the State Supreme Courts upon questions which affect the constitutionality of State legislation by majority vote at a general or special election. Although he says that the decision of the people is to be "final," subject to being overturned by the Supreme Court of the United States, it is hardly possible that he means that the people cannot reverse themselves at a subsequent election and thus make the interpretation of the constitution depend upon fluctuating majorities. Although he says this is to have no application to the Supreme Court of the United States, there would seem in the end to be no reason under his "Rule of the People" doctrine why it should not be applied to nine men at Washington as well as to seven men in Massachusetts or elsewhere.

Nothing so subversive of conservative and orderly government has ever been suggested in this country, and it behooves citizens everywhere to use their utmost influence to check once for all, in the most impressive manner, such a propaganda. President Taft has well said: "The proposal to recall judges for unpopular decisions is nothing less than a proposal to abolish courts. To abolish courts is to abolish

freedom. However innocent the motives of those who propose the measure, no deadlier blow was ever aimed at the heart of human liberty than this. The people have only to understand it to reject it."

Mr. Roosevelt, while President, was vehement in his criticism of judges whose decisions he conceived to oppose his policies. It may well be said of him as Lord Macaulay said of Frederic the Great: "In other departments his meddling was altogether without apology. He interfered with the course of justice as well as with the course of trade; and set up his own crude notions of equity against the law as expounded by the unanimous voice of the gravest magistrates. It never occurred to him that men whose lives were passed in adjudicating on questions of civil right were more likely to form correct opinions on such questions than a prince whose attention was divided among a thousand objects, and who had never read a law book through. The resistance opposed to him by the tribunals inflamed him to fury. He reviled his chancellor. He kicked the shins of his judges. He did not, it is true, intend to act unjustly. He firmly believed that he was doing right and defending the cause of the poor against the wealthy. Yet this well meant meddling probably did far more harm than all the explosions of his evil passions during the whole of his long reign. We could make shift to live under a debauchee or a tyrant; but to be ruled by a busybody is more than human nature can bear."

Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy tramples upon a solemn promise to the American people and laughs at one of their basic traditions. Thousands of men and women in this country who have been his earnest and enthusiastic admirers, believed up to the last moment that he would keep faith with them. Despite the creaking of the machinery that brought the seven Governors together, despite the Columbus speech and the hat in the ring, they believed that he would not be a candidate for the Presidency. For in November, 1904, he

had said: "On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and these three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be again a candidate for, or accept another nomination for, President."

The American people believed he would keep his word and write his name beside the names of Washington and Lincoln and the men who have put country above self. But they were disappointed. The Roosevelt whom they had known and trusted found it possible to say, not that he had changed his mind, but that he did not mean what his words said in 1904. "The wise custom which limits the President to two terms" has had no exceptions in the history of the country. Mr. Roosevelt knew this when he based his words upon it. It is impossible to accept his explanation that he only meant "another nomination" at the end of his second term. Theodore Roosevelt who made that statement meant it. He is mistaken in thinking that he did not. He would not have referred to the "wise custom which limits the President to two terms" if he had intended to seek or accept a third term. He would not have said "under no circumstances" if he had meant until after four years. He would not have said another nomination if he had meant another consecutive nomination. The native hue of resolution has been sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and an enterprise of great pith and moment, the perpetuation of a great safeguard of liberty, has turned awry.

But it is not merely a question of keeping a promise or of a third term. Repeatedly during the primary campaign Mr. Roosevelt was asked whether, if he received a third election, he would consider himself at liberty to accept a fourth nomination. He was urged to say whether the country faced the possibility of his permanent Presidency. Though he made scores of speeches, he made no reply. He is reported to have characterized the proposal to limit

the Presidency to one term of six years as a "Tom fool proposition."

During the primary campaign in Massachusetts former Governor John D. Long, under whom Mr. Roosevelt was assistant secretary of the navy, and who knows him well, said in Faneuil Hall, "If you put him back into the White House how will you ever get him out?" Roosevelt men, some of them from Roosevelt headquarters, shouted, "We don't want to get him out." Such a sentiment could not have been expressed twenty years ago without derision, and yet this expression was received with applause.

It is no campaign bogey, this danger of a permanent Presidency. The men who know Mr. Roosevelt best, who served in his Cabinet and in Congress during his administrations, are opposed to him now. There is no reason to doubt that, if elected now, he will feel that his mission to the American people imperatively requires him to accept a fourth term; and there is no guaranty that, with the Federal patronage, which he so well knows how to use, in his hands, he will then feel that his mission has been accomplished so that he can lay down the reins of government.

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

By HERBERT KNOX SMITH

THE call for the National Convention of the Progressive Party was issued July 8, 1912; and the long pent-up waters threw their sudden energy on the power line of a great new political organization. The force was gathered and long ready. Not otherwise could so swift a civic miracle have been wrought. Connecticut, most conservative of commonwealths, held its fully organized State convention four weeks after that first call, and sent to Chicago seven times its quota of delegates. Six weeks after that call, the solid thousands packed the vast Coliseum at Chicago; and for three days, intent, eager, silent save when the surf-like thunder answered their leaders, they waited, not to see a contest,—they knew there would be none,—not for the evanescent excitement of a struggle on the floor,—there was none,—but for the birth of a great new political force and the rise of a new political principle.

This swift culmination was the inevitable outcome of long-maturing causes. The present party alignment was certain, sooner or later, to be broken. This has been a political truism for years. The existing party lines arose in a conflict settled and buried over a generation ago. The division line now coincides with nothing living or permanent except a sectional division that is a national menace. Party conflict has long been sheer opportunism and chaos, with the one exception that the Republican Party has remained, more or less steadily, the representative of the Federalist idea, while the Democratic Party has as steadily stood for the doctrine of States Rights. But the paramount fact is that the party lines, by the unique nature of the issue which originally created the Republican Party, have no

discernible relation to the one true and permanent political division, that between the Progressive and the Conservative.

The Republican Party in its latter days had attracted, as the party of strong Federal power, the support of the larger property interests. This was entirely natural. Up to about 1900, the Federal power, so far as it had relations to business, was directed towards the mere advance of material prosperity, with little or no regard to the proper distribution thereof, or to its effect on the citizen. This was the logical attitude of public opinion in a new country, whose natural resources and business organization had only just reached a normal development. The corporate interests were thus Federalist, and adhered to the Republican Party, as, for example, in the protected industries. In turn they influenced that party strongly; government for the mere production of wealth will always tend to be controlled by the masters of wealth.

But in 1901, coincident with the beginning of the Roosevelt administration, and forming the most important factor in its work, came an advance in public opinion, a rising interest in the deeper question of the wholesome distribution of wealth, in the effect of property and property rights on the human being. Under this impetus and President Roosevelt's leadership, the activities of the Republican Party and the Federal government took a new direction, one which brought into opposition many of the leaders of industry and their large following, the upholders of the rights of property as such, as an end in itself. Under the new conditions these men correctly saw in the Federal power a menace to certain of their profitable activities and to their ideas of the sacredness of property, where formerly that power had been a blind supporter of the material development which they controlled. The converse of this position, of course, was taken by the non-propertied class, the wage-earners, as well as by the increasing number of men of all interests and wider vision, who saw that both expediency and ethics

required a revision of our business system, and our views of property rights.

By his personal power, backed by this new current of public opinion, President Roosevelt nearly succeeded in reversing the traditional course of the Republican Party. He almost made it into the party for the advance of human rights as superior to the accumulation of wealth. The Republican Federalistic position has in it the possibilities of Progressivism, as a strong Federal policy is necessary to carry out the accepted Progressive programme. Had Mr. Roosevelt's successor been like him, it seems almost certain that the great change would have been accomplished, and the Republican Party would now have stood where the Progressive Party stands. But his successor was not like him; and the Republican Party, or at least its formal organization, has reverted to the position of 1900 and before.

But the events of 1901-1909 resulted in a deep cleavage in both parties, and especially in the Republican Party. The revolt of the large property interests brought on by the Roosevelt administration was the beginning of the split. It was really a division along the underlying Progressive-Conservative line; and it took place in both parties, though in differing degrees. In the Republican Party it widened steadily, though under the surface, during the Roosevelt administration. President Taft's course, though the opposite of his predecessor's, increased the breach. Why he took the course he did is to me one of the unsolved political mysteries. Whatever his reasons, he adopted from the start a new policy. (In fact, to those of us who lived in Washington and were in the service at the time, mere change, for the sole purpose of making a change, seemed to be in the atmosphere of the White House after March 5, 1909.) He did not, as did President Roosevelt, call to his support public opinion, and rely on it in his relations with Congress, which was then far behind public opinion. He apparently preferred to deal with Congress alone, to play the game with

them, their own game; and with the best of motives he must have failed, and did fail. The old Cannon-Aldrich machine mastered him, fooled him, and practically committed him to an alliance, from which, by the summer of 1910, and after the signing of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, there was for him no escape. The "old guard" regained complete control of the governmental machinery. Then came the Progressive revolt from the western Progressive Congressmen, the overthrow of the Cannon régime in the House, and an open chasm in the Republican Party. President Taft took the side of the "old guard" in this division; by this time he was too far committed to do anything else. He openly opposed and read out of the party the Progressives, and the division within the party became irrevocable.

Aside from the party rupture, the situation illustrated beautifully the evils of a political alignment which is not based on the Conservative-Progressive division. This age-old division between the man who wishes public action to take a given positive advance and the man who does not wish it, is permanent and universal. Here men may differ in opinion, and yet agree wholly in ultimate good purpose; and their disagreement as to methods works for the health of the whole. This division cuts down true and square, from the national capitol to the ward caucus; and any issue in any place can effectively be fought out across this line.

Lacking any such division, split by the events of 1901-1910, for the last two years the machinery of Congress has been almost dislocated. Progressives in Congress, of both parties, have again and again joined to support progressive measures; and Conservatives of both parties have joined to oppose them. The old party organization was still the accepted machinery for running Congress and getting legislation, but the motive power was Progressive and Conservative,—a machine built to run on a fixed track, in only one direction, while its driving power moves at right angles to that direction. Inaction and catastrophe of course fol-

lowed such conditions. This situation in Washington reflected conditions in governmental machinery elsewhere, wherever that machinery was dominated by the old party divisions. It became clear to all observers, not only that a new alignment of parties was already forming, and probably inevitable, but that it was urgently desirable for any sort of governmental efficiency or intellectual honesty in politics.

The new Progressive Party has arisen to enforce this re-alignment, along the one true line of political division. If it accomplishes this work, it will have rendered the greatest and most enduring service that can be given in American politics and government. Republicanism and Democracy now mean little or nothing, even in national affairs, and less than nothing elsewhere. For years our politics have been two thirds sham; on the surface, interchangeable rantings about "grand old parties"; underneath, a skillful galvanization of these moribund organisms for the benefit of interests that know no party, but understand the value of powerful machinery. If the new party can drive its plough through this hardened shell of sham to the real soil beneath, there will be a harvest of incalculable increase in political honesty, governmental efficiency, and real participation in politics by an interested public, no longer bored by outworn cant, but alive to the real issues and the real political game.

By 1910 the split in the Republican Party had reached such proportions, taken with the open hostility of President Taft toward the Progressives, that the Progressives had to fight—and fight effectively—or die; had to forge the Progressive sentiment into an enduring political weapon, or lose the advance of a decade. The break, it was soon clear, had got beyond party lines. Many saw that not even the Republican National Convention would settle it. The attempt was indeed made there. The Progressives did their best to gain control of the Republican Party. When Senator La Follette as leader failed to take the necessary hold on the public, they drafted Colonel Roosevelt; and

after the primary fight, in which he had nearly a million majority over Mr. Taft, Colonel Roosevelt went into the Republican Convention at Chicago with a majority of from fifty to seventy votes. What occurred there was only a proximate, not an ultimate, cause. The fraudulent reversing of Mr. Roosevelt's majority by the reactionary Republican National Committee, the control of the Convention thus suicidally gained, the nomination of Mr. Taft, and the election of another reactionary National Committee that holds over until *after* the next Convention, with the same unappealable powers, simply furnished the climax and raised the floodgates. The Progressive Party came into being as a protest, indeed, against such outrage, but mainly as a protest against the entire American political alignment, and for the forcing of a new and better one.

The new alignment was in the destined course of events; it was long recognized as certain, and was urgently desirable. It came, and the oncoming Progressive Party is working out its complete realization. That party starts on its work, free, unhampered by dead tradition or by incongruous elements. For the first time in fifty years there is given to the hand of the citizen a political weapon, forged and shaped for the new needs that half-century has brought. Economic and industrial questions are now our issues; and only a new party born of the nation's need, made of men who have come together because of those issues, with the nerve created by conviction, can do the work that must be done, if this country is to be a good place to live in a generation hence.

The platform of the Progressive Party is calculated to define this re-alignment still more clearly. It is frankly advanced. It raises specifically great vital modern issues that will of themselves divide our people into Progressives and Conservatives.

About that platform there can be no mistake. It is a contract with the people, specific, clear, unequivocal. "This

is our covenant with the people, and we hereby bind the party and its candidates in State and Nation to the pledges made herein." Behind these solemn words is the spirit and character of the men who wrote them, the men who adopted them, and the men who in city, town, and village throughout the nation are to-day supporting them. Men who have had the courage and the honesty to forsake old associations, break old friendships, to take up at a sacrifice a new burden and tread a new path, are not men whose sincerity can lightly be doubted, or whose driving power can be despised.

Their platform deals with the live things of modern life, no rhetoric about "grand old parties" and "glorious pasts," but straight meeting of the things that are. The great plank on Social and Industrial Justice, a stranger in political platforms, goes direct to the needs of the great bulk of our citizenship. It proposes a general workmen's compensation system, so that the worker and his family shall no longer be in hourly menace of utter ruin through the crippling of the breadwinner. It proposes that no longer shall our women and children be subject to hours of labor that mean the degeneration of our coming citizens. It proposes that no longer shall the fierce and wicked competition of the child-labor States impose on the grown worker throughout the land the wages of a child. It proposes that the government shall actively bring to the service of all the education and scientific research that it alone can give, the knowledge that is power, and that is the right of all to receive from their government.

The platform proposes also that the great combinations in industry shall be dealt with in a manner that is modern and efficient and fair, no longer by a method that has been conclusively proven inefficient, unfair, and farcical. The writer may be pardoned the assertion of a vigorous personal opinion here. For the last nine years his experience with the Bureau of Corporations on this very problem has at least given him some knowledge of this subject. He has helped

administer the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and has seen in the two greatest cases—those of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company—the utter failure of regulation through the courts, while he has seen the commission form of control grow steadily justified with the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Progressives propose to rely no longer on the slow and ill-adapted processes of judicial procedure to do all the work of regulating business. Four years of litigation in the two cases just named, capped by a farce at the end, about settle the question of regulation through the courts. The Progressive platform proposes to have a board of experts on the job all the time, that one job, and no other, training men, accumulating knowledge, matching expert with expert, constant activity with constant vigilance, and giving, what no court can give, the great immediate preventive of permanent and effective publicity. Furthermore, this is the only method by which the good of combination, its efficiency and economy, can be distinguished and separated from the monopolistic evils, and by which can be preserved and encouraged that power which is essential for carrying on our great enterprises.

For twenty-two years the only regulation of industrial corporations, so far as the Federal government is concerned, has been through the courts and under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. This system is purely negative. It simply forbids; it does not direct or regulate or discriminate; it blindly prohibits, except in so far as it has been recently modified by the Supreme Court's "rule of reason"—a phrase of which no one yet knows the scope or meaning. Even as a prohibition the system has proven absurdly ineffectual, but its greatest weakness is that it is merely prohibitive, negative. The Progressive Party, the party that deals with existent facts, recognizes that there is also a positive side to the problem. It sees that indiscriminate prohibition of all combination, whether harmful or beneficial, is unwise and futile. We must have concentration of industrial power to

do the work of the present. We cannot, even if we would, throw back our great industrial enterprises to the status of the village cobbler, the grist-mill, and the blacksmith's forge. In short, there must be ample power to do our business, as well as to do our governmental work, and power requires concentration. The Progressive Party is not afraid of power, public or private, because it knows that power can be directed to good ends, and is necessary for great ends. We cannot forego the advantages of economy and efficiency that have been wrought by industrial combination. Industrial power must exist, and, where rightly used in the service of the public, it must be encouraged. The true problem is to preserve the good, see that competition is free and fair, prevent unfair competition and business oppression and special privilege. To that end we must have active, permanent, administrative supervision and regulation through a body organized and adapted to that one work.

Mr. Wilson, bound by the cowardly States Rights doctrine of his party, does his best to foresee evils from the Progressive plan of an Interstate Trade Commission, knowing, as he does, very little about the subject at best. He gives us no substitute, and apparently is satisfied to leave us with the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, unaided. How any man of honest intelligence can take such a position, after the vaudeville "dissolutions" of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company under this law, on the one hand, and the great record of the control of railroads under the Interstate Commerce Commission, on the other, surpasses belief, except that he does not know—and he really does not.

Mr. Wilson, curiously enough, has also come out very recently against what he calls "government by a commission"—a cheap form of ignorant criticism which is, or ought to be, wholly below his level. He announces that "I shall make war upon that to the utmost of my power." Does he propose then, if elected, to attack the Interstate Com-

merce Commission, the most successful of all our agencies of regulation? Does he propose to abolish the Public Service Commission, wherever found? Does he propose to abolish, or never approve a Tariff Commission? The only justification for such an attitude is that he is bound by the basic Democratic States Rights doctrine, and must, as his party always does, deny the power to meet our great modern issues.

The Republican Party naturally offers little on trust regulation, because its controlling interests desire nothing. The Democratic Party offers only the anti-trust regulation through the courts, which has been in force for twenty-two years, and has just been brought to a comic *reductio ad absurdum* in the Standard Oil dissolution. The Progressive Party meets the facts of to-day. To this end the permanent commission of experienced, independent experts, with the trained force, the accumulated knowledge, the administrative flexibility that is absolutely necessary to cope with the intricate and changing conditions of business, is the only commonsense means. And the Progressives propose to adopt this method for industrial corporations. It has worked the solution of the railroad problem. If we had adopted the same plan at the same time for industrials, we would have got the same advance. We did not; we have wasted twenty years; but the Progressives now propose to get action.

Again, the Progressive platform deals with the human rights and real interests of that great class, the farmer, proposing to bring to him both the economic advantages of science and of cheaper distribution, and the social advantages of that ready communication and association that are enjoyed where men are more closely assembled. Here again, Mr. Wilson to the contrary notwithstanding, it proposes to get results through administrative action—a commission of men whose one task shall be to examine this great subject, and point out the practical needs and the ways in

which they shall be met. To that end it will reëstablish the Country Life Commission, which the wisdom of President Roosevelt created, and which the opposition of Congress and the inaction of President Taft allowed to fall.

It is not necessary to go in detail through the rest of the Progressive platform. It carries throughout the same resolute aim toward the protection and fostering of human rights, the view of material wealth as the servant of human character, its preservation for that end, the enforcing of efficiency in business and in government, the advance from our earlier view of government as a mere fosterer of wealth, to a recognition of its higher duty as the producer of men, of the citizen.

To these great human advances there is necessary the full driving power of the people's will, the rule of the people. Trust in our whole citizenship is the strategic key of the Progressive position. We must all advance together in a democracy; we must make our own mistakes and learn by them. The full current of the public will is needed to drive through the great substantive work laid down in our platform. For this reason the party stands firm for the direct primary, the short ballot, and where conditions require them, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. These may indeed be "modifications" of our present theory of representative government; but there is nothing final or conclusively sacred about that system, nor anything to prevent us, to whom the system belongs, from supplementing and improving it when our bitter experience shows that there is need of change.

Again, the Progressive Party is frankly the party of power. It stands diametrically opposed to the Democratic doctrine of States Rights, in so far as that doctrine is the denial of the power to use the national energies on national issues. In so far as that doctrine would urge the States to exercise more fully and beneficially the great powers that they have, we have no quarrel with it. But it is unfortu-

nately the negative rather than the positive side of this doctrine that has been most appealed to by the Democratic Party—the forbidding of the use of Federal power rather than the urging of the use of the powers of the States. The Progressives, at least, recognize that this negative position is mere cowardice, is a shirking of duty in the face of great national needs. Only a strong Federal government can control the interstate effects of child labor, or the nation-wide operations of great corporations, or the interstate relations of our streams in transportation, in power production, in flood prevention. The Progressives propose to meet these needs; and they do not, as do the Democrats, make a mock of the American people by denying the power to do the work. Indeed, in the control of corporations, and the conservation of natural resources, this doctrine of States Rights has recently come to be nothing more than the shield of the special interests against the one power they fear, the Federal government.

The leaders of the new party, its candidates for President and Vice-President, are logically the men to do its work. The one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, they are the two great fighters for the rights of men against special interests and the oppression of the masters of mere material wealth. They are both men of personal power, personal efficiency; and Colonel Roosevelt has in his own past fully exemplified the Progressive idea, which is reliance on the whole American citizenship. He held his position and did his work by virtue of just one force, the force of the people, which he was leader enough to call to his aid in his contests with a reluctant or hostile Congress. It is this reliance on the whole people and their will, the willingness, if need be, to make mistakes with the people, to go slowly, to learn by the experience of all, that is the Progressive and the Roosevelt idea. We must advance at the average pace of the whole. If we consent to be ruled by a “representative class of the people,” we are no longer a democracy, but

an aristocracy. And on this the Progressive Party, its platform, and its two great leaders are in agreement.

To discuss the political future requires prophecy. We Progressives believe that in the election next November our party will become, if not the first, at least the second party, leaving the Republicans a bad third. In my view, that outcome, at least, is now certain. Should this be the case, the Republican Party will substantially disappear shortly after November, 1912. If, with all the prestige of the past, with full control of the machinery, it cannot maintain itself even as second, it is doomed when once these facts are exposed to the public. The Progressive Party will then grow swiftly stronger, because our people are progressive. That is to say, the protection of property rights, vested interests, the influencing of government by special interests, has in this country been carried to an extreme, and the swing of the pendulum is now in the other direction, as is in fact the case all over the civilized world. The Progressive Party will therefore leap forward, once its mere political strength is demonstrated. There will remain, by 1914, only two great national parties, Progressives and Democrats. While the Democrats probably will not be by that time avowedly the conservative party, the rise of their opponents, the Progressives, will tend to force them toward that position. More strongly still, however, will the basic States Rights doctrine work in that direction. As I have already stated, the property interests, the corporations, began in 1901 to leave the Republican ranks, because they saw Federalism turned against them, rather than for them, as had been the rule theretofore. In their minds, their one bulwark against the new Federalism will be State sovereignty, a change of venue, the appeal to a local power that they know, influence, and have little fear of, the retreat from the strong Federal power behind the shield of the more amenable, or at least less potent, local and State power.

Symptoms of this incipient alliance between the corporate interests and the Democratic Party, based on the States Rights idea, have already become apparent. The writer himself saw it come for the first time into the open three years ago, in the attempt which was then begun to force the Federal government to abdicate to the western States its control over its own water-power resources on its own public lands and in its own forests, the property now of the whole nation. In this attempt, made at the great Conservation Congress at St. Paul in 1909, the main weapon of the would-be absorbers of these water-powers was the States Rights doctrine, coming, strange as it may seem, largely from the mouths of gentlemen whose offices at least were below City Hall Square in New York City, but urged on behalf of States along the Rocky Mountains. The future use of this State sovereignty idea as a shield and weapon for the special interest, was clearly foreshadowed in that debate, and was forcibly pointed out there by Colonel Roosevelt.

Such then, in my opinion, will be the alignment within eight years. By that time the Progressives will be in power; the party of opposition will be the Democratic Party. With the latter party will be then aligned, as permanent parts thereof, the property interests of the larger sort; and the re-alignment will be complete.

The results for political advance will be almost incalculable. We shall then have our issues and our parties divided on lines that coincide. Men will be divided politically along lines that they themselves divide on intellectually. Should the Progressive Party become too radical, many will go over, and the Conservative Party will regain power. Thus the pendulum will oscillate as it should. Politics will become intellectually honest; government efficiency in the legislative branch will be tremendously advanced, and the citizen will become keenly interested in political machinery that will then really represent, in part at least, either the

things he approves or the things he disapproves,—at all events, the things in which he is immediately and intensely interested. It will be a condition of affairs which we have not known in this country for a generation, and it will surprise and gratify us accordingly. And this great service can only be rendered by doing just what the new Progressive Party has done, by boldly taking up the work of the day, facing its difficulties and sacrifices, and forcing through this new alignment.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

By HENRY WADE ROGERS

THE Republicans enter upon the campaign of 1912 divided. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

The next President of the United States will not be William Howard Taft nor Theodore Roosevelt.

For fifty years the Republican Party has been in control of the government of the United States, with the exception of the years when Grover Cleveland was President. Since the days of Buchanan no other Democrat has been elected to that office, except Samuel J. Tilden, who was counted out. The successful prosecution of the war and the abolition of slavery gave the Republican Party great prestige. In recent years it has retained its power not so much because of the merit of its present policies as because of the record of its early achievements.

A party cannot forever live upon its past. The Republicans are not to be indefinitely retained in power because their party successfully fought the Civil War, abolished slavery, and established sound money. In 1783 the English Whigs, who had enjoyed an unbroken lease of power for seventy years, sustained an overwhelming defeat. The Tory party regained its ascendancy, and retained it, except for a brief period, for almost fifty years. It may be that in similar fashion the Republican Party is now to go to its defeat and the Democratic Party is to regain the ascendancy which it lost in 1860. In 1874 the Democrats elected a majority of the House of Representatives, and in 1876 they elected Tilden President. In 1882 they again won the House, and in 1884 elected Cleveland President. In 1890 they again carried the House, and in 1892 Cleveland was again made President. In 1910 the Democrats once

more won the House. That they will again win the Presidency seems assured.

The Democrats enter the campaign of 1912 with Progressive candidates and a Progressive platform. In the present temper of the American people, no man can be elected President of the United States who is not recognized as a Progressive. Progressive policies have taken deep hold upon the people, who are determined to put them into effect. The Progressive programme involves the termination of the partnership between the government and big business. The government is no longer to be used by any particular class for its special advantage. Unfair tariff schedules must be reduced. Corporations must keep out of politics and be subjected to proper regulation. The government must not hereafter lend itself to any one's enrichment nor to any one's advantage over anybody else. The Progressive programme also involves the elimination of the bosses through a direct primary. The Democratic platform favors the election of United States Senators by the people and declares for a Presidential primary.

Under Republican administrations there has grown up a partnership between the government and privilege. For more than a generation tariff schedules have been sold for campaign contributions. Tariffs have been framed, not merely to raise money to defray the expenses of government nor to equalize the cost of production at home and abroad, but to enable manufacturers to amass great fortunes by extraordinary prices, and to keep, as Governor Wilson expressed it, "as large a number as possible of the rich and influential manufacturers of the country in a good humor with the Republican Party, which desired their constant financial support." The tariff schedules have been drawn, not in the interest of the people of the United States, but for the benefit of a few who have been allowed to fix, in the committee rooms of Congress, the rates according to their rapacity. It is this partnership with special privilege

which has made the Republican Party what Mr. Roosevelt has called it—"a tool of corrupt interests." It was as deserving of that designation while he was President as it has been at any time before or since.

We have had Presidential elections in the United States which have turned upon the personality of the candidates. Such was the election of 1828, when Jackson became President, and of 1884 when Cleveland was elected. Most of our elections, however, have turned on some one dominant issue involving the substitution of a new policy for an old one. That is to be the case in the election of 1912. The issue is not Mr. Wilson or Mr. Taft, or Mr. Roosevelt. It is not the whole Democratic programme. There is usually a concentration on one issue and in this campaign that issue is the revision of the tariff. The question is whether the country approves the continuance of the tariff policy of the Republicans with all its concomitant evils. If the people want a revision of the tariff downward, they will commission a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress to undertake the work. The Republican Party, committed inextricably to the doctrine of high protection, and the recipient for many years of favors from the interests which have fattened on special privileges, cannot reform the tariff by a downward revision, and is in the nature of things debarred from undertaking the task. That party has been so long engaged in raising tariff duties which increase the riches of the rich and the poverty of the poor, that it would find it an unfamiliar and uncongenial task to frame a tariff which conferred no special privileges and was intended to lift the burdens under which the people find it so difficult to live.

If the people approve the present policy, they will elect Mr. Taft. If they do not, they will elect Mr. Wilson. They will not turn to Mr. Roosevelt as he is as much a protectionist as Mr. Taft, and during the nearly eight years he was President never discovered that the country had an extortionate tariff, or that it conferred unjust privileges.

The New York State Convention of the Republicans in 1910, over which he presided and which he completely dominated, approved in its platform the Payne-Aldrich Act. The Republican Party has got the country into its present difficulties and it cannot find the way out except by an abandonment of its historic policies and a reversal of the whole character of Republican administrations.

The issue now before the people is a great moral issue. It is the greatest moral issue the country has had presented to it since slavery was abolished. The system which has been established is the most corrupt and oppressive force in the political life of the United States.

In 1860 the American people, after much experience with tariffs for protection and tariffs for revenue, had settled down to the conviction that a tariff should be laid for revenue; and under the tariff of 1857, which was acceptable to the manufacturers and to the Henry Clay tariff men, duties averaged only 20 per cent. Mr. Seward, who was Mr. Lincoln's strongest opponent for the nomination in 1860, had said in the Senate in 1857: "It is not wise, it is not just, to draw from the pockets of the people into the treasury of the country an amount of money greater than the current expenses of the treasury require." And Mr. Lincoln, just before the convention met, had expressed the opinion that "the tariff question ought not to be agitated in the Chicago Convention." But the war came and with it the need of revenue; and the Republicans passed from time to time successive tariff bills imposing higher and higher duties, always with the explanation that they were intended to be "temporary" and that they were "war measures." They were all of them imposed originally "to meet the exigency of the war." The tariff bill of 1862 was entitled a bill to increase duties "temporarily." And in 1864, in answer to a warning from a member of the Senate that there was danger of having high duties irrevocably fastened on the country, Sumner replied: "I regard all our

present legislation as temporary or provisional in its character." Similar explanations were made from time to time all through that period by Mr. Morrill, Mr. Fessenden, Thaddeus Stevens, and other leaders of the Republican Party. But when the war was over, there was the war debt, which had to be provided for, and which was colossal in its proportions; and there were also the greedy and insatiate manufacturers who were not willing to surrender any part of the favors which had been granted. Thus the high tariffs were continued and became "fastened" on the country, as it was predicted they would be. That which was temporary in its inception became the permanent policy of the country. The Republican Party found itself unable to resist the demands of those who had fattened upon the privileges which had been bestowed.

Mr. Morrill, Mr. Allison, Mr. Garfield, and others who wanted to reduce duties, appealed to their party associates to remember the war-time pledges, and they warned against the dangers of monopoly which the system threatened; but their appeals and warnings always fell on deaf ears. Finally, in 1882, Congress authorized President Arthur to appoint a commission to investigate and report what changes ought to be made in tariff duties. The bill authorizing the commission originated with Senator Eaton of Connecticut, and a majority of the commission were Republicans and protectionists. The commission reported that they had come to the conclusion that a substantial reduction was necessary for industrial prosperity and that the existing rates could not be justified. They estimated that the changes they proposed would produce a reduction of fully 25 per cent. President Arthur in his message to Congress in December, 1882, after the commission had reported, also recommended "a substantial reduction of the duties," and declared that "the present tariff system is in many ways unjust." But the Republican President and the Republican Congress would not accept the suggestions of the

commission, and the tariff bill of 1883 only reduced slightly some duties while it increased others. The reduction on woollen goods, for example, was only 1.01 per cent, and on iron and steel only 4.54 per cent.

Then in 1890 the McKinley Tariff Act was passed and rates were farther raised. Mr. McKinley's idea was that if the government revenues were too great, duties should be made so high on certain articles as to make their importation impossible, and that revenue in this way should be diminished. The articles upon which a prohibitory tariff was to be laid were articles necessary to all. He would make it impossible to import woollens, cottons, linens, stockings, and all iron and steel products. In order to appease the farmer, the McKinley Act taxed food generally and heavily for the first time in our history. The Dingley Act was passed in 1897. Mr. McKinley had been elected on the sound money issue; but as soon as he was inaugurated, he called Congress in special session, not to establish sound money, but to raise more revenue by duties "so levied upon foreign products as to preserve the home market as far as possible to our producers."

The Dingley Law advanced duties still higher. The Republican leaders admitted that they were fixing high rates, but alleged it was done with the view of having the President enter into commercial treaties with foreign states, under which their products might be admitted at lower duties provided those countries agreed to similar reductions on American commodities. A reciprocity provision was accordingly enacted, giving the President the power to reduce rates twenty per cent on merchandise coming from countries willing to make like concessions. The period in which the President was authorized to enter into such treaties was limited to two years. That this was a mere pretext to allay criticism appears from what followed. President McKinley, who, so far as he was concerned, was sincere, proceeded to negotiate through John Hay, who was

Secretary of State, eight treaties with foreign countries, providing for the concessions he was authorized to make. The treaties were laid before the Senate, but that body refused to ratify a single one of them. The high duties consequently remained in force until the Dingley Act was supplanted by the Payne-Aldrich Law.

The Republican Party in 1908 nominated Mr. Taft on a platform which promised the country a revision of the tariff. The intention was to give the impression that the revision promised would be a revision downward. In a speech at Milwaukee, Sept. 24, 1908, Mr. Taft said that "tariff revision should be immediate, and on the whole there should be a substantial revision downward." Again on Oct. 3, 1908, in a speech at Fort Dodge, Iowa, he said: "Tariff duties ought to be reduced, and if elected, as I expect to be, I shall exercise all the legitimate influence that a President can exercise to see to it that the plighted faith of the party on this subject, in letter and in spirit, is observed." The majority of the people accepted this promise. Mr. Taft was elected President and his party was in control of the Senate and the House. As soon as Congress assembled and began to discuss the tariff, some of the leaders denied that the revision which their platform promised was a revision downward. It soon became evident that the Republicans were divided. One faction of the party, led by Senators Dolliver, Cummins, and La Follette, was anxious to keep the party promise and reduce the tariff. The other faction, led by Mr. Aldrich in the Senate and by Mr. Payne in the House, was determined to maintain high duties. The result was the Payne-Aldrich Act, which did not revise the tariff downward.

Professor Taussig of Harvard University, after a critical examination of the Payne-Aldrich Act as finally adopted, says: "In sum, the Act of 1909 brought no essential change in our tariff system. It still left an extremely high scheme of rates, and still showed an extremely intolerant

attitude on foreign trade. The one change of appreciable importance was the abolition of the duty on hides. As an offset to this were the increased duties on cottons and silks, and on a number of minor articles." The offensive and oppressive duties on wool and woollen goods were, with two minor changes, left untouched; and the same was virtually true of the equally obnoxious duties on sugar. The duty on raw sugar, which constitutes the most important part of the sugar schedule, was allowed to remain in every detail as fixed in the Dingley Act. In some cases reductions of duties were made, but the duties reduced were those no longer of any effect, such as those on iron and steel in their crude forms; whereas the rate on structural steel was advanced.

There can be no doubt that the Payne-Aldrich Act broke faith with the people. Some Republicans so alleged when it was passed and have continued so to assert ever since. The bill should have been vetoed; but Mr. Taft signed it, and then made a speech in Boston in which he eulogized Mr. Aldrich. A short time thereafter he made his Winona speech, in which he told the country that the new law was one of the best tariff acts the country had ever had.

The Democrats made the matter an issue in the campaign of 1910. The result was a political upheaval and the Republicans went down in disastrous defeat. The House of Representatives, which had been Republican with a majority of forty-seven, became Democratic with a majority of sixty-six. The Senate, which had been Republican with a majority of twenty-eight, had that majority reduced to ten. It was a political revolution, and its meaning was written so large that no one could mistake it. The new Democratic House of Representatives was not to assemble for a year, and the Republican Congress had that time in which to show that the people's mandate was understood. Nothing, however, was done. When the Sixty-second Congress organized, the Democratic House passed a wool bill,

which also succeeded in the Senate, the Progressives uniting with the Democrats, but the bill was promptly vetoed by Mr. Taft on the ground that no action should be taken to reduce the duties until the tariff board had submitted the result of its investigations. This he did, although he was on record as admitting at the time the Payne-Aldrich Bill was passed that Schedule K—wool and woollen goods—was too high. The second session of the Sixty-second Congress met a year later and at that time the tariff board had submitted its report. Congress believed that the report was ample justification for the action taken the year before and again passed the wool bill, some of the Progressives voting for it both in the House and the Senate. The bill was again vetoed by the President. This time it was speedily passed over his veto in the House, and narrowly escaped a like fate in the Senate. Other bills were passed, modifying other schedules, with a similar fate at the hands of President Taft. The promises made in 1908 have not been kept. The Republicans have done the things they promised not to do and have left undone what they promised should be done.

The Republicans claim that there can be no revision downward until a tariff board has ascertained the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. A promise of tariff reduction when such a board has reported the difference of cost is a deceptive promise—a convenient way of appearing to make a promise without making it. If the tariff is not reduced until a tariff board has found out the difference in cost, there will be no tariff reduction. The promise is as safe as a promise to pay on a day that will never come. Tariff boards cannot find out the cost at home or abroad. In the present tariff board's report on wool, the fact is admitted that trustworthy figures showing the true cost of production could not be obtained.

Mr. Taft in his speech accepting the Republican nomination saw in the proposals of the Democrats for reduction in

the tariff schedules the danger of business depression and hard times. That the success of the Democratic Party means panic and disaster, is an old and hoary argument. It has come to be a tradition in the Republican Party that the way to beat the Democrats is to accuse them of intending to close all the mills and factories and ruin all the farmers. Mr. Roosevelt, while compelled to denounce the Payne-Aldrich Bill and to admit that there must be downward revision, is also busy ringing the old tariff alarm-bells, and declaring that a tariff for revenue only would "bring every industry in the country to a crash which would make all the panics in our past history seem like child's play in comparison."

The Democratic Party understands that a high tariff cannot suddenly be supplanted by a low tariff, and that a tariff for revenue only must be reached by gradual transition. This has always been the policy of the party, and there is no disposition now to depart from it. In his second annual message Jackson said: "What, then, shall be done? Large interests have grown up under the implied pledge of our national legislation, which it would seem a violation of the public faith suddenly to abandon. Nothing could justify it but the public safety, which is the supreme law. But those who have invested their capital in manufacturing establishments cannot expect that the people will continue permanently to pay high taxes for their benefit when the money is not required for any legitimate purpose in the administration of the government." He went on to recommend as follows: "If upon investigation it shall be found, as it is believed it will be, that the legislative protection granted to any particular interest is greater than is indispensably requisite, it be gradually diminished and the whole scheme of duties be reduced to the revenue standard as soon as just regard to the faith of the government and to the preservation of the large capital invested in establishments of domestic industry will permit."

The subject was treated in the same spirit by Polk in his message of 1845. "Many of the oppressive duties," he said, "range from one per cent to more than two hundred per cent. They are prohibitory on some articles and partially so on others and bear most heavily on articles of common necessity and but lightly on articles of luxury. It is so framed that much the greatest burden which it imposes is thrown on labor and the poorer classes, who are least able to bear it, while it protects capital and exempts the rich from paying their just proportion of the taxation required for the support of the government. While it protects the capital of the wealthy manufacturer and increases his profits, it does not benefit the operatives or laborers in his employment, whose wages have not been increased by it. . . . It imposes heavy and unjust burdens on the farmer, the planter, the commercial man, and those of all other pursuits except the capitalist who has made his investment in manufacturing."

It was in the same spirit, too, that Cleveland wrote his tariff message of 1887 and his letter accepting the nomination in 1892, when he said: "Tariff reform is still our purpose. Though we oppose the theory that tariff laws may be passed having for their object the granting of discriminating and unfair governmental aid to private ventures, we wage no war against any American interests, . . . and we contemplate a fair and careful distribution of necessary tariff burdens rather than the precipitation of free trade. . . . We will rely upon the intelligence of our fellow-countrymen to reject the charge that a party comprising a majority of our people is planning the destruction or injury of American interests; and we know they cannot be frightened by the spectre of impossible free trade."

The public utterances of Governor Wilson before and since his nomination likewise show conclusively that his policy will be to secure a gradual reduction of the tariff, and that the business interests of the country will be safeguarded. A

great system of industry which has been built up on the basis of a protective tariff cannot all at once be thrown upon a basis of a tariff for revenue only. Woodrow Wilson understands that the economic life of the country is a delicate and sensitive fabric, and that the process of tariff revision is one of readjustment and not of revolution. Before his nomination he was on record as stating that the fundamental principle of the Democratic Party is not free trade but a tariff for revenue, and that "we have got to approach that by such avenues, by such stages, and at such a pace as will be consistent with the stability and safety of the country."

The attempt is made to frighten the country by also charging the Democrats with causing the panic of 1893 by passing the Wilson Tariff under President Cleveland. We are warned that, if the country wants another panic like that of 1893, the sure way to accomplish it is to return the Democratic Party once more to power. Republicans should be modest in making such allegations in view of the fact that the country has passed through a number of panics which have occurred under Republican administrations—the worst of all in recent years, that of 1873. Nor was the panic of 1893 due to Democratic legislation. As a matter of fact, that panic outdated the Wilson Tariff Act by two years, and was occasioned by the Sherman Silver Act, which was passed by a Republican Congress and signed by a Republican President. Mr. Cleveland called a special session of Congress for the express purpose of repealing the silver law and he forced its unconditional repeal. The judgment of all well-informed persons to-day is that in securing its repeal he rendered the country and the commercial world a greater service than has been rendered by any President since Lincoln. The financial crash was impending before Mr. Cleveland became President. It was occasioned by the fear that the country was in danger, owing to the Sherman Act, of going to a silver basis. The law required a gold reserve of \$100,000,000 to be held in the treasury, and

that reserve had been encroached upon during the Harrison administration. Gold was being hoarded by the banks and business men; and legal tender notes were used for the purpose of extracting gold from the treasury. Mr. Harrison and his Secretary of the Treasury knew that the storm was about to break, and had made ready to issue bonds for the purpose of obtaining the gold needed by the government. The plates from which the bonds were to be engraved were already prepared and were held in the bureau of engraving and printing ready to be used at any moment before Mr. Cleveland assumed the duties of office.

Then again the protectionists who attribute this panic, which occurred two years before the Wilson Tariff Act went into operation, to the enactment of that law, are unmindful of the fact that the law was not a free trade measure nor a tariff for revenue measure, and that it was a protective tariff with only slight differences from the law it repealed. The reason for this was that the Senate made over six hundred amendments to the Wilson Bill and entirely changed the character of the Act as it was passed by the Democratic House. The Senate was Democratic, but by so small a majority that the defection of a few Democrats who were subservient to the "interests" and opposed to Mr. Cleveland, betrayed the Democratic Party and prevented it from carrying into effect the party policy. They united with the Republicans and incorporated into the measure high protective duties. The House acquiesced as the Senate Bill somewhat reduced existing duties, and it was thought that a half loaf was better than no bread. Mr. Cleveland expressed in strong language his indignation and disapproval of the bill which he allowed to become a law without his signature. In not vetoing the Act he was actuated by the same motive which influenced the House. It was the great blunder of his political career. The law enacted was correctly described by Senator Lodge. "The tariff which they passed," said Senator Lodge, "was a protective

tariff; for the mere fact that they lowered some duties did not alter the economic principle of the measure." In view of all the facts, those who now represent that a Democratic free trade tariff occasioned a panic, are guilty either of unpardonable ignorance or of intentional misrepresentation.

This and that industry will declare that it will be destroyed if this or that duty is revised or repealed. The country has become accustomed to that talk and will not be frightened by it. In 1879, the Democrats abolished the duty on quinine, believing that an article so essential to the health of the people should come in free. At the time, it was loudly insisted that, if the duty was removed, the quinine manufacturing chemists would be ruined. But quinine was put on the free list. For a time these manufacturers actually closed their works. This, however, did not have the effect of inducing Congress to restore the duty; and after a time the works reopened, the business was adapted to the changed conditions, and the manufacturing chemists became more prosperous than before.

The tariff policy with which the Republicans have afflicted the country could not have endured so long as it has, if the people had known how much they were being compelled to pay because of it in the increased cost of what they consumed. If this increased cost could have been paid over to a customs official in the same manner that direct taxes are paid to a tax collector, the iniquitous system would have gone down years ago. The total tariff tax which the average family in the United States pays annually, is estimated by the experts to amount to about \$115; and of this sum, we are told, only \$16 goes to the government for the support of which the duty is ostensibly imposed. The remaining \$99 is the rake-off of the special interests which the government has taken under its protection. Experts say, after a most careful estimate, that a just revision of the tariff would save the consumers in this country not less than \$2,000,000,000 each year. The failure of

the Republicans to keep their promise of revision downward has thus cost the people, during Mr. Taft's four years of power, \$8,000,000,000. This means that there might have been saved each year \$22 for every man, woman, and child in the country. If every head of a family had had a bill for this amount presented to him for each member of his family and had been obliged to pay so much money over the counter, and had understood that it was not to meet the necessary expenses of the government, but was something additional, an unnecessary gratuity to swell the treasury of the Trusts, the tariff wall would not now be standing. The increased cost of the necessities of life has now awakened the American people to a consciousness of the real state of the case, and they have been learning that, although they may not themselves pass through the custom houses, they are paying the duties and the additional profits to the manufacturers. They learned their lesson in the higher cost of living.

The increased cost of the necessities of life has an important bearing on the main issue of the present campaign. Between July 1, 1896, and January 1, 1910, average wholesale prices rose in New York, according to Bradstreet, 61.9 per cent. Since that time there has been a rise from six to ten per cent more, making the total increase about seventy per cent. The increase in retail prices was of course even greater. Wages and salaries, as we all know, have not increased proportionately. In 1906 wages had increased about 20 per cent over 1896. The Republicans notice the subject in their platform and declare that prices have risen all over the world. The idea they design to convey by their statement is that the rise of prices in this country is part of a world-wide advance of like extent and character, and that no blame, therefore, attaches to them. They, however, propose an inquiry into the facts. They seem to have forgotten that the Republican Senate already had made an inquiry through a committee of which

Senator Lodge was chairman, and had submitted a report. The Democrats in their platform assert that the high cost of living is affected by the tariff, and they promise to remedy the difficulty by changing the tariff. The position taken by Mr. Roosevelt at the present time is a contradiction of what he asserted two years ago when he was trying to elect Mr. Stimson Governor of New York. Then he was sure that the trouble was due to world-wide causes. Now he thinks that there may be causes at work in this country, as the Democrats allege, which have affected the local condition. "There is," he said in Chicago, "urgent need of non-partisan expert examination into any tariff schedule which seems to increase the cost of living, and unless the increase thus caused is more than countervailed by the benefit to the class of the community which actually receives it, it must of course mean that that particular duty must be reduced." Again he says: "It is also asserted that the Trusts are responsible for the high cost of living. I have no question that, as regards certain Trusts, this is true." If he is right and the Democrats are right, Mr. Roosevelt is himself as much to blame as President Taft; and together they must share with the Republican Party responsibility for existing conditions.

That there has been a world-wide increase in prices is true. But it is also true that the increased cost of living has not been the same in all countries and has been much greater in the protected countries of the United States, France, and Germany than in free trade England. The higher the tariff the higher the advance. The cost of living is thirty-eight per cent higher in the United States than it is in England, and it is twenty per cent higher here than in France. As the world-wide causes operate alike in all countries, the difference in the increased cost of living in this country and abroad is clearly due to local conditions. A high protective tariff shuts out wholly or partly, as the case may be, the world's supplies of the goods upon which it is levied. To the extent

these goods are excluded, an artificial scarcity is produced; and scarcity causes high prices just as abundance causes low prices. The argument in favor of a protective tariff has always been that it prevented the foreign producer from coming into the home market and underselling the domestic manufacturer. By closing the market against the foreign article, the home manufacturer is allowed to put a higher price upon his goods than he could otherwise demand. The tariff affords the Trusts every inducement to hold the market in control, to produce an artificial scarcity, to starve the market and feed it just enough goods to maintain the high price level which they see fit to establish.

We concede that the increased output of gold has had an effect upon prices. We also know that a growing population of consumers and a decreasing population of agricultural producers has likewise had effect. But it cannot truthfully be denied that the high tariff has seriously aggravated a condition which has brought distress and suffering to thousands of our people. We know, too, that a Republican Congress and President have done nothing to relieve the situation. The English government in the days of the corn laws, when the prices for grain advanced abnormally and the suffering became too great to be ignored, used to suspend or reduce the duties. The Republicans, had they been as considerate of the welfare of the people as they have been of the "interests," would have followed this example. By not doing so they deserve and will receive the punishment which they merit.

The Republicans assert that a high protective tariff is necessary in the interest of the American laborer, whose wages would otherwise fall to the level of European countries. The claim is that high wages are the result of a high tariff. The evidence relied on to prove the claim is the fact that wages in the United States are higher than in Europe or in Asia. But the difficulty is that the evidence does not establish the claim. The fact is that wages in the United

States have always been higher than in Europe or in Asia. They were higher before we had a protective tariff, and they were relatively much higher then than they ever have been since. The original argument for a high tariff was that wages in this country were so much higher than in Europe that the tariff was essential to protect the American manufacturer. If the tariff makes wages high, then wages should not be higher in California than in New England, nor in free trade England than in tariff-protected France and Germany.

It is too much to ask us to believe that a high tariff is laid to help and protect the workingman. We all know that, no matter what may be the profits which come into the treasury of a Trust, the wage paid is the prevailing rate, the market price. The tariff has made the "Pittsburg millionaire" and it has also made the Pittsburg laborer. What the latter's condition is the Pittsburg Survey discloses. The consideration shown to the workingman is seen in the provisions of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff. By that Act he is taxed 75 per cent on his woollen suit, 12 per cent on his shoes, 71 per cent on his stockings and underwear, 50 per cent on his cotton shirt, 78 per cent on his woollen hat and gloves. The dinner pail he carries is taxed 45 per cent. The stove in his home and the pots and kettles are taxed 45 per cent. The common crockery on his table is taxed 55 per cent, his knife and fork 50 per cent, and his spoon 45 per cent. The window glass in his house is taxed 62 per cent, and there is a tax on the lumber or the brick with which the building is constructed, and on the paint and the wall paper used in its finishing. The food with which he makes his frugal meal is taxed, the sugar he uses being taxed 54 per cent.

The Republicans have told the farmers that a tariff on farm products protects them against an invasion of agricultural products from the pauper farms of other countries. But the farmers should understand that they are being imposed upon; that, while the price of the surplus wheat

which they have to sell cannot be fixed by any American tariff, but is determined for them in the Liverpool market, the tariff can increase the cost of everything they have to buy, the clothing they wear, the tea, coffee, and sugar they consume, the lumber with which their houses and barns are constructed, and the furnishings with which they are adorned. They should know that it has increased the price of every agricultural implement with which the farms are cultivated—the mowers and reapers, the plows and spades and hoes.

Under Republican high protection, the farmers are compelled to give to the beneficiaries, but they do not get. They are heavily taxed to put profits into the pockets of the manufacturers, but they are not permitted to get any share in those profits. Professor Taussig, in his "Tariff History of the United States," speaks of many duties as being "mere nominal imposts on articles produced as cheaply within the country as without, and not importable under any conditions. Such are the duties on wheat, corn, cattle, and meat, and other agricultural products,—dust in the farmer's eyes." In order to maintain the system, it has been necessary to make the farmers believe that they, too, are sharing in the protection accorded to the manufacturers, and hence "the dust in the farmer's eyes." That the farmers have been constantly and inevitably cheated under the protective system, there is no room for reasonable doubt. That system compels them to pay out dollars for every cent's advantage they may derive from beet sugar or from wool. The taxes they pay are not to the government alone in the shape of duties imposed on the imported articles they buy, but they are to the special interests, the favorites of the tariff, the oppressive monopolistic combinations which the tariff has made possible. The Harvester Trust, the Lumber Trust, the Steel Trust, the Beef Trust, and all the manufacturers of metals, of textiles, clothing, and carpeting, are enabled for their own benefit to increase the cost of the

farmer's daily necessities of life. The Canadian farmers have been getting wise. In December, 1910, they presented to Parliament a remarkable memorial. They demanded freer trade and called attention to the fact that, while the duty on farm implements brought into the Dominion treasury less than \$320,000 it enabled the Canadian Trust to fleece them out of more than \$2,000,000. About that time our own Harvester Trust was dividing up a "melon" of \$20,000,000 among its stockholders, all of which had been abstracted from the farmers of the United States and was additional to the dividends which had been regularly paid. The increased cost of living and the mortgages upon the farms should help to open the eyes of the tillers of the soil to the gross delusion that a high protective tariff is conducive to their prosperity.

It is quite possible to stimulate manufactures unduly and to attract to the factories in our towns and cities laborers who should have remained upon the farms. History shows that the decay of nations has followed the decline of agriculture. The valley of the Euphrates and Italy in the middle ages are object lessons not to be ignored. In the half-century that the Republican Party has conducted the government, the rural population of the country has decreased from about seventy to thirty-five per cent. The products of the farms increase, but not in proportion to the number of the people. While the population increases twenty-five per cent, our agricultural products increase only ten per cent. The Republican policies have so over-stimulated manufacturing that capital and labor are forsaking the farm and over-crowding the city. The debts of American farmers are estimated to amount to not less than \$6,046,000,000, and their annual interest bill is said to be \$510,000,000. As the total value of the wheat crop of the United States on December 1, 1911, farm value, was \$543,000,000, the interest account of the farmers practically ate up the total wheat crop of the entire country.

The Republicans assert that the wonderful prosperity which the country has enjoyed should be attributed to the tariff policies which they have inaugurated. Their claim is contradicted by the facts recorded in the census. In the decade of 1850-1860, the country was under a low tariff; and in the decade of 1870-1880, it was under a high tariff. But the census shows that the progress of the country was greater under the low tariff. Capital increased in the first decade about ninety per cent and in the second but thirty-two per cent; hands employed increased in the first decade thirty-seven per cent and in the second but thirty-three per cent; wages increased in the first decade sixty per cent and in the second but twenty-two per cent; materials used increased in the first decade eighty-six per cent and in the second decade but thirty-six per cent; products of manufacture increased in the first decade eighty-five per cent and in the second but twenty-seven per cent. Republicans are accustomed to point with pride to the prosperity of the country in the period which followed the Dingley Act of 1897, and they ascribe that prosperity to the enactment of that law. But if they were more familiar than they seem to be with the history of the country, they would know that prosperity equally great and widespread followed the enactment of the low tariff of 1846. That tariff, known as the Walker Tariff, was established by the Democrats, and remained in force till 1857, when the duties were still farther reduced because the revenues were in excess of the needs of the government. Under the Walker Tariff, which remained unchanged almost as long as the Dingley Act, a duty of thirty per cent was levied on most of the articles with which the protective controversy is concerned. The history of our manufacturing enterprises and the figures of the census make it clear that business prosperity is not dependent upon or occasioned by high tariffs. The economists are agreed that the United States will continue to be a great manufacturing nation under any tariff conditions.

The Republican Party is responsible for an extravagant and wasteful administration of the government. This careless use of the public money may be attributed in part to the protective system. High and numerous duties produce enormous revenues; and enormous revenues mean that they must be in some way spent, for a surplus in the treasury makes necessary a reduction of duties. Such a reduction would decrease the profits of "the interests" and is therefore not to be allowed. Two years ago, while he was the leader of the Republican Senate, it was admitted by Senator Aldrich that \$300,000,000 was being "wasted" by each Congress in the administration of the national government. The responsibility for that crime against the people rests upon the Republican Party, which at that time and for many years prior was in entire control of the government. Congress and the President are only trustees for the people; and when trustees admit so gross an abuse of the confidence reposed in them, they deserve to be removed.

A public office is still a public trust, and a people who allow it to be abused are unfit for self-government. The sum of \$300,000,000 represents the total earnings for a whole year of 500,000 members of the unskilled working class. If five members be allowed to a family, it represents the entire means of livelihood of 2,500,000 people for a year. The total expenditures of the government of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1859, amounted to \$66,846,266. For the year ending in June, 1910, they were \$660,465,716. They had increased ten fold. During the same period population had increased but three fold. In 1863, in the midst of civil war, when our navy was blockading the coast from Maine to Texas and chasing Confederate cruisers on every sea, the country spent on its navy \$68,000,000. In 1910, we were spending, in a time of peace, \$128,178,717. If Mr. Roosevelt has any appreciation of the wrong done the people of this country by the waste of public money, he never manifested in office the slightest

disposition to check it. President Taft appointed a commission to examine into the expenditures made by the various departments, but it is hopeless to expect the Republicans to reform their prodigal ways. The advantage of turning one party out and putting another party in, is strikingly shown in what has happened in Maine. In 1910, the Democrats of Maine elected both the Governor and the legislature. The Republicans had increased the State debt in two years \$1,524,666. The Democrats in eighteen months reduced that debt \$1,059,069.

Wealth is one of the greatest powers in the world. The abuse of it is one of the most dangerous evils. Trusts are permitted to amass great sums of money as surplus; and the surplus, thus accumulated, may now amount to \$500,000,000. To allow this to go on is to allow a few Trusts to control a surplus of available money and credits equal to the entire circulating medium of the country. A few individuals at the head of these organizations control this surplus. They may loan it out to financial institutions, to bankers and to brokers, and then, by calling these loans, they can unduly expand or contract the credits and circulating medium of the country. A corporation with a great surplus may create a panic and arbitrarily raise or depress the prices of securities. The Trusts which are engaged in interstate commerce are subject to the supervision of Congress, but the country has yet to learn that the Republicans have passed any laws which put it beyond the power of the men at the head of these organizations to subject the circulating medium of the country to their whim, caprice, or greed. As a consequence, it happens in this country, but not in others, that interest rates sometimes vary from three to one hundred per cent in a few days.

The evidence which comes slowly to the light confirms what has been long suspected. The "interests" have plundered the people under the law and then returned some portion of the plunder to Republican committees to be used

in carrying the elections. It is not much to be wondered that men cry out, "They bought a party and the party delivered up to them a people." In 1860, the Republican National Committee had less than \$200,000 with which to conduct that memorable campaign. In 1904, it had \$1,900,000, and that does not include the money which the State and Congressional committees had at their disposal. This use of money in politics is a corrupt and degrading influence upon public life and should be abhorred by all honest men.

Men have come to look upon laws as a commodity to be bought and sold. In return for gigantic campaign funds paid into the treasury of the National Committee of the Republican Party, Republican Congresses have allowed the "interests" to write the tariff schedules and other laws by which we have been governed. The idea that it is the duty of government to take care that the rich suffer no harm and that the rich can be trusted to look after the welfare of the poor, took possession of the Republican leaders a long time ago, and explains why we have had so much discontent and unrest among the people. All the campaigns of the Republican Party in recent years have been made on corporation money. That Indiana was carried in 1880 by the "bright, new, crisp, two-dollar bills" of Stephen W. Dorsey, the Secretary of the Republican National Committee, who bought the voters in "blocks of five," has been an open secret and seemed to be looked upon by the leaders as nothing more than a clever trick. In 1884, at Belshazzar's Feast held in New York a few days before the election, the millionaires representing the "special interests" made their contributions; a number, including Jay Gould, giving \$100,000 each.

Despite Mr. Roosevelt's vociferous denials, there are some facts which have been established beyond dispute concerning his campaign of 1904. The insurance investigation in New York disclosed the fact that Mr. George W. Perkins, his

right-hand man in the present campaign for righteousness, gave in 1904 to the Roosevelt campaign \$48,702.50 of life-insurance policy-holders' money, and that two other insurance companies gave \$50,000 each. When his Attorney-General afterwards proposed to bring suit to dissolve the Harvester Trust, which Mr. Perkins had helped to organize, the suit was dropped by the personal order of Mr. Roosevelt. The testimony before the Stanley Committee showed that the Steel Trust made campaign contributions in 1904 and in 1906. Then in 1907 Mr. Roosevelt gave his consent as President to the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Trust in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The President of the Standard Oil Company has stated under oath that in 1904 he paid the treasurer of the Republican National Committee \$100,000, and \$25,000 additional to the Republican boss of Pennsylvania; and that the company was then called upon for a further contribution of an additional \$150,000, with a plain intimation that if the demand was not complied with trouble might be expected. The demand was not complied with, and the suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company was instituted by Mr. Roosevelt's orders.

Mr. E. H. Harriman also raised \$260,000 in a few hours in 1904 just before the election. That the money was raised and used is not denied. Mr. Harriman stated that he collected it upon Mr. Roosevelt's request and Mr. Roosevelt denies he ever made the request. Mr. Harriman said the contribution turned 50,000 votes in New York City, and stated that he understood that, as a return for his assistance, he was to be consulted concerning the President's message. That the Sugar Trust was a frequent contributor to the campaign funds of the Republican Party has been shown by the testimony of its officers. That it was immune from attack during the Roosevelt administrations is not denied. Mr. George H. Earle of Philadelphia submitted to Mr. Roosevelt the evidence of its wrong doings; but Mr. Roose-

velt refused to proceed, although in a private suit, afterwards instituted upon the same evidence, restitution was made of nearly \$2,000,000. The practice of "frying the fat" out of the manufacturers has grown by what it has fed upon until to-day, as Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, the Attorney-General in President Garfield's Cabinet, has said, "government by money threatens the very existence of government by the people."

The defeat of the Republican Party and of Theodore Roosevelt in the election of 1912 means "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

POEMS

By FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Not for Your Sakes

Not for your sakes;—although I can but see
How glad you are to greet my joy, my youth,
(For you remember suddenly in me
Your May-days)—ah, but I must tell the truth:
Not all to help your groping loneliness,
Nor yet because I love you (though I do),
To-day I kneel beside you, swift to press
Your hands in mine, with laughter; not for you,
But for myself.

When I shall sometime grow
A little old, a little dim and strange,
When fine gray veils across my brightness blow,
And mirrors whisper, "Look! you change. You change."
When somehow friends no more beset me; dreams
Are dumb at night, and lame at dawn of day;
When stealthy as a star the Glory seems
To fold itself in fog and tread away;—
Then, when I think, "My turn at last is come.
Time to put by the wind and sun and sea:
Time to begin the darkening pathway home,
Where my flown Youth, bright-winged, awaiteth me:
Time to slip back, slip back, and be at rest,"—
Ah then, to know my youth uncursed, unmarred
By coldness and bright cruelty, the zest
Of feet that dance on hearts:—to take the hard
Low shadowed road with no vain bitterness,
No blind self-hatred, but as one who goes

Safe through the lonely places, lanternless,
Yet trusting that the road is one he knows;—

Oh, for myself, myself, I come to you,
Frail blue-veined hands, dulled eyes, and questioning ears;
Loving you truly, as I can but do,
But seeing half *myself* through these my tears!

Books

Candle-lit and hearth-fire-lit
In my quiet house I sit,
All alone,—all alone;—
And the snow, like petals blown
On my muffled window-panes,
Makes me think of June-time rains
When the waters warm and light
Wove me mysteries all night.

Candle-lit and hearth-fire-lit
In my quiet house I sit,—
While about me, row on row,
All the good Books stand. I know
They are keeping watch of me
Very close and cannily.
Very wise,—very wise,—
With their shrewd old sleepless eyes:—
Till I almost fear to look
At one chosen luring Book,
Lest the others, angered, leap
From their dusky shelves, and heap
Me with drifted, murmuring leaves!—
From the floor to brooding eaves,
They would challenge. "I—look!—I!—
I can teach you how to die!"

"I can teach you how to live!"
"I have better gifts to give.
I will show you how to be
(Though your body's bound or free)
Free in soul eternally."
"I have wakened nations, swept
Whirlwinds on them." "I have slept,
Growing wise, ten thousand years
Dried away like dust or tears."
"Puritan! Stand stout! for Hell
Yawns to those who dream too well."
"Ah, but I have stars for light,
And a secret troth I plight
With thy soul in Beauty's name."
"Nay!—I know the lips of Shame.
They are sweet and deadly." "Hush!
Centuries of silence brush
O'er my eyes;—I fade, I fall
In the Bosom of the All,—"
"Christ was born on Christmas Day—"
"No, no Christ,—a myth, I say!"
"Time is nothing: souls may go
Faring forward." "Simple! lo,
Death ends all. Eat, drink, and die."
"Shame! with God's sleeve whispering by
Every day and night—"

Oh, cease,
Books! and give me peace, plain peace!
Lest my ear-drums burst, my heart
Like the back-log break apart!

Out on you, you Books! for I—
Maybe I must live and die
After patterns you despise.
Maybe I must grow as wise
With the snow like petals blown

On my blotted panes, alone,—
 With my hearth-fire, and the free
 Wingèd ways of fantasy,—

Maybe I, pursuing far
 My own plunging perilous star
 Shall arrive—who knows?—at last
 In the Hall of Heaven, past
 All your guesses, all your gleams,
 All your broken breathless dreams;
 For my swift feet shall have trod
 Up the flaming hills of God,
 And I shall be wiser then
 Than all Books enwrought by men!

Holiday

Oh, up and down the valley
 My Soul she goes a-flying:
 She does not dilly-dally
 Where the ragged sheep are crying,
 Nor where the cuckoo seems to be
 A Swiss-clock in the tufted tree.

For she has stolen pinions
 Clear golden like the sun;
 And all the sun's dominions
 Are hers:—yes, every one
 Of yonder hills and glad green meads,
 And grottoes where the wild brook speeds;

And every huddled farm-house,
 Gray-walled and girt with green,
 Dumb-drowsy as a dormouse
 Its drowsy fields between,
 Where cows and wide-backed ducklings go
 With Sabbath manners, staid and slow;—

And all the roads she follows,
The hard white roads that wind
Across the heights and hollows,
As dream-roads in the mind
Spin out, and come to that long-sought
And cozy village of—a thought.

Oh, up and down and under
The hills whose shadows lean
Wide gloom to keep asunder
The too-blue from the green,
My Soul, she flies on sunny wings,
And through the twinkling thicket sings.

Oh wind and sun and greenness!
And wings that flash in flying!—
Sweep free, my Soul, from meanness
And ugliness and dying.—
And learn, dear Soul, to fly and sing
When work and winter shade thy wing!—

Years

In the Night I awake, when the Moon is dead:
When the gloomy streets are untraversèd:
When the silence sings, and the night-lamp's gleam
Flickers like breath of a dying dream.

I turn on my face, I cover my ears,
But I cannot escape the tramp of the Years:
The Years I have known, the Years I must know,
And the Years where my body never may go.

In the Night I awake, when the Moon is dead.
My dreams like the light are all scatterèd.
I turn on my face, I cover my ears,
But they march, they march, the Hosts of the Years.

They march to the brink of a strange bright sea,
And fall in the Tides of Eternity.—
Like a ghost-ridden child, I cover my ears,
But I hear the Death of the strong-shod Years.

I Went to Seek Her

I went to seek her, for I love her.
I went to seek her; she was gone.
Sunshine, seeing all things, canst discover
Which of all the roads she wanders on?

Wind, knowing wild earth's cracks and crannies,
Hast brushed her temples and her hair?
In a hid place, where no beast nor man is,—
Where she wanders lonely, yet so fair?

Green is the mountain and the meadow:
Silver-streaked the whispering willow-tree:
River sharp with sun or soft with shadow:
Clouds like to lily-blooms,—but she?—

Ah, I will seek her, for I love her!
I will follow, over hill and sea!
Flying air-folk, help me to discover
Whither like a wild bird wanders she!

LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

TO us who dwell in settled peace it is difficult to imagine the violent contrast that made up the life of the younger Pliny and his contemporaries. The passage from the frantic tyranny of Domitian, dark accusations opening like sudden trap-doors under your feet, your best friends suspected, your lightest words twisted, to Trajan's firm, mild, and kindly government, must have been like stepping into heaven from hell.

But Pliny was a man of sunshine under any government. It is most instructive to turn to his picture of his age from that of his sombre and indignant contemporaries, Juvenal, Suetonius, Tacitus. Read them and you will think it a wicked world indeed. The great are idle, selfish, cruel, and corrupt. The little are mean, sordid, fawning, debased, contemptible. It is not so with Pliny, who sees and records good in great and little both. So one might easily imagine a double and self-contradicting likeness of our world to-day: on this side, greed, indulgence, godlessness, the rich getting richer, and the poor poorer, one preying and the other hating; on that side, endless acts of kindness and sacrifice, a high ideal and a lowly spirit, love growing everywhere, even where selfishness would hardly let it grow. And both pictures would be true according to the temperament of the artist who drew them.

Not that Pliny entirely overlooks the evils about him. He recognizes that the old world was in some points better: "Time was when those who wrote in praise of their country were rewarded; but in our age this, like other notable and lovely things, has slipped away." He shrinks from writing

history, "because, with men as wicked as they are, much more is to be blamed than praised." Yet, after all, it is wiser to smile than sigh. "Why am I angry?" he says of the triumphant epitaph of the abominable Pallas. "It is better to laugh, so that such creatures may not think they have achieved high fortune, when they have made themselves ridiculous." And he cherishes the noble belief that the best way to make his age worthy is passionately to wish it so: "I love my generation, praying that it may not be effete and sterile and longing with all my heart that our best citizens may have something fine in their houses besides fine pictures."

Yet he was a lawyer and so must have known what human nature is. He had a lawyer's training and prejudices, that ingrained love of tradition and precedent which came naturally to Romans, as to Englishmen. Success in a profession so difficult commands his admiration, even when it is accompanied by indifferent honesty, and he cannot but praise the zeal of the unprincipled Regulus whom in other respects he is never weary of abusing. Yet we have his own word for it—and I believe him—that he himself was a shining example of uprightness.

Being a lawyer, he was also an orator, as was essential in that age, however it may be now. He went through all the degrees of that elaborate training which was considered necessary for a great speaker in a time when speech meant so much. What the formal oratory of Pliny may have been we are left to guess, except for one peculiarly artificial and tedious specimen. To us the man is known only through his letters. Yet even these are the letters of an orator. That is, they are not the fresh, simple, spontaneous outpouring of one mind to another, but are arranged, elaborated with a view to literary effect, as if the writer had always a larger audience in mind than the person directly addressed. They are too often clever essays rather than natural correspondence. And Pliny's efforts in this line are the lawful

progenitors of a host of frigid things known properly as elegant epistles rather than letters: the productions of Balzac, for instance, or Voiture, or of James Howell, or Pope.

After all, however, the greatest letter writers probably wrote with some self-consciousness. Varied, vivacious, infinitely human as Cicero's letters are, he must have seen posterity out of the corner of his eye. I do not, indeed, suppose that Lamb, even in his later years, for a moment suspected that his careless scribbling would be the delight of English readers all over the world. Or, perhaps, did he? Certainly Cowper did not, nor Edward FitzGerald. But Madame de Sévigné's letters were read and admired in her lifetime. And she knew it. And could go on discussing her little domestic affairs and her soul with as perfect ease as if she were prattling to you or me by a twilight fire. Horace Walpole, also, divined his future public; and the consciousness sat less lightly on him than on the charming French lady he adored and imitated.

Ease, naturalness, and simplicity are not the characteristics of Pliny. He confesses his methods of procedure in his very first sentence: "You have often urged me to collect and publish such letters as I have taken a *little extra pains* with." It recalls Horace Walpole at the opening of his epistolary career: "You have made me a strange request, that I will burn your letters. I make you a still stranger one, that you will keep mine." Pliny does indeed urge that the style of letters should be simple, *pressus sermo purusque*; but in his case the brevity was always elegantly draped and the refinement that of the drawing-room. Mommsen has justly pointed out that each letter is too often a formal disquisition on one subject; and Joubert, whose exquisite sense of art was never separated from his sense of soul, has judged the Roman letter writer with unusual severity: "The younger Pliny took pains with his words. With his thoughts he took no pains." Pliny himself inadvertently

admits much the same thing. After describing minutely to a scientific friend the peculiar behavior of a variable spring, he adds, "It is your business to examine the causes of such a wonderful phenomenon. My part is simply to put the effect in words."

Yet, after all, a gift of expression such as Pliny had is no contemptible thing. Much of the best of Shakespeare consists in putting the thoughts of all of us into language of enduring power and charm. And Flaubert, himself the most passionate and human of letter writers, said, "*Il n'y a que les lieux communs et les pays connus pour avoir une intarissable beauté.*" If Pliny could occasionally descend so low as "I will make an end of my letter in order that I may at the same time make an end of the tears which my letter has called forth," he could also turn phrases which must be left untranslated in their abiding beauty and grace. "*Quod me recordantem fragilitatis humanæ miseratio subit. Quid enim tam circumcisum, tam breve quam hominis vita longissima?*" And he could do much more than turn clever phrases. He could find subtle and apt terms of literary criticism, he could often convey delicate and tender emotion, he could describe gaily, if he chose, or if he chose again, with profound dramatic effect, as in the swift and telling narrative of the ghost adventure which befell the philosopher Athenodorus.

In fact, a man cannot write lengthy letters for many years without telling us much of value about his times and about himself. And it is especially to be noted that although Pliny was artificial in expression he had a simple soul. "*Pline, qui est un naïf,*" says Gaston Boissier, with perfect justice. And in this Pliny is totally different from Horace Walpole, who was born sophisticated, with a heart as wrinkled at twenty as his cheeks at seventy-five. Walpole tells us exactly what he wishes to tell us and his veracity stands in no proportion to his loquacity. Pliny's soul peeps

through every fold of the shimmering drapery in which he would invest it.

For the study of many peculiar characteristics of his age he is of singular interest. For instance, he gives a most effective description of one of those practical philosophers who in a sense anticipated Christianity by doing revival work before vast audiences with a zeal and sincerity that command our admiration. "There is nothing repugnant in his aspect, nothing dismal, but a lofty gravity. If you met him, you would stand in awe of him, but you would not shrink away. His life is as winning as it is holy. He attacks vices, not men. And does not chastise sinners, but converts them." In a different vein he depicts those assemblies of friends before which the poets of the day were accustomed to read their productions. Bored! cries Pliny. Why shouldn't they expect to be bored? "True affection casteth out the fear of boredom, and of what use are your friends anyway if they come together only for their own amusement." Or he renders, with truly tragic touch, the terrible pathos of a vestal virgin condemned by Domitian to be buried alive for alleged unchastity: "She was led to her doom, if not innocent, at least with every aspect of innocence. Even when she was stepping down into the vault, her garment caught, and she turned and gathered it up about her; and when the executioner offered her his hand, she drew back, as if to keep her chaste body still pure from the defiling touch."

Nor are Pliny's letters less fruitful and impressive in anecdotes and sketches of definite historical personages than in the painting of manners in general. Sometimes he adds to the list of terse, pregnant sayings which seem so characteristically Latin and Roman. Everyone knows that figure of antique splendor, Arria, who by planting the knife in her own breast encouraged her husband to seek freedom, with the words "Pæte, non dolet." Pliny thinks it an injustice

that other sayings of hers as noble should not also be recorded in history—and he records them. Thus to the wife of Scribonianus she cries: "Do you think I will listen to you, when your husband was killed in your arms and you live?"

More tranquil pictures Pliny has also, of spirits lofty as Arria's, but fruitfully occupied with service to their country, or after years of such service still profitably busying a serene old age. It is refreshing enough to pass from the horrors of Tacitus to the dignified quiet of Spurrinna who lived at peace among his friends and servants, now talking sagely of great deeds done, now reading or writing of the deeds of others, varying these intellectual pursuits with wholesome exercise to keep the temperate body fresh and sound. "Thus, though he is past his seventy-seventh year, his sight and hearing are perfect, his body agile and alert, and the only trace of old age about him is his wisdom. Such a life is the object of my wish and prayer, and I shall enter upon it whenever the passage of years shall permit me to think of retirement. Meanwhile I am overcome with a thousand distractions, amid which I comfort myself with the example of this same Spurrinna."

Another noble figure delineated by Pliny is that of his uncle and parent by adoption, Pliny the elder. This distinguished personage, besides being an active and energetic citizen, was an indefatigable student and writer. He wrote extensive histories, of which nothing now survives. He produced also an enormous compilation of myth, tradition, fable, *and* observation, which, under the name of natural history, fed the curiosity of more than a thousand years with things that never happened. It may, however, be justly said of him that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." For he perished in a thoroughly scientific attempt to study the great eruption that destroyed Pompeii. After perpetuating forty books of lies, he died of the desire to discover the truth. It was a creditable exit, which the younger Pliny has described in a way to make it

more creditable; for the nobility of his uncle's scientific spirit is entirely surpassed by his tranquil acceptance of a terrible situation and his efforts to impart his own tranquillity to others. As soon as he appreciated the peril and that escape was unlikely, he began to cheer those about him, to comfort them, to relieve their terrors by gaiety or the aspect of gaiety. As the long hours dragged on, he beguiled despair by making notes. Then, in the murky and intolerable darkness and horror, he actually slept. Balked in his final attempt to escape by his unwieldy stature and scant breath, and overcome by the smoke and ashes, he was found afterwards, "his body entire, unharmed, and clothed as when he had left home; his aspect rather that of the sleeping than of the dead."

The man Pliny himself is, however, the most interesting thing in his letters; and though he endeavored to show himself only draped, togaed, and in a senatorial attitude, his inmost anatomy is visible enough, if one cares to look for it. We can see him, if we choose, in the rush of his daily business, hurrying about the forum, pleading a cause, attending to a public duty, arranging a little matter for a friend or a great charity for a community, administering a far province, with theatres, and fire departments, and aqueducts, and obstinate Christians to be brought to submission or fed to the wild beasts.

We can see him, much more attractively, in the home life on his great country estates, which the Romans, like the English, loved to cherish, keeping their roots firm in the soil. Pliny himself writes to a friend, of country pleasures: "I will not say I envy you; but it torments me to think that I cannot have what I long for as the fevered long to bathe in cooling springs. Shall I never break these hampering bonds, since I cannot loosen them?"

The Romans, indeed, had not the modern romantic passion for nature. Pliny was no Wordsworth to adore a daffodil or apostrophize a linnet. Such doings would have seemed

to him as unworthy as to Socrates. But he loved the country air, and the wide sky, a noble prospect, sparkling sea, and vine-clad hills. "For a scholar," as he says of one of his friends, "a brief acreage suffices, to tread one well-worn path, to know every vine and count every fruit-tree." But he himself is tempted into larger purchasing: "Change of soil and sky, broad peregrination through one's own possessions, have an infinite charm." It reminds one of old Burton: "For peregrination hath such an infinite and sweet variety that some call him unhappy who never travelled, but beholdeth from his cradle to his old age the same, still, still the same."

And so Pliny gives us a minute and loving picture of his country homes: of Como, where he was born and which he loved with the tenderness of Cowper,—

Scenes that soothed
And charmed me young no longer young I find
Still soothing and of power to charm me still;

of his elaborate and splendid villas in Tuscany and at Laurentum, which he describes with a detail of singular interest to the antiquarian: halls, baths, libraries, porticoes, sitting-rooms for the day and for the night, for company, for privacy; chambers looking out upon the wide prospect, sea or stars, chambers hidden and secluded, "where no noise of busy people comes, no murmur of the waves, no tumult of the storm, nor glare of lightning, nay, if you wish, not even the light of day, when the shutters are closed"; trim gardens, with flowers, and fruit, and shade; and over the whole dwelling gladsome vines, creeping from roof to roof up to the highest peak of all. They knew what luxury was, these wealthy Romans, and Pliny was by no means one of the wealthiest.

We hear not only of Pliny's abodes, but of his friends, and he was a man to have many of them. The most august was the Emperor Trajan himself, and a collection of letters

survives exchanged between the two when Pliny was governor of the provinces of Bithynia and Pontica. The most interesting of these deal with the treatment of the Christians and show the attitude of a humane and kindly Roman gentleman towards those who, he felt, must be punished, not because they held outlandish beliefs, but because they refused to recognize the supreme control of the civil authority.

Trajan's letters are brief, but courteous and considerate; Pliny's, on the whole, manly and independent. The same thing may perhaps be said of the general tone of the "Panegyric on Trajan," Pliny's one remaining piece of oratory. Yet the adulation unavoidable in such a performance will hardly suit an American ear, however it might pass in Berlin or St. Petersburg. "A religious nation, whose piety has always merited the favor of the immortal gods, can ask nothing further to perfect its happiness than that the gods themselves should imitate Cæsar." A little strong, is it not? And what interests me most of all, is how a person of Trajan's native common sense and practical disposition, not born to this sort of thing, but having grown up a common man among other men, could sit by and listen to it? Was he nauseated? Was he simply bored, enormously? Is it possible that he should have enjoyed it? Did Napoleon?

Pliny had hosts of other friends, not draped in purple. Some of them, many of them, were the first men of the age, whose names echo to us now in a way which would seem to make the mere distinction of their friendship glory enough. Suetonius, Martial—Martial immortalizes Pliny's hospitality and his friend is duly grateful: "Is it not fitting that I should mourn him who wrote about me thus? He gave me all he had to give. If he had had more, he would have given it. And what can a man give more than praise and glory and eternity?" Tacitus? Tacitus sends his writings for Pliny's revision. Think of it! Revising Tacitus! And Pliny does it. "I have noted with the

utmost care what I think should be altered, what omitted." What, I wonder? And Pliny sends his own works for Tacitus's revision in return—which strikes us as a matter of less importance. And he exults in the thought that they two will go down the ages together: "What a delight that posterity, if it takes heed of us at all, will record everywhere that we lived together in simple faith and brotherly love! A rare and notable thing indeed that two men of nearly equal age and public position, and not unknown in letters (I am forced to speak slightly of you also since I am speaking of myself) should have cherished and fostered one another's studies." How could he know that in two thousand years Tacitus would be all and he nothing?

Lesser friends he advises also, as to their verses, as to their prose, as to commoner matters still. To one in sickness he sends excellent counsel, with an elaborate account of his own good health and how he got it, which I think can hardly have been very gratifying to the sufferer, any more than Lamb's maliciously delightful epistle to Henry Crabbe Robinson under similar circumstances.

And always Pliny is ready to praise his friends, high and low, as if they were the emperor himself. It reminds one sometimes of Lepidus's ecstasies: His dear Cæsar; but then his dear Antony. Antony, the man of men; but Cæsar is godlike. Pliny was ridiculed, even in his own day, for these excesses, and admits it, and defends himself. "I confess the fault, I am proud of it. . . . Supposing they are not what I think them. The more fortunate I, since to me they seem so . . . never will you persuade me that I can love my friends too much." And he lauds the verses of one, the banquets of another, the children of another, till we think we are living in a different and a better world. "He showed me some letters the other day and said they were his wife's. I thought I was reading Plautus or Terence dissolved in prose. Whether they are his wife's, as he affirms, or his own, as he denies, they do equal credit

to the man who can turn out such letters or such a wife." It is true that in these matters there is a certain tit-for-tat-ishness; and if Pliny praises, he is not averse to payment in kind. But under all the manner and all the artificial grace, it is, I think, impossible not to recognize genuine love and tenderness: "You know the weakness of my heart in its affections, you know my anxious fears; and you will not be surprised if I fear most where I hope most."

One charming phase of Pliny's friendships is his correspondence with illustrious ladies who represent the very best of Roman dignity and Roman virtue. "There are," says Professor Dill, "youths and maidens in the portrait gallery of Pliny whose innocence was guarded by good women as pure and strong as those matrons who nursed the stern, unbending soldiers of the Sabine wars." To Calvina he writes on matters of business, not omitting to indicate his own probity as well as hers. He advises another friend as to the choice of a tutor for her son: "From this person your son will learn nothing that will not profit him, nothing that would be better unlearned, and will be reminded no less often than by you or me what ideals he must live up to, what great names are his to sustain." One should compare also the touching patience and fortitude of a young girl's death: "She did what the doctors told her, she comforted her father and sister, she kept up her courage even when overcome by weakness. And this endured to the end and was not shaken by the length of her illness or the fear of death." Other specimens of womanhood there are, to be sure, showing more the influence of prevalent luxury, extravagance, and idleness, as the odd case of that very gay old lady who used the strictest possible care in the education of her grandson, but did not consider it necessary to apply the same methods to herself. "He lived in the house of his luxurious grandmother after the severest, but also the most submissive fashion. She had a fancy for actors and ran after them rather more than became a lady of her rank.

But Quadratus never saw one, on the stage or at home; nor did she wish him to. She told me once, when she was commending her grandson's studiousness, that for herself, to get rid of her wretched feminine leisure, she liked to take a hand in a game or see a play, but when anything of the sort was going on, she bade the boy go to his books, quite as much, I think, out of regard for his innocence as for his learning. You will be astonished at this. So was I."

As to Pliny's treatment of his slaves we have no evidence but his own, which is remarkably favorable. I am inclined to trust it, however, in default of better. There is, indeed, a curious sentence in the "Panegyric" showing how slavery could dull and harden the finer feelings of the kindly and humane. Trajan is extolled because he did not provide immoral and debasing theatrical performances but instead contests "which inspired the glorious contempt of wounds and death by showing even in *slaves* and criminals the ardor for praise and the thirst for victory." But numerous passages in the letters indicate a consistent gentleness of treatment, with a desire to secure the welfare of dependents, which makes an agreeable contrast to much that we read of a very different character in other authors. Thus Pliny explains to a friend that he furnished his upper servants with the same wine that he drinks himself. "Must be rather expensive," says the friend. "No," says Pliny. "They do not drink what I do. I drink what they do." His favorite reader falls ill with a hæmorrhage. "How hard it would be for him, what a loss for me, if he to whom all my studies owe their charm should become unfit for study! Who would read my work so well, would cherish it so much? Whose voice would caress my ear like his? But I have hopes that Providence will spare him." He bewails an excessive mortality among his slaves, but he has at least the comfort of having treated them kindly: "Two consolations I have, not indeed adequate, but consolations: one, that I allow them to obtain their freedom easily; for those seem not to

die too young who have got free; the other, that I allow even the slaves to make a kind of will and that I execute it as such. They devise and enjoin as they wish; and I carry out their wishes. They divide, bestow, and bequeath, provided it is confined to my own household. For the household is, as it were, the country and commonwealth of slaves."

As regards immediate family, Pliny had no children, though he was twice married. To his second wife, Calpurnia, he writes charming letters, rather literary perhaps in expression, but obviously inspired by genuine feeling. He is glad to hear that she misses him, glad that she reads his verses in his absence. He reads her letters over and over, thinks of her constantly, gives every leisure moment to the thought of her, and is glad to be busy because otherwise he longs for her so much. But the cream of the correspondence in this connection is the letter describing Calpurnia's excellences to her affectionate aunt. No page of Pepys has fuller measure of human nature pressed down and running over: the immense, complacent egotism of the husband gauging his wife's perfection by her devotion, the exquisite tact of the wife, playing with deft fingers upon that egotism as upon a many-stopped pipe, guided much by love no doubt but also by a fine sense of what was for her own comfort and matrimonial ease. "She has the shrewdest common sense, the most careful housewifery. She loves me as a good wife should. Moreover, her love for me has inspired her with a love for literature. She has all my works, reads them over and over, even learns them by heart. How anxious she is when I am going to speak, how delighted when I have spoken well. She keeps messengers to let her know how I am taking, what applause I get, what the verdict is. When I give a reading, she sits near me, discreetly veiled, and drinks in the praise of me with avid ears. She even sings my verses and sets them to the cither [Oh, Mrs. Pepys, oh, Mrs. Pepys!], not taught by art but love, which is the best of masters. For these reasons I feel sure that we

shall be happier and happier together as long as we live. For she does not love my youth or my good looks, which fail and fade, but my glory, as behooves one brought up at your hands and taught by your precepts, who, in your dwelling, learned nothing but what was holy and of good report, who even grew to love me under your tutoring."

From which I conclude that Calpurnia senior was a mistress hand in the tutoring of wives. Do you remember Sir Toby's eulogy of Maria? "She's a beagle, true bred; and one that adores me." But Sir Toby winked, and Pliny never winks.

By this time it must be evident that our epistolary friend had a good share of amiable vanity. If it were not so amiable, it would certainly be monstrous. And remembering Cicero, I ask myself if many of these world-subduing Romans had a microbe of self-admiration, which would stare us in the face, if we had their letters. Then I think of the exquisite modesty of Virgil, of the fine irony of Horace, of the godlike intellect of Cæsar, which penetrated himself and everyone else.

But Pliny had the microbe, if anyone ever had. And the art of ingenious—and ever entertaining—self-laudation could not be carried further. He sends his works to his friends and asks criticism, with that anxious modesty which we know so well. Be honest. Be sincere. Tell me what you really think. "I ask it of your confiding simplicity, tell me about my book just what you would tell anyone else." But woe to the simple friend who accepts such an invitation!

Another ingenious device is to repeat to one friend the eulogies of another. "They say everybody is reading my book, though it came out so long ago; that is, unless the publishers are fooling me." "I was very much gratified about my reading. I asked my friends to come if it was convenient and they had nothing else to do. (In Rome there is always something else to do and it is never convenient.) But they came for two days running, and when

my modesty was ready to make an end, they insisted on having a third day."

In his omnivorous appetite for commendation, he admits that he is not too discriminating and even maintains that others are like him. "All who care for fame and glory enjoy praise even when it comes from their inferiors. . . . Indeed, I don't know why it is, but men prefer their glory broad rather than lofty."

Written eulogy that comes in the cool quiet of the study is agreeable; but this is nothing compared to the success of the orator, the fury of popular applause, the enthusiasm of the crowd that hangs upon your words, the hand-shakings and congratulations that come after. "My turn arrives. I rise . . . O, wonderful! Those who were but now against me receive every word with attention and applause. I conclude. Veiento tries to reply. Nobody will listen. . . . There was hardly a man in the Senate who did not embrace me, did not kiss me, did not overwhelm me with praise." It recalls—afar off—that most wonderful scene of Mr. Pepys's great speech and the climax of commendation which agitated his spirit with delight: "From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr. G. Montagu, who came to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips: protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me. Mr. Ashburnham, and every creature I met there of the Parliament, or that knew anything of the Parliament's actings, did salute me with this honor:—Mr. Godolphin;—Mr. Sands, who swore he would go twenty mile, at any time, to hear the like again, and that he never saw so many sit four hours together to hear any man in his life, as there did to hear me; Mr. Chichly,—Sir John Duncomb,—and everybody do say that the kingdom will ring of my abilities, and that I have done myself right for my whole life: and so Captain Cocke, and others of my friends, say that no man had ever such an opportunity of making

his abilities known; and, that I may cite all at once, Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower did tell me that Mr. Vaughan did protest to him, and in his hearing it, said so to the Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards to W. Coventry, that he had sat twenty-six years in Parliament and never heard such a speech there before: for which the Lord God make me thankful! and that I may make use of it, not to pride and vainglory, but that, now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it!"

Delightful as this contemporary approbation is, however, Pliny is insatiably looking forward. Posterity, years upon years upon years, must honor him, or he will not be satisfied: "Whether they are right or wrong in praising me I do not know; but my one prayer is that posterity may be right or wrong in the same way." And, with good critical tact, he begs for a scrap of the immortality which Tacitus can bestow: "I know I am right in predicting that your history will be immortal. For that reason I frankly confess that I should be glad to be mentioned in it." Alas, he may have been, but not in that portion that has endured.

We smile at this vanity of Pliny's. Who could help it? But, as I have said, it is amiable, and, as has been long ago remarked, vanity is often associated with excellent qualities. The fine, the really beautiful expressions of moral, almost Christian feeling, which occur in the letters, are not merely expressions; and when we read, "I call him most perfect who himself forgives others as if he were daily liable to fall and refrains from falling as if there were no forgiveness," we are safe in assuming that the writer practised his own precept, as far as frail human nature may. He does, indeed, beg pardon for writing verses that are too gamesome; but probably it was because he thought, with others since, that in poetry to be gamesome was to be great; and I imagine that his verses were no more like the verses of Martial than the letters of Martial would have been like the letters of Pliny.

Kindly he certainly was and practically beneficent, though even here his failing haunts him and he informs us of his charities in ample phraseology, at the same time remarking that "those who adorn their good deeds with fine words seem not to be telling because they have done, but to have done in order that they might be telling." Telling or not, however, he did the deeds, built temples, founded schools, had a friendly word for trouble and an open hand for suffering, in short, lived the life of a useful citizen and an honorable gentleman, if not, as he would have wished, that of a great poet and an immortal genius.

It is to be noted, also, that Pliny's essential virtue does not proceed from any especially religious motive, as does, for instance, that of the Athenian gentleman who in some ways resembles him, Xenophon. With Xenophon the gods are daily, nightly present. He considers them in his getting up and in his lying down. To do wrong is to offend them and risk their anger. To do right is always pleasing and acceptable to them. Now Pliny is by no means directly irreligious. Indeed, a strong tincture of superstition appears in him as in so many of his contemporaries,—witness the excellent ghost story that he tells with positive assurance as to the facts and much credulity as to the causes. But skepticism was too deeply rooted in a Roman of that day for the divine to be often recognized as a spring of daily action, and Pliny rarely, if ever, refers to it as such. His goodness, his kindness, are native, instinctive, spring from pure human love and charity, and are surely none the less creditable to him on that account.

And thus, as we read him here in far-off America, he has an undying glory, as undying glories go. Only it is not for his verses, but for his virtues. Would that have satisfied him? I fear not. Long since it was remarked that we had rather be praised for the head than for the heart. And yet it is something to be remembered for two thousand years as one who was a little better than the average.

THE NEW SCIENCE OF GEOGRAPHY

By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

GEOGRAPHY, although perhaps the oldest of the sciences, has changed so completely in recent years that its true nature is not commonly understood, especially in America. Like every other science, it includes three phases or stages, each of which is characterized by a special mental process. The first, or empirical stage, is concerned merely with the gathering of a great body of unrelated facts. In the second, or systematic stage, these facts are classified and arranged in definite categories; while the third, or explanatory stage, is devoted to the explanation of the facts and to the determination of the laws which govern them. To these may be added the predictive stage, in which the laws of the explanatory stage are used to predict future occurrences; but with this we are not now concerned.

No one of the later stages can exist without all its predecessors, and in a mature science the processes of gathering, systematizing, and explaining go on side by side. For example, students of botany fall into three categories: plant-gatherers, whose chief joy is to find a new fern or alga; systematists, who laboriously describe and classify what others find; and true botanists, who use the work of their co-laborers as the basis for the discovery of new laws or of new applications of old laws.

The degree of interest possessed by these various stages varies greatly in different sciences. In most branches of knowledge, bare facts and their systematic classification are of no particular interest except to the specialist. The world at large is concerned chiefly with general laws or practical applications. The ordinary individual cares nothing about the atomic weight of polonium, for instance, or about know-

ing that it is seventh in the series of elements produced from radium. If he is told that its "half period of transformation" is 140 days, and that the range of its rays in the air is 3.86 centimetres, he does not understand what is meant, and promptly forgets the whole matter. Towards the laws, however, which govern the action of polonium, his attitude is quite different. The first great law is that the transmutation of metals can and does take place,—not as the alchemists supposed, but in a far more significant fashion. In the light of this law, the statement that polonium is the seventh in the series of radium derivatives takes on a new meaning. For some absolutely unknown cause, radium and other radioactive substances are not permanent, in spite of the fact that they are genuine chemical elements. In periods varying from billions of years to the five-hundredth part of a second, they are transmuted into other substances, which likewise are genuine chemical elements. The more we know of this law, as distinguished from the empirical facts of observation, the more our interest and wonder are aroused. The activities which it governs cannot be initiated, hastened, hindered, stopped, or otherwise altered by any known means. The activity of hot bodies, on the other hand, can be changed by cooling; magnetic masses can be demagnetized; moving bodies can be stopped or deflected from their courses; and living beings can be killed. Gravity alone is as unchangeable as radioactivity; do what we will, we cannot cause a particle of matter to lose or change its power of attracting other particles; nor can we alter the process by which radioactive substances steadily transmute themselves and give off energy in a long and complex process of gradual decay. This it is—this immutable law—which forms the climax of interest in any study of radioactivity.

In the science of geography, the laws are no less interesting than in radioactivity or any other branch of science, but this is rarely recognized. Attention is commonly concentrated on mere facts instead of on the laws which govern

them. One reason for this is that the laws, dealing as they do with life as well as matter, are in the highest degree complex and difficult to frame. Another reason is that the facts themselves are of great interest, even apart from the laws. Take such an unimportant item as the ichthyophagi. Two thousand years ago, the Greeks heard with wonder of tribes whose sole diet was fish. Nearchus, who accompanied Alexander to India, tells of ichthyophagi along the coast of Makran in southern Persia, and modern travellers confirm his accounts. They add that the country is so barren that, in years of drought, even the abstemious donkeys cannot find sufficient grass or weeds to support life, and would die, did not their masters feed them upon dried fish. Pliny locates the ichthyophagi on the islands of the Persian Gulf; Pausanias mentions others on the west coast of Arabia where Burton found them in modern times; and other travellers report them elsewhere. Ancient scientists and modern authors of books of travel are not the only persons interested in fish-eating tribes. In central Asia I told my caravan men one day, that I proposed to visit the Lopliks who lived several hundred miles to the east on the shores of the shallow and almost dry lake of Lop-Nor. After a few hours, one of the men came back from the market-place, whither he had been to make inquiries, and proceeded to ask questions. "Is it true that those Lopliks whom we are going to visit eat nothing but fish? What beasts they must be. And is it true that they are so skillful in eating fish that they can put the meat in at one side of their mouths and spit the bones out at the other side at the same time?"

Geographical facts like those pertaining to the ichthyophagi are almost innumerable. Strangely enough, their interesting nature, large number, and wide distribution are among the chief causes why geography still labors under the imputation of being a purely empirical or descriptive science. Because the facts in themselves are entertaining, there has been a failure to realize the necessity of coördinat-

ing them and finding out their laws. Geographers themselves have fostered this idea. The majority of them have failed to apprehend that the mere collection of facts is not science. Moreover, because of the vast number of highly interesting geographical phenomena scattered all over the world, every traveller has felt impelled to gather his own little sheaf. Having published his observations, he has considered himself a geographer, although with no more claim to the title than has the gatherer of a bunch of wild flowers to be called a botanist. Genuine geographers have rebelled against this invasion of their province by men of no adequate training. Yet instead of directing their own energies to the patient sifting of facts, in order to discover laws, they have zealously devoted themselves to mapping new portions of the earth's surface. Their work has been done scientifically and is of great value, but it belongs to the first, or empirical, stage of the science. In their zeal for this work, they have often forgotten the other phases of the subject. Thus, although thousands of men, both travellers and map-makers, have been called geographers, only a handful have given their lives to the work of systematic classification, and still fewer to the final explanatory stage of the science. This, more than anything else, explains the common but fallacious idea that geography is purely descriptive and lacks the qualities of real science.

In order to arrive at a true understanding of the present and future status of geography, let us examine the nature of the subject and its adaptation to the purposes of higher education. The courses in the German universities where the subject is best taught, deal with a wide range of subjects, but in spite of their great diversity, all centre around one basic idea, the keynote of geography. Just as the physiological chemist, the botanical chemist, the metallurgist, the general chemist, the inventor of dyes, and a score of others are all chemists engaged in answering the questions: "What is it made of?" and "How is it put together?", so the geog-

raphers are all answering the questions: "Where is it?" and "Why is it there rather than elsewhere?" Geography is primarily the science of the distribution of phenomena on the earth's surface; maps are its foundation, just as systematic floras are the foundations of botany. The geographer deals with everything whose distribution can be shown upon a map, whether it be incised meanders, chinook winds, yellow skins, or cowardice. This does not mean that geography is a blanket science composed of interesting bits from all the neighboring sciences, and therefore no science at all, as is sometimes thought. The chemist may legitimately study meanders in the sense of analyzing water, soil, and rock; he may investigate the chemical differences between warm, dry chinook winds and other winds; he may ascertain the nature of the pigments which make one skin yellow and another brown; and he may tell us that the mental state known as fear or cowardice is accompanied by the formation of certain toxic substances which can be detected in the blood or breath, and which hinder the bodily functions. Yet no one thinks of denying that chemistry is a distinct and full-fledged science. The chemist is obliged to study everything, but he does so for the definite purpose of determining the nature and amount of the various chemical elements, their mode of union, and their changes. In the same way the geographer studies everything, but he does so in order to determine where things are located, and why they happen to be there rather than in some other part of the world.

Take such a matter as the trade of China. The economist studies the laws of trade and applies those laws to China. He accepts the fact that China's trade per capita is not one one-hundredth as large as that of Belgium, but that does not concern him greatly, for the laws of production and exchange are the same in both countries. It is beyond his province to attempt a complete analysis of exactly why conditions in China and Belgium are different. He must leave that question to geography, the only science whose

function it is to answer it. The economist may and must use the geographer's results or methods, just as the astronomer must call on the physicist for help, or the historian on the philologist. It is no part of the economist's task, however, to investigate the relation of topography to geological structure; he is not concerned with seasons of rainfall and crops as the result of planetary and terrestrial pressure-systems; he does not investigate lines of communication as determined by space relations, nor the distribution of population and the consequent variation of modes of life from place to place. He simply cannot do it, partly for lack of training, and partly for lack of time. To find out why a certain phenomenon is located in a special corner of the earth is as distinct and complex a problem as to discover the mathematical formulas for the strains and stresses in a bridge.

Thus far we have been considering the present position and nature of geography, and the reasons why its function has been misunderstood. Let us now consider its educational value. The essential criteria in determining the educational value of a subject may be stated in many ways. For our present purpose we may state them as follows: (1) the importance of the subject in everyday life, (2) historic importance, (3) cultural value, (4) definiteness of the field of study, (5) organization of material, and (6) disciplinary value.

The importance of a subject in everyday life and its consequent importance in education are well illustrated by chemistry. No thoroughly equipped man can afford to be ignorant of the principles of this subject, because it fills so large a place in the world's activities. The second criterion, historic importance, commonly has as much weight as present importance in determining what studies shall be employed in the training of our youth. It is this, in large measure, which keeps Greek and Latin in our curricula. The third criterion, cultural value, is in itself sufficient to justify attention to a subject. We devote a great amount

of energy to the study of English literature, largely because a man thereby lays up a store of that which lends interest to his own inner life, grace and point to his speech, and discernment to his taste. The very fact that literature is so important culturally makes amends for its failure to satisfy the next criterion, definiteness of the field of study. Literature is avowedly a somewhat indefinite field, differing in that respect from history. While the student of literature does not pretend to be seeking an answer to any definite question, the historian has always present in his mind the query, "What happened, where, and why?" and hence he knows exactly how to go to work. Definiteness of field is closely connected with the next important criterion, organization of material. Mathematics is preëminent in this respect. Not only are its laws framed with the most absolute precision, but its method of presentation to students has been developed to the highest degree. The last criterion, disciplinary value, is possibly the most important of all. It depends largely upon definiteness of field and organization of material, and also upon the degree of interest of the subject-matter itself. Physics is notable in this respect, because it combines the most abstruse reasoning with highly interesting and stimulating experimentation.

No one subject fully satisfies the requirements of all these criteria, but that is not to be expected. All the subjects which now hold an important place in the ordinary college curriculum, satisfy the majority of the criteria, and geography seems to hold its own in this respect. Taking geography in the modern sense as the science which explains why things are where they are, there is no need of explaining its importance either in the life of to-day or in that of the past. No question, for example, is more worthy of profound study than that of why the island of Japan is inhabited by people so markedly different from those of the neighboring mainland. As a matter of culture, also, the consideration of such problems is of the highest value. Without

further discussion, therefore, we may fairly assert that in regard to the first three criteria—present importance, historic importance, and cultural value—geography holds a high position. The fourth criterion may also be dismissed, for we have already shown the definite nature of the field of geography as the science dealing with the distribution of phenomena on the earth's surface and with the reasons for that distribution.

The question of the organization of material is the criterion which geography has at present most difficulty in satisfying. It cannot be gainsaid that, except in the elementary phases of the subject, good text-books are rare. Geographers themselves are still discussing the question as to how the subject should be presented to students. Several effective methods are now in use, and university teachers are already in accord upon the fundamental principles of presentation. It is nevertheless true that advanced geography cannot be successfully taught by a teacher who relies on text-books rather than on his own initiative. In this respect, however, the science is scarcely worse off than the rest of the newer sciences, such as experimental psychology, anthropology, and the other sciences dealing with man as a biological product. In all of these subjects advances are so rapid that a good teacher cannot stick to the text-books, but must lay out his work along his own lines.

We come now to our last and most important criterion, disciplinary value. Does the study of geography compel the student to pursue a definite chain of reasoning, link after link, and does it thus train him to think? The descriptive phases of the subject, upon which the lay mind places such undue stress, have neither more nor less value than the learning of dates and events in history, or of the names, properties, and numerical values of the elements in chemistry. The explanatory phase, however, demands as close and careful reasoning and as great mental activity as are required by any of the other sciences.

An example will make this clear. As everyone knows, the people of India are shackled hand and foot by an inexorable system of caste. So strong is it that Moslems and even Christians cannot escape from its exactions. I have seen poverty-stricken Moslems throw away a large supply of good food because it had been prepared for the table of a Christian. Their own religion did not prevent their touching it, but they were filled with the Hindu prejudices of their ancestors and their neighbors. In a rural district of the Deccan, while riding in an oxcart to visit the Buddhist cave-temples of Ajanta, I have paid for a newcomer's ignorance of the absolute dominance of caste by going hungry for a day. Even water was unprocurable except by having the driver go to a wayside well, fill the brass bowl which he carried in his girdle, and pour the water into the foreigner's hands without letting him touch it. The first time that we wanted a drink I inadvertently put out my hand to take the bowl; the Hindu, fearing pollution of his drinking vessel, jumped back as if he had seen a tiger.

In Arabia, on the contrary, quite the opposite condition prevails. Nowhere in the world, probably, is there a greater degree of fraternity and democracy than among the Arabs, especially the nomads. So strong is the spirit of democracy that it has spread its influence more or less into all Mohammedan lands, including even parts of India. The richest and the poorest of the Arabs put their hands to the same dish; and the stranger, be he black man or white, is invited to share the best that the Arab can procure. The contrast between the spirit of caste among the Hindus and that of democracy among the Arabs may be treated from the religious, the historical, the sociological, and perhaps other points of view, but that need not here concern us. From the point of view of the geographer, the important fact is that this contrast occurs in two similar peninsulas lying side by side in almost the same latitude on the southern side of the same continent. Is there any respect, he asks, in which

physical environment has fostered the development of caste in India and of democracy in Arabia? Could the reverse have happened?

With these questions in mind the geographer investigates the physical phenomena of the two countries. He finds first that the geological processes of continental uplift, faulting, folding, vulcanism, erosion, and recent oscillations of the relative level of land and sea, have produced a rather marked similarity between the two peninsulas. If the mountainous district of Oman, on the east of Arabia, be omitted, the resemblance is truly striking. An arc of mountains lies on the north; then come vast, fertile river plains; farther south, the centre of the neck of each peninsula is occupied by a mass of ancient mountains maturely dissected; on the west coast of the peninsulas proper, a steep escarpment prevents easy access to the sea; while at its top, great lava fields spread eastward over an area of thousands of square miles. From the lava fields a long slope stretches across to the low east coast, where recent uplift has produced a coastal plain; and finally, in the far south of both India and Arabia, high mountains rise to face the southern ocean. If topography alone controlled the fortunes of a country, India and Arabia should fare almost alike, with a slight advantage on the side of Arabia.

From topography we turn to space relations, and find that in this respect Arabia is decidedly the more favored. Lying, as it does, between India and Europe, with Africa on the one flank and Turkey and Persia on the other, it ought to be in the very centre of the world's activity. If other conditions were favorable, it would be touched and vivified by influences from four highly diverse types of civilization, and could scarcely fail to respond. Its relation to the sea would be another factor tending in the same direction. India, with her precipitous west coast and harborless east coast swept with drifting sand, faces seas so wide and islandless that her people have never been tempted abroad to any

extent. Arabia, on the contrary, although not blessed with many good harbors, has long stretches of coast which are good for habitation, so far as topography alone is concerned, and which face narrow seas or gulfs favorable to primitive maritime enterprise. Even under the present hard conditions of life, maritime enterprise has been fostered in Arabia more than in India, and to this, in part, is due the fact, that Moham-medanism, not Hinduism, has spread to the East Indies.

The relative advantages of Arabia over India in topography, space relations, and coasts are completely nullified by its climate. Everyone knows that both countries are characterized by great climatic extremes, which cause some sections to be absolute deserts, while others are abundantly watered and highly fruitful. Everyone knows also that the chief difference between the two is that in India the desert areas are relatively small, while in Arabia the watered areas are even smaller. Few, however, understand why this is so. An adequate explanation, such as is demanded by modern geography, borrows from the physicist the laws of gravitation, rotation, expansion of gases, latent heat, condensation, and other matters. From these it works out first the planetary zones of pressure, and the terrestrial modifications of these zones by the tilting of the earth's axis and by the distribution of land and sea. Then, knowing where and why areas of high and low pressure occur at certain seasons, the geographer is in a position to understand what winds will blow in Arabia as compared with India, and what amount of condensation of vapor will take place under given conditions of topography. The line of reasoning is too long and complex to be given here, and we must hasten on to apply our conclusions to the caste system.

When the climate, topography, and other physical factors are understood, the geographer investigates their effect upon human occupations and modes of life, and upon the distribution of industries. He finds that in the major part of Arabia nomadic pastoralism is the only possible form of life. Even

in the oases no great variety of occupations, or of modes of cultivation, is possible because of the extreme limitation of resources. The villager, whether in the north or the far south, raises a little wheat or millet and waters a few palm trees, set either in deep pits to be as near as possible to the level of ground water, or else located beside the brackish, lukewarm stream from some small spring in the midst of a waste of verdureless desert. Often the villagers own the trees in common with the nomads. The villagers do the work of irrigation, getting water from wells, perhaps, by means of a long rope, a leather bucket, a pulley, and a patient camel striding slowly back and forth. The nomads protect the trees from raids by enemies, and are responsible for the safety of the village. For this seemingly slight, but really large, service they receive half the crop of dates. For a thousand miles and more, one oasis scarcely differs from another, and monotonous uniformity is the rule. Moreover, the nomads are compelled to move constantly from place to place in search of water or pasture, and often they go hundreds of miles each year. Thus they come into constant touch, not only with one another but with the oasis dwellers near whom they are forced to camp in order to get water in times of especial drought. This, too, tends to promote uniformity, for local customs have little opportunity to grow up. Again, no nomad can carry any very large or sumptuous tent, or great abundance of furniture, on his camels; and the differences in style of living between rich and poor are thus limited.

Still another factor tending towards uniformity results from the peculiar moral standards of the desert. In years of scanty rainfall, no grass springs up in the early spring at the time when the young are born. The hungry mother camels have no milk whereon to nourish their colts, and the poor little creatures soon die. Nor is there milk for the Arabs themselves, and no hard, sour curds can be laid by for winter use. The date crop and the grain in the oases are also scanty; and gaunt famine stalks among the black tents of

the desert. Under such circumstances the only resource is plunder. The man who is hungry, and whose wife and children are starving, has little thought of right and wrong. If he can take the property of someone outside the range of his own tribe and friends, he feels that he is doing right. To think otherwise would mean starvation. Thus, through thousands of years, the hard conditions of the desert have steadily weeded out all who withheld their hands from violence. Raids and plundering expeditions are a matter of course among the Arabs. There is nothing to put a stop to them, for there is nothing to favor the growth of a moral sentiment against them. Thus it comes to pass that rich and poor alike, but especially the rich, who have the most to lose, are in constant peril of being reduced to beggary by a raid of their neighbors. So common is this that a man's social position has little connection with the number of his camels. If an Arab is reduced to dire poverty by a raid, his friends often contribute camels enough to enable him to support his family, and this is not considered charity, but merely justice. All the Arabs are subject to the same dire pinch of hunger and to the same danger of utter impoverishment; and this, as much as anything, helps to keep them democratic.

In India the conditions are almost the opposite of those in Arabia. The favorable rainfall of the major part of the country promotes a sedentary life; and an abundance of forests and the ravages of wild beasts combine with a rough topography, in many portions of the peninsula, to prevent much intercourse. To this is added the effect of a uniformly warm climate with few and gentle changes, a condition which deadens initiative and activity and gives rise to mental and physical inertia. Moreover, the extreme variation of natural conditions in regions not far remote from one another, compels the people to raise their crops, build their houses, make their clothes, and carry on a hundred other occupations in wholly diverse ways. Thus the geographic conditions of

India tend as strongly towards diversity as do those of Arabia towards uniformity.

The geographer cannot leave the matter at this point. He must find out why India is inhabited by a most heterogeneous mixture of races, and Arabia by practically pure Semites. Most of the people of India, so far as we know, came from the north or northwest, that is, from the dry districts of central Asia, including Persia, Afghanistan, Russian and Chinese Turkestan, Tibet, and Mongolia. During exceptionally dry seasons, as travellers have seen again and again, the nomads of these regions are forced to migrate long distances in search of pasturage, and often come into warlike conflict with their neighbors. In the past, certain periods lasting for centuries appear to have been times of prolonged favorable rainfall, and these have been followed by centuries of increased aridity. During each dry period, the people of central Asia have been forced outward and have moved into China, India, Asia Minor, or any other region where life was possible. A full understanding of this matter involves a review of a vast amount of topographical, meteorological, archæological, and historical data, and a careful weighing of evidence. Adverse climatic periods, together with overpopulation due to other causes, have induced migration after migration into India. Therefore, the people of different parts of the country vary in race, language, customs, ideals, and religion. In many places, also, the population has become stratified as it were, conqueror after conqueror imposing his race as the exclusive upper stratum of society. When India herself has suffered from overpopulation she has had no relief. Hemmed in by huge mountains, vast deserts, hungry nomads, and wide seas, her people have never been able to move out to new lands. Those who could not get a living have died of starvation, but nothing has happened to obliterate the human diversity due to her physical diversity and her frequent invasions.

In Arabia, on the contrary, because the country is a desert, the great movements have all been outward, never inward. When favorable times allowed of increase of population it has come about by growth from within, not by migration from without. Thus Arabia has preserved unity of race, speech, and customs, while India has grown more and more diverse. The one has been prepared by nature for a religion of which democracy is the keynote, the other for a religion bound in the fetters of caste. It could scarcely have been otherwise.

Here the geographer leaves the matter. It is not his function to study the intricate ramifications of Hindu caste or of Moslem democracy. That must be left to students of comparative religion or anthropology. Geography stands, as it were, between the science of geology, which deals with the past and with the interior of the earth, and the great group of sciences, such as biology, ethnology, economics, and history, which deal with life as it now exists. The field of geography as the science of the distribution of phenomena upon the earth's surface is distinct and well defined; its laws, although intricate and as yet only beginning to be known, are precise and clear; and its sustained and intricate modes of reasoning are in the highest degree disciplinary.

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER AS IT IS

By A. MAURICE LOW

THE modern newspaper is a commercial institution. In that respect, it differs in no wise from the modern dry-goods store or the modern hotel. They, like the newspaper, exist primarily to make money, and to serve the convenience of the public as an incident only to the enrichment of their proprietors. But the dry-goods store and the hotel make no false claim to educating the public taste or elevating the public morals. If, says the proprietor of a dry-goods store, women want to wear tube skirts and peach-basket hats, then tube skirts and peach-basket hats they shall find in my shop; and the more I can get my workmen and sewing girls and milliners to out-tube all my competitors, so as to make a woman's dress resemble a cylinder and her hat take on the form of a peach-basket, the better pleased will be my customers and the greater will be my profits. And this philosophic and highly commercialized purveyor to the delights of woman does not announce in the newspaper that he has received a new consignment of tube skirts which he offers to the public because they are elevating or promote morality. "You want them," he says in effect, "because they are the latest fashion and appeal to your vanity or desire; therefore come and buy them." Personally he may think that this particular form of woman's attire is hideous and approaches perilously close to the verge of indecency; but being a philosopher whose philosophy is tempered by the wisdom of the money-maker, he is able to convince himself that his only duty to the public is to give it what it wants at the particular time when that want is most insistent.

There is then, I repeat, fundamentally no difference between the motive that governs the proprietor of the newspaper and that of the dry-goods store. Both have been organized to make money. Necessarily this must be so. The cost of maintaining a newspaper in a large city is very great. The reader demands of the newspaper not only the news,—that is, not only the report of a great event, whether it be the birth of a new republic, a coronation, a disaster, a social movement, the speech of a prominent man, or a crime affecting society at large,—he must have something more. First, he insists that the event of importance of to-day or yesterday shall be laid before him in his newspaper of the same afternoon or the following morning, but he is not content with a bare recital of the fact. He requires details, very often an explanation or exposition; for he is intelligent enough to want to know the significance to be attached to changing the capital of a great dependency, but he has neither the time nor the means to ascertain the reasons, and he relies on his newspaper to furnish the information. Similarly with a great many other things that are of general interest. The newspaper is the court of last resort. It must with the voice of authority decide a bet or tell a young housekeeper how to cook cabbage without filling her four-room flat with odors unlike those of Araby the Blest, but it also pronounces judgment on the motives of men and creates or destroys belief in them.

The day when the newspaper was a very simple organization has long gone; with the complexity of modern civilization the newspaper has become highly organized, and, like every other agency, highly specialized. The contrast between the newspaper of to-day and that of fifty years ago is as great as the contrast between the lumbering stage-coach—lumbering and inconvenient and uncertain despite the “perfection of harmony” with which De Quincey’s fantasy clothed it—and the train de luxe, “the fiery arrow let loose” to wing its flight from one great

centre to another; or between the little shop of my boyhood and the great "stores" managed by a limited liability company, where the Londoner buys everything from cigarettes to old masters. The "stores" must carry a large and varied stock, for they cater to the middle class as well as to the rich; and to do this successfully they must command large capital. The old personal relation between the proprietor of the small shop and his customer has been transformed into the purely impersonal relation of a clerk on one side of the counter and a purchaser on the other. It is the same with the newspapers. The editor no longer knows his readers. His appeal is to the masses, not to the classes. The paper must do business on a large scale to be able to offer the greatest variety and the most attractive novelties; otherwise it must give way to a rival with greater enterprise, more skill, and a better knowledge of what the public wants.

There are in this country, as well as in Europe, a few newspapers—all too few, I am sorry to say—with traditions as sacred as those of a race or family, whose proprietors are animated by a high purpose and feel their responsibility even although they are not unmindful of the necessity imposed upon them to make their journals pay. It would be invidious to mention these newspapers. Every newspaper proprietor may lay the flattering unction to his soul that he is living up to his traditions, and every reader who has a favorite newspaper may feel certain that his belongs to the excepted class. I would destroy no man's peace of mind or faith in his fellow man. Leaving these few newspapers out of consideration, we may, broadly speaking, divide the press of this country and Europe into three groups. First, there is the newspaper owned by the man who has made it, who began his life either as reporter or printer, who has steadily worked his way up, and who owes his position to his ability, industry, and shrewdness. In the next class are the newspapers whose

proprietorship has been inherited. Finally, we have the newspapers bought or established solely for commercial purposes, whose owners believe their capital will yield them a profitable return, either in money or in the furtherance of their political or social or business ambitions; and that is only another way of saying that the money invested is expected to pay a dividend in one form or another.

Now if my analysis of newspaper proprietorship is correct—and I venture to think it is a fairly accurate generalization—it will be seen that the motive of every person having a financial or proprietary interest in a newspaper is the same, and that motive is to make it an income-producing property. Let me repeat, lest I be accused of exaggeration ~~or of~~ generalizing too broadly, that I recognize the existence of a few newspapers to which the balance sheet is not the thing of vital consequence; and there is, of course, a small number of weekly and monthly journals published not in the hope of gain but to help a movement or a cause; but these are not newspapers in the sense in which we understand the term.

If we admit, then, that the newspaper is a commercial institution—and I think from that conclusion there is no escape—and that it exists to make money for the persons who own it, the thought that will naturally occur to everyone is this: Is the newspaper hampered in rendering the highest service to the public because it is compelled to make money? And it may further be asked, is the newspaper any different from any other institution or individual? Must not the railway or the shop not only meet expenses but earn a profit in order to perform the best service; do not individuals—the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, the university professor even—work for gain? That is a fair question; but the difference between the newspaper and all other agencies of our civilization is that they are frankly money-making institutions, while the newspaper asserts that it has a mission to educate or to elevate the public; and

while posing as a missionary it grows rich on the profits of a merchant. Now the two things—the labors of the missionary and the profits to be derived from missionary labors—are irreconcilable; ethically and economically they are antagonistic; they are as incongruous as Saint Francis of Assisi preaching poverty clothed in the raiment of the rich. Men build a railway because they believe it will pay. That it is a convenience to the public or supplies a necessity, is one of the reasons for justifying the outlay of capital, but that does not entitle the capitalist to any claim as a public benefactor. It is because the newspaper has assumed an air of morality, and arrogates the right to teach as well as to preach, that it has so greatly declined in influence. Circulation is not necessarily influence; and although the circulation of newspapers to-day is larger than at any time since a modern press existed, the newspaper has become less a leader than a follower of public opinion. Nor is this surprising. The more a people think for themselves and the more they understand the complexity of motives, the less they will be inclined to believe in the sincerity of a mission whose success depends upon its profits. The more they see what a newspaper does, and especially what it does *not* do, the greater will be their conviction that, as the fundamental purpose of the newspaper is to make money, whatever service it may render to the public is merely incidental.

The newspaper as conducted to-day is a business rather than a profession; but it is unlike any other manufacturing business in this respect: that while every other manufacturer must sell his wares at a price to include the cost of raw materials, overhead charges, and profits,—and this principle runs through all business whether the plant turns out pins or battleships,—the newspaper manufacturer sells his output at a loss, for the one or two cents paid for a newspaper does not cover the cost of production. Yet the newspaper owner cannot publish his journal at a loss and

remain in business, and, as we know, newspapers make large profits from their advertising. Out of this anomalous state of affairs a peculiar relation has grown up between the newspaper and the advertiser. The bulk of advertising is furnished by merchants who cater to the masses and who use mediums having large general circulations. To obtain this circulation the newspaper prints what will appeal not to a limited circle but to the public at large. Moreover, since the larger the circulation the more valuable the paper is to the advertiser, the constant effort of the newspaper proprietor is to increase his circulation and to convert more white paper into his finished product. The reader, therefore, is largely the decoy—and I use the term in no offensive sense—for the advertiser; and as it is the advertisers and not the reader who pay the expenses and profits of the newspaper, the advertiser must be treated with the same deference that an expectant nephew shows his rich uncle; for he who holds the purse strings in a commercial age is master. The result is that the newspaper is no longer a free agent. It cannot, as a matter of business, print matter that would offend or injure its large advertisers, even to do good to the community as a whole; it may not champion an unpopular cause, for that would be to risk the loss of readers, which would lessen its value as an advertising medium and diminish profits.

We live in an age of rash, loose, and, all too frequently, ungoverned, statements; it is the fashion to attribute the worst motives to men. Demagogues have encouraged the belief that the newspaper is dishonest; that it is in the pay of, or in league with, those mysterious and maleficent powers of darkness known as the "interests"; and that this control by the "interests" makes it impossible for the poor or friendless to obtain justice. That, I am convinced, wrongs the newspaper proprietor. He is neither dishonest nor is he open to bribe; but like every other man engaged in business, he must consider the source whence his profits

come and shape his course accordingly. It would be as foolish for a newspaper to offend its large advertisers and forfeit their support as it would be for a college to teach the wrong brand of theology or for a public service corporation to antagonize the majority of its patrons for the convenience of the few. The newspaper, it has already been said, is no longer a free agent, and that loss of freedom is not deliberate prostitution or the sacrifice of principle for pelf. It arises out of the necessity for making money, and to make money the newspaper must retain the good-will of its advertisers and strive to obtain a large circulation.

Another effect of commercialization has been to make the great editor an extinct species. There was a day when leading journals were only other names for the dominating men who conducted them; when one spoke of the "Springfield Republican" it was to think of Bowles, the "New York Times" was Raymond, the "Sun" Dana, the "Tribune" Greeley, the "Herald" Bennett. They were men like other men, with all the faults and vanities of their contemporaries; some of them did things that to-day we should disapprove; their code of ethics was of their day and not of ours. But whether we approve or condemn, the fact remains that they left upon their papers the impress of their own personalities; when they wrote it was a personal message sent forth. They were great editors because they were free and unfettered; because the intimate connection between the newspaper and the advertiser had not been established; because the editor was the real chief of the paper; because the personal relation existed between him and the public—a public which was able to visualize the writer of stirring words and to perceive that behind the appeal was the man. To-day the editor is impersonal, and the reader is no more interested in the personality of the writer of the editorial of which he approves, than he is in the personality of any other skilled workman. He buys his shoes on the reputation of the factory,—not because of

his acquaintance with the men working at the machines; and in the same spirit he buys his newspaper. The average reader knows the ownership, real or reputed, of the paper he reads; but that is as far as his knowledge or interest goes.

As the one-man power in journalism disappeared, so there also went out of existence the political journal. A newspaper used to be recognized as the avowed organ of a party, and its mission was frankly to praise everything done by its party and to damn the opposition. That was harmful, but it was less harmful than the hypocrisy of those modern journals which have stolen the livery of so-called independence and have become more rabidly partisan than the most extreme party organ of a former day. The political journal did less lasting injury than the modern independent newspaper, because its partisanship was known and no one expected that an opponent would be approved or commended; its extreme violence, its dishonesty, and its distortions defeated its own ends. The so-called independent newspaper—whose main purpose is to make money and to wield power through a large circulation—pretends to be honest and unbiassed, to support a man or a measure because of the good to follow, and to be animated solely by the highest and most disinterested motives; but as a matter of fact, it is all too frequently dishonest as well as unscrupulous, and champions any man or measure that it believes to be popular and likely to increase its profits; dropping without ceremony its idol of the hour when he is no longer a drawing card, or executing a *volte face* without apology or explanation, when the fickle whim of public opinion reverses itself. It is at least something more than coincidence, that in nearly every community the newspaper known as "yellow" boasts the loudest of its independence and its devotion to the public weal. I think we must educate the public to regard with the same suspicion this type of newspaper as we do the individual

who makes too frequent and public profession of his piety and rigid morality.

Has the newspaper a mission? Is the newspaper to be regarded simply as a convenience and an agency of our highly developed civilization,—like the telephone, for instance, which performs a similar function in bringing an entire community into touch; or is it less a convenience or a necessity than a means to serve as a teacher of morals as well as of the mind, to champion the right and to lead in the crusade against wrong, to set an example of holy living, and to count no sacrifice too great? In a word, is the duty of the newspaper to supplement the efforts of the church and the college and to bring men to a realization and appreciation of the better and higher things of life? Is this code incompatible with the desire and necessity to make money?

The newspaper is the victim of its own creation; it has been forced into growth instead of having been allowed to mature slowly, and it suffers in consequence. Twentieth-century journalism is so new that most of us can remember its birth, and the world is so closely knit that a journalistic discovery in New York is immediately appropriated in London, improved for better or worse according to French taste, modified to suit Berlin requirements, adapted to Viennese ideas, made to serve Rome as the Romans do, and tossed about from capital to capital, until in Calcutta or Tokio you shall find the impress of New York or London in the newspapers of those cities. As a matter of fact, there is little difference in newspapers throughout the world, such modifications as exist being due to convention and racial peculiarities rather than to the influence of ideals. Again I remind my readers that I am dealing not with exceptional cases but with newspapers in the mass. The modern newspaper came with a rush as a result of the improvement in the processes of manufacture, and because of that cheapening of the cost of all production which is

one of the most remarkable achievements of the closing years of the last century and this decade of the present, despite the world-wide cry of the increased cost of living. In the days of the hand press, newspapers were necessarily small in form, and their editions were limited. When power was substituted for manual labor, and steam or electricity drove the press instead of a man or boy "kicking" it (as the operation was technically known), it was possible to increase both the number of pages and the size of the edition; and with improvement in the art of manufacture both size and numbers were practically unlimited. The manufacturer was keeping pace with the other agencies that make the newspaper. When communication was slow and uncertain, the editor had to accept what was given him and be thankful; when steam superseded sail, and electricity covered earth above and the waters beneath with a network of fine wires, the editor held the world in his grasp. All that he had to do was to make use of his new found power. That was the birth of modern journalism.

The age of leisure had gone. The day when writers could write slowly and carefully because time was no object, was no more. Haste was now everything, for electricity had annihilated both time and space, and the clock became the newspaper man's calendar. Thus he came to measure time not by hours but by minutes.

Readers as well as the makers of newspapers had now a new conception of the newspaper. The change in form and size was no more radical than the accepted belief of the function of the newspaper and the matter it was legitimate for a newspaper to print. No longer content with accepting such news as might come through casual or well-disposed sources, the editor now secured his own channels of information by appointing special correspondents. When telegraph and cable were a novelty and tolls were high, only sparing use could be made of them; but with the cheapening of telegraphic transmission, the increase of

competition, and the rivalry of newspapers to show their enterprise and financial strength by printing more news secured at a higher cost than their competitors could afford, the correspondents used the wires without regard to space or expense. Beginning solely as a recorder of facts, the special correspondent soon came to occupy his present exalted position as the diviner of events still in the womb of the future, the interpreter of thoughts lying dormant in the minds of men. It was not sufficient that the correspondent should tell what had taken place that day or yesterday; he was required to know what would be done to-morrow or the day after. From being painstaking, plodding, and intelligent, he became brilliant in the same sense that Jowett, the celebrated Master of Balliol, used the word. On hearing one of his undergraduates describe another student as a brilliant fellow, he asked him what he meant by it; and when the man hesitated for a suitable definition, Jowett promptly answered: "A brilliant fellow is a man who knows very little and guesses a great deal." Of that sort of brilliancy the press is full. The man who can guess shrewdly, or if not shrewdly at least plausibly, may plume himself on his cleverness if he be fortunate enough to have guessed correctly,—and under the doctrine of chances, it is an even thing whether he guesses right or wrong. If he misses his guess he need not particularly concern himself, for the newspaper is an ephemeral thing; what is written to-day is read to-morrow, only indistinctly remembered the day after, and overslaughed the following day by something the public considers more important or by something printed in larger type.

Whenever a demand exists, it will always be satisfied. The special correspondent, from being a novelty and a luxury, became commonplace and a necessity. The newspaper, at first content with its own correspondent in Washington or at the State capital—the two most important centres of news,—enlarged its sphere by stationing corre-

spondents at other centres as well as at many minor places, and then boldly launched forth with correspondents abroad; so that to-day the great metropolitan newspaper which prides itself on its enterprise and its ability to secure news regardless of cost, will have in its employment several hundred special correspondents, some of whom are in receipt of regular salaries, and others paid by the piece or the amount of news they furnish. The special correspondent is an evolution of the reporter. Ever since newspapers were first published, there have been reporters after a fashion; but the reporter of to-day, especially the American reporter, exists because of the demand. He is ubiquitous, omnipresent, omniscient. To him nothing is sacred and nothing is impossible. Give a reporter an assignment to discover a missing heiress or the lost tribes of Israel, and he will set about his task blithely and unconcernedly; for it is all in the day's work, and if his quest is fruitless it will be neither effort nor money wasted. His fertile imagination will enable him to supply theories in place of facts, and the average newspaper reader will often accept an ingenious theory with more satisfaction than he will a barren fact.

It is here that the modern newspaper breaks down. In any other manufacturing establishment, every worker is simply a cog in the great machine, and if, in the process of manufacture, a single workman blunders to the extent of even the fraction of an inch, the particular piece of work on which perhaps a hundred men are engaged, is rendered worthless. In the newspaper factory, on the other hand, there is no coördination and each man is independent of his fellow. In the making of to-day's issue of any large newspaper there have been used—exclusive of the mechanical force—the brains and physical energies of several hundred men, the majority of whom have done their work at long range and far remote from the office of the newspaper, and who rarely if ever come into personal contact with the editor or manager or proprietor. In these men, as well as in

those who are attached to the office and work under his personal direction, the editor must repose implicit reliance; for it is manifestly as impossible for an editor to read every line of copy that goes to make up the current issue, and to ascertain personally the truth or falsity, the impartiality or bias of every reporter, special writer, and correspondent, as it would be for a general commanding an army to know personally the physical condition of every man in the ranks, the state of his equipment, or the amount of ammunition he carries. For this information he trusts to his subordinates, who have only conscientiously to use their intelligence in order to ascertain the facts. Neither honesty nor industry will serve the editor or his assistants; nothing short of omniscience can enable them to determine whether a supposed statement of fact is in truth fact or colored by the prejudice or bad judgment of the correspondent or reporter.

This is the weak link in the newspaper chain. The newspaper first,—and by that I mean the entity known as the “force,” which includes everybody from the editor to the office boy,—and later its readers, receive their impressions of an event, a measure, or a motive through the mind of a single man. This man may possess sound judgment, wide experience, ability to analyze, to discriminate, and justly to appraise; he may be ever mindful of his responsibility and the duty that devolves upon him to permit neither prejudice nor passion to color his reports; but more often than not, I regret to say, he is possessed of none of these qualities. That is why the press which has done much good has also done much harm. It is a common belief that the newspaper encourages sensationalism because it pays, and that the trivial, the inconsequential, and the unworthy things of life will always be printed, while matters of greater importance are crowded out. But, barring those newspapers that deliberately pander to the depraved, we cannot suppose that the newspaper consciously attempts to

debauch the public taste, or that it makes a cold-blooded calculation and gives two columns to a murder because that is more profitable than half a column to a sermon, or that there is a settled policy to print only the worst and most degrading. The explanation is, that the men who make newspapers—not necessarily their editors and proprietors—are too often men of trivial minds to whom the trivial naturally makes its appeal. It is one of the ironies of this particular agency of our modern civilization, that the proprietor or editor of a newspaper is the modern Frankenstein whose monster has got beyond his control. Many things done by a newspaper are not sanctioned by its proprietor, but he is powerless in the grip of his own machine. His control is often more nominal than real; for even if he exercises efficient control, it is impossible, as I have already explained, for him to know everything that is written. Even the man of the most positive force and strongest character is unable to contend against hundreds, and he is obliged to yield to the energy he has created.

It is the common belief that the newspaper gives the public what it wants. Does it? I often question whether the public really gets what it wants; whether there is not a public that wants something quite different, but perforce must take what is offered because there is nothing else. I think there are many persons who will agree with Lamb: "Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment."

Is it then true that the newspaper gives the public what it wants; that the newspaper ascertains the public demand and endeavors to satisfy it? Is it not rather true that the newspaper instead of satisfying the demand creates it? Women are at the mercy of the dictators of fashion and they must wear what their masters provide. The reader of the newspaper must take tube literature and peach-basket reports or go naked. An instance last year typifies the appeal that the trivial makes to the newspaper. At a

fancy-dress ball in a Swiss winter resort, the wife of the British Prime Minister is reported (we may perhaps doubt the accuracy of the report, but that of course is not material) to have worn Turkish trousers; and at once this important item of so-called news was cabled around the world. Perhaps as an apology, perhaps as an excuse for its own triviality, a newspaper that published the news had an editorial justifying its action. "Many serious-minded persons," said this newspaper (one of the leading journals of the country, I may add), "will be disturbed by the prominence given the item and may be led to make remarks about backstairs gossip in the press. But all things are relative; and speaking generally, are not more people vitally interested in Mrs. Asquith's trousers than in Sir Edward Grey's new Garter? Will not many millions of persons who know nothing about the British Premier's policies remember for years to come his wife's performance? Doubtless a wider knowledge of the policies might be more improving; but taking human nature as it is, it is a fair guess that it will manifest a much livelier concern about the trousers."

Does the public really care two straws whether Mrs. Asquith wears Turkish trousers at a fancy-dress ball? Is there really a demand on the part of the public to have its curiosity satisfied? Did not the newspaper in this particular instance, which is not isolated but representative, try to create a demand, and by satisfying the demand did it not lower public taste? No serious injury was done to public morals, for Mrs. Asquith's Turkish trousers are neither immoral nor improper; but the liking for the trivial was encouraged, and the appetite for the trivial feeds on itself.

It is because the standard of the average newspaper man is not sufficiently high—or rather, because there is really no standard at all—and because the great majority of newspaper men do not bring to their work a ripened judgment and a knowledge of the world, that harm is done by the press. The writers for the press, as a class, are men of

the type of mind to whom the demagogue, the notoriety-seeker, and the sensation-monger make their appeal; for unfortunately it is the demagogue, the self-advertiser, and the vain, irresponsible man who are most ready to ventilate their dishonest and ridiculous views or dangerous theories so that, in the argot of the trade, the newspaper may have a "story." Nothing would more effectually restore sanity to a highly wrought-up and hysterical people, and at the same time deprive the demagogue and the self-advertiser of their occupation, than a conspiracy of silence among the newspapers, and a higher conception, on the part of writers for the press, of their own duties and responsibilities. It is possible, of course, that such a conspiracy might render the newspapers subject to the pains and penalties of the Sherman Law, for the demagogues would undoubtedly hold that it was a restraint of their trade; yet a few editors might very well suffer martyrdom in such a cause, and find their reward in the performance of the highest public service.

Whatever the faults of the newspaper—and we are frankly compelled to admit that they are many—we need not despair, for the newspaper like life itself, of which it is a part, is a product of evolution; and in the evolutionary process it is emerging from a lower to a higher state. It is the cowardice of pessimism to think that the past is better than the present—a doctrine to which no evolutionist can subscribe and no person can accept who believes that the world does not stand still. For all matter is force in motion, and that force must drive civilization either forward or backward; in human society there is no dead centre. If civilization were going backward, we should long ago have reverted to barbarism; but as no one can deny the evidence of his own senses, as he sees on every hand the proofs of a higher and advancing civilization, not merely in the material triumph of mind over matter but in the broadening concept of humanity and the development of the spiritual, there is no reason for discouragement.

But while we need not despair and may, on the contrary, face the future with a serenity born of confidence, much may be done to accelerate the day we hope for,—and it is here that the university can take the lead. It has often been said that journalism can be taught in no school except the newspaper office, and it is the taunt of the “practical” newspaper man—the man whose deficiencies I have lightly touched upon—that of all persons seeking positions on the staff of a newspaper, the last to be given consideration is the college graduate. No university, it is true, can teach experience, for experience is learned not from books but from life; the wisest professor cannot make his students wise unless they have in themselves the germ of wisdom. “I can give the gentleman reasons, but I cannot supply him with reason,” was Disraeli’s retort to a fellow member of the House of Commons. But journalism can be taught just as our universities now teach law and medicine, science and the mechanic arts, with the same advantage no less to their respective professions than to the men who follow them.

If I may venture to sketch a course in journalism, it would be somewhat along this line. I should make little or no attempt to teach what may be termed the mechanics of the art—that is, how to procure news, or the requirements of the daily newspaper, or the routine of newspaper making,—for these are things that any intelligent man will learn in a few weeks; but I should endeavor to teach the art of lucid writing and directness of statement, and to cultivate the gift of saying in the fewest possible words whatever is to be said, seizing on the salient, always trying to interest, and yet never sacrificing fact for mere smartness. There would be courses in general history, contemporary international politics, economics, and American political history, which would include a study of the tariff, the Constitution, the work of Congress and the State legislatures, and a consideration of court decisions on legislative enactments; general literature, political geography, at least

one, and preferably two, modern foreign languages. Here I find myself in somewhat of a dilemma, for to complete the education of the student who aspires to the degree of *Bachelor Nuntii Missi* (if I may plagiarize somewhat from the vocabulary of the noted campaigner and original special correspondent in Gaul), I must create a new chair. There must be a professor of what for convenience may be termed "perspective and proportion," who shall teach his students how properly to weigh values, to sift evidence, to determine the relative importance of events, and who, given facts, shall appraise the motives of men fairly and reach a just conclusion. Part of the subjects I would have included are now taught by professors of psychology, and part are presented in the law schools in the lectures on evidence; but the work of the new chair would be in a different field, for it would be a training for the newspaper man calculated to develop his powers of judgment and to enable him to reach an unbiassed estimate of the motives that actuate public men and the importance to be attached to their acts; to teach him to discriminate between what is really important and what is too trivial for a great newspaper to print.

The man who leaves one of our great universities with the degree of B.N.M. would be an educated man in the best sense of the word, and his education would be practical. He would know little of the classics or mathematics; but those deficiencies would be compensated, and his mental discipline would come through other studies. A course such as I have roughly outlined would be taken, I am inclined to think, not only by men who intend to make journalism their vocation, but it would be attractive to men who are fitting themselves for commercial life or public service—men to whom modernism (using the word in its broadest meaning) appeals rather than classicism, and to whom the study of life in the making is of more value than the study of life in the past.

If universities had courses in journalism, I believe that the time would come when, instead of the university man not being welcomed in the newspaper office, he would be the only person whom the editor would consider as an applicant; just as now no reputable lawyer's office is open to a man who has not his degree, and as it is from the technical schools that the ranks of engineers and electricians are recruited. The editor would insist upon his reporter or correspondent having a degree because—again the weighty commercial consideration—he would get more for his money. He would have an educated man able to write with intelligence on many subjects, trained and disciplined, careful in his judgments, restrained in his statements, sensible of his responsibility, taking his profession seriously; because it would then be a serious profession with a standing equal to that of any other. The university would have fulfilled its proper function of raising the general standard of culture, and causing scholarship to be respected; the graduate of the university would bring to the newspaper the ideals of the university. The public would unconsciously be influenced and would no longer contentedly accept stupidity, ignorance, bad taste, or the trivial. The public would demand something better, and that demand the newspaper, always alert to give the public what it wants, would supply.

ARE THE PATRIARCHS HISTORICAL?

By ALBERT T. CLAY

ONE of the results of the modern criticism of the Old Testament, certain scholars maintain, is the decision that the patriarchs are not to be regarded as historical. Research, it is said, has forever disproved the claim that they are to be considered as real characters. This conclusion is generally accepted by the advanced school of critics, not as a theory but as an established fact; and it is being appropriated more and more by the clergy and teachers of the Bible. Not only are the patriarchs thus disposed of, but also other familiar characters of the Old Testament, such as Moses, Solomon, and David. Yahweh or Jehovah, the god of the Hebrews, is identified with the Babylonian Marduk; and it is supposed that the stories connected with that Babylonian deity were later taken over into the Christian religion and applied to Christ. These scholars declare that Babylonian mythology furnished the Biblical writers with the elements of the story of Christ: his birth, his weeping over Jerusalem, his passion, death, resurrection, and ascension, as well as other incidents of his life. Only a change of names has taken place in these adaptations, and a Babylonian god has been transformed into Christ.

Some of the pan-Babylonists, as the critics holding these views are called, have run to such extremes that they have won few adherents. The scholars, however, who simply relegate to the region of myth the history of Israel before the Exodus, have a greater following; and their teachings are becoming popularized to such an extent that they are even brought into the helps furnished for the teachings of the Sunday School. In the compass of this article it will be possible to discuss only the claims that are made against

the existence of the patriarchs, and to acquaint ourselves with the exact grounds for these so-called conclusions.

It is claimed by some scholars holding these negative views, that the patriarchs were originally deities, but were in time degraded to the rank of men. Others regard them as personified tribes or clans; while a third class maintains that in the late days of Jewry Abraham was made the fictitious father of the Hebrews. He was created, they say, so that the beginning of the Hebrew race could be projected backward a number of centuries, and the antiquity of their history increased. In short, they claim that the story of this fictitious father of the Hebrews is a fanciful midrash, a post-exilic forgery, interwoven with historical facts ascertained during the period of the Babylonian captivity.

The claim that Abram was a deity, namely a moon-god, figures prominently in an astrological theory of the universe. The following proofs have been offered in substantiation. In the Old Testament Abram is mentioned in connection with the cities Haran and Ur, which were centres of the worship of the moon-god Sin. The first element of the name Ab-ram (*Ab*, "father") was a common epithet of this deity, who in Babylonian mythology was the father of the sun-god Shamash. One of Abram's homes was Kirjath-arba ("city of four"), the early name of Hebron. The word *arba* ("four") is assumed to be the name of a deity, supposedly the moon-god, since the moon-god has four phases. Similarly, in the case of Beer-sheba ("seven wells"), another home of Abram, the element *sheba* ("seven") is taken to be the name of a god and identified with the number of days in each phase of the moon. The three hundred and eighteen men who fought with the patriarch against the four kings, as narrated in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, represent the number of days when the moon is visible. Again, Jacob's four wives symbolize the four phases of the moon, and his twelve sons the twelve months; while Leah's seven children are the gods of the days of the week.

An adherent of the pan-Babylonist theory, who makes use of this rôle played by numbers in the Old Testament, after claiming that the twelve sons of Jacob are the zodiacal signs, admits that the numbers in genuine history sometimes coincide with those of mythology. The Kaiser, he says, has six sons and a daughter, making seven in all, who thus correspond to the seven planets including Venus.

Besides the occurrence of characteristic numbers, other examples of coincidence are advanced in support of this theory of Abram's origin. The patriarch and Sarah, who was his half-sister, are considered identical with the gods Tammuz and Ishtar, who happen to have been similarly related; and the fact that Ishtar was the daughter of the moon-god Sin is considered an additional indication that Abram was a moon-god. The name of Abram's wife, Sarah or *Sarai*, is regarded as equivalent to the Assyrian *sharratu* ("queen"), which is an epithet of the moon-god's consort at Haran. In like manner, Milcah, the name of Abram's sister-in-law, is equivalent to *malkatu* ("queen"), the name of the consort of the sun-god and perhaps of the moon-god also. It is supposed that after the introduction of Yahweh worship, these so-called deities were made heroes and were placed in the ranks of mankind, thus becoming the progenitors of the tribe which was later called Israel.

As a matter of fact, exactly the reverse is the order in mythology: heroes are deified, but gods are not degraded to the state of man, nor even to that of demigods. Moreover, no evidence is offered to show that the patriarchs were worshipped as deities, or that they were ever considered other than men. In the Old Testament only human qualities are ascribed to the patriarchs. That tombs purporting to be theirs have been held sacred, cannot be accepted as sufficient evidence to substantiate the claim that they were once gods, any more than the so-called tomb of Jonah would indicate that the prophet was ever regarded as a deity.

The element *Ab* ("father") is quite common in the names of all Semitic peoples. Familiar to us in the Old Testament are: Abiezer, Abigail, Abihu, Abijah, Abimelech, etc., some of which have meanings more appropriate for such a theory than the name Abram. Further, while Sin was the "father" of the sun-god Shamash, the epithet *Ab* was enjoyed by many other deities, as was also that of his consort—*sharratu* ("queen"). Moreover, it is a question whether the critics are right in saying that Sarah, or *Sarai*, means "queen." A more correct translation is "princess." With such arguments, which surely cannot be considered very weighty, it would be possible to prove a mythological origin for many characters in ancient history.

Haran, the city in which Abram tarried, was indeed a seat of the moon-god worship; but it is extremely uncertain whether we know which ancient city is indicated by "Ur of the Chaldees." The identification of Ur with *Urummu*, the present Mugayyar in Southern Babylonia, is by no means established, notwithstanding its general acceptance. St. Stephen, in the Acts of the Apostles, speaks of the place as being in Mesopotamia. In the Talmud, as well as in some later Arabic writings, Warka (the '*Orek* of the Septuagint, or the *Uru-ki* of the Babylonian inscriptions), also in Southern Babylonia, is mentioned as the city. It is therefore doubtful whether scholars have rightly determined the location of Ur, beyond the fact that it was probably in Babylonia. Thus the association of the patriarch with two cities where the moon-god Sin was worshipped must be regarded as extremely precarious.

Such is the fabric upon which the theories concerning the mythological character of the patriarchs rest. Roman, Grecian, Egyptian, and Babylonian myths are cited in support of the hypothesis. The widespread acceptance of these conclusions cannot be due to the convincing character of the arguments that have been offered, but rather, apparently,

to the fact that they have emanated from certain learned quarters in Berlin and Leipzig.

Another favorite theory held by some Biblical students is that the patriarchs are personified tribes. In support of this interpretation various analogies are cited. In Greek mythology, for example, certain characters are regarded as the progenitors of the tribes: Ion is the founder of the Ionians, and Helene of the Hellenes. So also in the Hebrew records. The nations enumerated in the tenth chapter of Genesis are referred to as men: "And the sons of Ham: Cush (Ethiopia), and Mizraim (Egypt), and Put (the *Phaiat* in Lower Egypt), and Canaan . . . And Canaan begat Sidon his first-born, and Heth ('land of the Hittites'), and the Jebusite, and the Amorite, and the Girgashite . . ." No scholar at the present time would even suggest any other interpretation of such passages than that they represent some kind of a distribution of nations and peoples. It is equally certain that no ancient Semite would have interpreted the table as referring to persons and regarded the Hittite, for instance, as his blood relation.

But it is impossible to apply this explanation generally. We have, it is true, the notable use of the name Israel to represent the nation. In like manner, the names Jacob and Isaac are employed to designate the Hebrews; but it has been noted that Isaac in this sense occurs only in the seventh chapter of Amos, and Jacob only in certain kinds of literature, where it appears as a substitute for the name Israel. That the name Jacob came to be applied to the Hebrews was quite natural, for he was regarded as their ancestor, and his name occupied a conspicuous place in their religion. It was he who went down to Egypt where his descendants were enslaved; and their history taught them that the tribes representing his twelve sons took possession of Canaan. It is therefore not difficult to understand why Jacob's name should have been applied to the people. The fact that there is a nation called Columbia, and a district bearing that name,

as well as rivers and cities, is surely no proof that Columbus is the personification of a tribe.

There is another serious difficulty for those who would hold this theory. In the case of Abram, or Abraham, the father of the Hebrews, no such geographical or tribal name is known. On the other hand, Canaan, Heth, Sidon, etc., except in the form of gentilics, were not used as personal names; whereas the monuments show that Abram, Jacob, and Joseph were personal names of the ancient period. The name Abram is discussed in a later paragraph. "Jacob" is recognized in *Jakubi*, or in the fuller form *Jakub-el*; and "Joseph" in the Egyptian *Joseph-el* (*Yshap'ara*), or the Babylonian form *Jashup-el*. These are weighty facts against the theory. In short, those who hold that the patriarchs are personified tribes, must offer more evidence before their hypothesis can be regarded as within the range of probability.

More effective than any of the foregoing theories is the argument based upon the silence of the monuments as regards certain facts ordinarily considered historical. Fortunately we have a test provided by archæology which can here be applied. Let it be recalled that only one or two decades ago, not only were the patriarchs themselves regarded as unhistorical personages, but the entire historical background for the period was considered to be a late invention. For example, certain Semitists claimed that the campaign of the four kings of the East and their conflict with the five kings of Palestine, as recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, must be regarded as an impossible event at such an early period; and that the whole story must be considered a fiction based upon the Assyrian conquest of Palestine in later centuries. They supposed the very names of the kings to have been fictitiously invented, accounting for them as etymological plays upon subsequent events. Moreover, they could not regard it credible that Elam, whose king Chedorlaomer led the invasion, had yet appeared upon the

political horizon. In short, these critics declared that the historical background of the patriarchal period must have been altogether different from that described in Genesis. These and other arguments based entirely upon the silence of the monuments, have been offered in defense of the position that the patriarchs are not historical. But although the work of excavating the ruin-hills of the past is only in its infancy and there are thousands of unread inscriptions lying in the different museums and in private collections, the spade of the excavator and the patient toil of the decipherer have already brought to light data which have completely overthrown these arguments and silenced them forever.

Archæology has little or no bearing upon the Old Testament stories grouped about the lives of the patriarchs. Its light bears only indirectly upon the main outlines of the patriarchal history. Whether the details of this history are to be regarded authentic is another question. The present discussion concerns simply the personal existence of the patriarchs and their contemporaries. And it will be seen that whenever the monuments have passed a verdict upon questions of authenticity in the patriarchal history of the Old Testament narrative, they have without exception confirmed the Biblical account. Let us first inquire what archæology has to say concerning the assertion that the names of the four kings of the East were fictitiously invented by a late Hebrew writer.

In the fourteenth chapter of Genesis we read, "And it came to pass in the days of Amraphel, King of Shinar, Arioch, King of Ellasar, Chedorlaomer, King of Elam, and Tidal, King of Goiim, that they made war . . ." A great deal has been written upon the identification of Hammurabi with Amraphel, the first of these kings. Although there is some disagreement among scholars concerning the peculiar form of the name in Hebrew, this identification is now generally accepted. Numerous inscriptions of this king have been published, including a number of his letters.

The identification of Arioch, the name of the second king, with *Eri-Aku* of the inscriptions, though questioned by some scholars who are anxious to maintain their thesis, is now reasonably certain. These inscriptions show that Kudur-Mabug, Suzerain of a part of Elam, had two sons who sat on the throne of Larsa (Ellasar). Their names have been read as if they were Semitic, *Warad-Sin* and *Rim-Sin*. Formerly it was thought that these names represented the same person, but more recently this interpretation has been proved erroneous. Also, it has been shown that these cuneiform signs which have been read *Warad-Sin* and *Rim-Sin*, as if they were Semitic, have a very different value when read as Sumerian,—and it is the Sumerian language that was used in Southern Babylonia during the era of these four kings. Thus in the first name (*Warad-Sin*), the element which was read *Warad* in Semitic would have been read in Sumerian *Uri* or *Eri*, a word meaning in that language “servant,” but used extensively by the scribes to represent any foreign name of similar sound (for example, the name of the West-Semitic god *Uru*). And the second element, read *Sin* in Semitic, was frequently used in Sumerian inscriptions to signify *Aku*, an epithet of the moon-god Sin. The name would then read in Sumerian not *Warad-Sin* but *Eri-Aku*, which is clearly to be identified with the “Arioch” of the Biblical narrative. It is true that Arioch’s name is neither Semitic nor Sumerian. He was the son of an Elamitic ruler, and doubtless bore an Elamitic name. But it is altogether probable that this foreign name in a Sumerian district would have been represented in Sumerian inscriptions by the signs having the values *Eri* and *Aku*, since this corresponds with the custom known to have been employed by the Babylonians in writing foreign names. With *Eri-Aku* as the reading of the cuneiform, the identification of the name with Arioch is therefore probably correct.

Inscriptions of Chedorlaomer have not yet been discovered. The name of this king is, however, Elamitic, being composed

of two elements, *Kudur*, meaning "servant," and *Lagamar*, a well-known deity of Elam.

It still remains doubtful whether the fourth ruler, Tidal, King of Goiim, has been identified in the inscriptions. Several Assyriologists who have examined a late fragment of an epic written in the Persian period, claim that Tudghul, King of Gutu, is the king referred to. Gutu is known as a country which figured extensively in the politics of Babylonia at this time, but unfortunately even the location of the land is as yet unknown. It does seem highly probable, however, that the land Gutu is the one referred to. In this remarkable manner we are coming to know the rulers of that ancient period, and we have every reason to hope that before long all these names, hitherto regarded by many as fictitious, will be restored to their place in history.

Attention has been called to the fact that critics formerly considered any invasion of the West, such as the Biblical narrative attributes to these four kings, an impossible event at so early a period as 2000 B. C. Archæology has shown that precisely such an invasion was accomplished centuries earlier even than that date. Lugal-zaggisi, King of Erech (about 2600 B. C.), informs us that he conquered the land from the sea of the rising sun to the sea of the setting sun; that is, from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean. Sargon, who lived about 2700 B. C., as well as subsequent rulers, conquered Amurru, or the land of the Amorites (Syria and Palestine). Moreover, whereas the same critics have questioned the political existence of Elam at this time, archæology has proven that it really dominated Palestine at the very time stated in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis. In the fourth verse we read, "Twelve years they served Chedorlaomer (King of Elam), and in the thirteenth year they rebelled." This is the only reference made in the Old Testament to any contact that the people of Palestine had with Elam, and it is most remarkable that this statement should now be confirmed by unmistakable evidence. For

the inscriptions show that at this particular time a king of Elam claimed suzerainty over Palestine. On bricks discovered in the foundations of buildings at Mugayyar in Southern Babylonia, appears this inscription:

For the god Nannar, his king, Kudur-Mabug,
suzerain of Amurru, son of Simti-Shilkhak,
because Nannar heard his prayer has he built
E-nun-makh, the temple of Nannar, for his life
and for the life of Eri-Aku, his son, king of Larsa.

This inscription shows that Kudur-Mabug, father of Arioch, and elsewhere referred to as Suzerain of Emutbal (a part of Elam), used at this time the title *Adda Amurru*, "Suzerain of Amurru" (Syria and Palestine). This title, at a time subsequent to the invasion, fell to Amraphel (Hammurabi), who in his thirty-first year threw off the yoke of Elam and secured the sovereignty for himself.

It is a most interesting fact that we can now refute the objection of scholars who have questioned the historical probability of the coalition of the four nations, by giving substantial reasons for this coalition in the cases of at least three of the four kings who took part in the invasion. We read that Chedorlaomer, King of Elam, had with him Amraphel, King of Shinar, Arioch, King of Ellasar (or, more correctly, Larsa), and Tidal, King of Goiim. Now it has already been stated that Amraphel was subject to Elam until his thirty-first year, and Arioch was a son of the Suzerain of Emutbal, a part of Elam. Moreover, recently discovered inscriptions show that Guti (or Goiim, if the identification already mentioned is correct) was involved in the politics of these nations in this age. In other words, the first contact of Palestinean rulers with foreign powers recorded in the Old Testament, is verified in this most remarkable manner, the very details of the account being corroborated. Yet only recently it was claimed that even the historical background of the patriarchal period must have been altogether different from the account in Genesis.

Another important argument formerly urged by critics for the late origin of Abram was the fact that in the inscriptions prior to the tenth century, the name of the patriarch was not found. An Assyrian scholar had pointed out a name supposed to be his, in the period of the first dynasty, about 2000 B. C., but it was later shown that this name was to be read *Abi-erakh*. This left the earliest occurrence of the name on the walls of Karnak, in Egypt, where Shoshonk, in the tenth century B. C., in recording his invasion of Palestine, mentioned as one of the places he conquered, "the Field of Abram." But "Abram," it was then claimed, was here either the name of a god or that of an eponymous hero or person. This occurrence of the name in the tenth century, like that of the Egyptian names "Potipher" and "Zaphnathpaaneah," which appear in Egyptian documents of that same age, has been used by some critics as an additional proof that what they consider the oldest document in the Pentateuch was written in the eighth or ninth century B. C. But this argument was recently made void by the discovery of the name Abram on Babylonian tablets from Dilbad, not far from the city of Babylon. A certain Abram, whose name was written *A-ba-am-ra-am* and *A-ba-am-ra-mu*, was found mentioned on several tablets written in the reign of Ammi-Zaduga, one of the last kings of the first dynasty of Babylon, during whose time the Biblical Abram lived. No scholar will doubt that this is the name looked for. It is not unlikely that in time other inscriptions bearing the same name and belonging to the same period will be discovered.

Although found on Babylonian tablets, the name Abram is not Babylonian. It is West Semitic and is indigenous in the land Aram, or Amurru (Amorite land). Abram, the Hebrew (*Ibri*, doubtless referring to the tribe Eber), was an Aramæan, as is shown by the genealogical list of his ancestors in the eleventh chapter of Genesis. When commanded to leave Haran, he was told to go from his country

and from his kindred; and later, when he desired to secure a wife for his son Isaac, he sent his servant Eliezer back to his own country and kindred. Again, Jacob fleeing from his brother went to the ancestral home, and there secured his wives. Centuries later in the temple ritual he was referred to as an Aramæan. The names of Abram's immediate family are also Aramæan. Nahor, the name of his brother, is found in the inscriptions known as the "Haran Census," in a place name, *Til-Nakhiri*. It is even found in the personal names, *Nakhiri* and *Nakharau*. Jiscah is West Semitic in form; and Milkah is to be connected with the well-known divine epithet *Malik*.

Assuming with the Talmudic writers that Ur of the Chaldees is at least in Babylonia, we can now understand why Abram's family, although Aramæans, should have resided there. The nomenclature of Babylonia shows that in Abram's time the land was inhabited by many Western Semites. Whether they had been deported or had emigrated there, is a question. We know of several earlier Semitic emigrations into Babylonia; and the Biblical story of Chedorlaomer carrying off Lot and many captives, besides much booty, suggests that the method of controlling lands by deporting the people was a practice of early ages as well as of Biblical times. Thus have recent investigations tended in a remarkable way to confirm the Biblical story.

Has archæology settled this question of the actual existence of the patriarchs? Is their historical character established beyond any further cavil? It would seem that the unreasonableness of most of the hypotheses offered by the negative critics is self-evident. And, on the other hand, the recent developments in the science of archæology are entirely favorable to the conservative traditional view. But in spite of all this, it is to be feared that the destructive views are so deeply lodged in the minds of the commentator and the teacher of the Old Testament that for years to come the same position will be held. Moreover, the scholars who

originally maintained that the entire historical situation was different from that in the Old Testament, are still incredulous. It is true that since their position has been proved erroneous they now admit that the historical background was in strict accord with the account in Genesis. They are even willing to declare that archæology has restored the very atmosphere of those early days; while we can only remark what havoc this science has wrought with their so-called established facts! But do they give up their old position with reference to the patriarchs? "No," they declare; "we peer in vain for any reference to the patriarchs themselves on the monuments." A new theory is proposed: the patriarchal history was composed by a late writer in Jewry, who had access to early Babylonian historical facts probably obtained during the exile, and who interwove with these the story of the patriarchs. In this way a new theory is maintained with substantially the same result as in the former: the patriarchal history is only a literary forgery.

In considering this modified theory, which like the former is based upon conjectures of a negative character, we find that it is necessary to credit that fiction writer with greater scholarship than has been claimed for him, and more than it is reasonable to suppose he possessed. If, as has been claimed, this learned priest wrote his narrative in the late pre-Christian centuries, he had a phenomenal knowledge of ancient history and chronology. His own system of chronology, which carries Abram back to the twentieth century, coincides remarkably with the latest studies in Babylonian chronology, which likewise place Hammurabi, Abram's contemporary, in the twentieth century, thus synchronizing with the Hebrew.

The history of archæology contains many remarkable discoveries, some of which read like romances; and it is not impossible that some day the deed will be found which Ephraim gave to Abram for the burial cave, or perhaps some of the love letters written by Abram to Sarah. While archæ-

ologists will scarcely devote any energy to searching for these, they do know that it is utterly unreasonable to expect to find references to the patriarchs on the monuments of Egypt or Babylonia. Why? The patriarchs were not kings, but farmers or sheiks, with only a comparatively small following. After Abram, for instance, had gathered together the men of his own tribe and those of several allies, he had only three hundred and eighteen with whom to attempt the rescue of Lot. The only occasion recorded in the Old Testament when he came into any contact with foreign powers which might be mentioned on the monuments, was when he routed the armies of the four kings with some kind of strategy, by night. But, as a matter of fact, an archæologist would not expect to find such an event recorded in the annals of Eastern kings; nor by any ancient ruler. They were not disposed to tell of their defeats but only of their victories, and then in grandiloquent terms. Moreover, Chedorlaomer may not have known what caused the consternation among his soldiers that night, and what prompted them to make a hurried departure, leaving behind in their haste the booty which they had captured. Surely no one would look for a record of such occurrences in the annals of ancient kings. In short, it is unreasonable to expect to find on the monuments any references to the patriarchs themselves.

The negative critics, with their *argumentum e silentio*, may continue to demand the impossible; but after archæology has forced them to make such radical changes in their theory, and has in every discovery bearing on the subject confirmed the old view that the patriarchs are real personages, it does appear somewhat strange that discredit should still be thrown upon their existence. In other words, absolutely nothing has been found in the researches of the archæologist to substantiate the view that the patriarchs are not historical. And in the light of everything that is known, the only conclusion at which we can arrive is that they were real characters.

SEM BENELLI

By WILL HUTCHINS

THE advent of the dramatic poet is a matter of moment. There is no appreciable dearth of capable versifiers who can lay just claim to the title of poet, nor is the number of playwrights who have passed the strait gate to the rank of dramatist diminished below its usual paucity; but the good old Aristotelian term of poet, meaning primarily a maker of drama, has come to sound like an anachronism. Still, in spite of the strictures of Mr. Shaw *et al.*, who will still be pointing the highly significant fact that people do not, and never did, talk in verse, the elemental truth remains that drama and poetry are essentially coincident. We do not quarrel with the sculptor on the ground that legs and arms are not in reality made of marble, nor with the musician because people do not normally speak and feel in terms of the diatonic scale. It is still legitimate for a dramatist to write in verse, even though the amusement business has frowned on the practice and the public has allowed itself to be habituated to an incomplete expression. It has become falsely proverbial that poetic drama is a stilted and sorry affair, wilfully cut off from all claim to a serious dramatic vitality. Of such a contention, Signor Sem Benelli, the most recent of Italian dramatic poets, is a living refutation.

It would be an injustice to Signor Benelli to describe him as a literary dramatist, for there is a stigma in the term; and, while his plays are distinctly literature, they are also of and for the practical stage of the contemporary theatre, where they have amply demonstrated their right to attention. Nor is his dramatic power in any degree compromised by his literary form. Even in such unquestioned stage successes as "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler," there is the lurking sug-

gestion of the literary stigma. Our own Shakespearean tradition includes a deal of what may be termed, without disrespect, mere poetry. It always remains for fresh demonstration that drama and poetry may be inter-related in a common inspiration, and that certain aspects of reality can find no expression except in terms of a decorated and decorative surface.

Sem Benelli's introduction to the American public has been of the most inconspicuous nature: his name appeared in the announced repertoire of Mme. Bernhardt on her last tour. The play in question was an adaptation by a Frenchman, and Benelli gained no laurels, as the performance was omitted in favor of older and more established favorites. Our interest in Benelli, then, must turn itself to an examination of the man and his work on his native stage. The man himself is, indeed, the earnest of the vitality of his art, for he is, first of all, a product of life rather than of schools. His apprenticeship in the drama was gained while he was yet an artist-craftsman in another medium: he is by trade a wood-carver. There is no occasion for any sentimental deduction that he is thereby any better fitted for carving the presentation of agonized humanity from the intangible medium of words in rhythm, but it is quite true that his tragedies have a fine graphic quality, whose solidity and movement are more sculptural than pictorial. He is still a young man; and his Italy, by birth and association, is Florentine.

Sem Benelli is not an imitator: the stamp of originality is on his creation. He is not a preacher, either of morals or of art-theory; and so completely does he keep himself behind the curtain that he baffles the attempt to connect him with schools of thought. Perhaps he is a thinker; certainly he has thought about his plays; but he has put forward nothing outside the printed text of the plays except an enigmatic introduction of himself with the first play. To orient him with regard to the permanent landmarks of Italian

drama, it is necessary to name but two men, Alfieri and D'Annunzio. Alfieri is named because he is the father of all modern Italian tragedy: he broke down the walls which had cramped the native drama in a garden of silly romance, and gave a working model, not of style, but of fundamental austerity, a sort of anatomical figure of virility unconcealed by any cuticle of verbiage. The forthright directness of Benelli, his lack of subtlety of the type of Ibsen or Maeterlinck, points back to Alfieri.

And of course no one in Italy can escape comparison with D'Annunzio. Benelli comes too near D'Annunzio to make the comparison anything but necessary. Now, D'Annunzio has not only been the author of consistently unpleasant tragedies; he has made himself synonymous with the furthest extremes of gravitation towards diseased life as the subject of art. In trying to estimate Benelli, who is not without some likeness to D'Annunzio, we must face the eternal problems of the nature of tragedy. We must face the fact that a world of happy moral beings would afford no subject-matter for tragedy, and hardly for any drama at all; we must admit that the serious dramatist cannot escape the unpleasant subject, for the whole nature and effect of tragedy depends on genuine horror. We generally assume that there are no legitimate boundaries to what tragedy may treat except the limitations of human possibility,—limitations which Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Ibsen have all found widely inclusive. When, however, we have removed all the petty barriers of mere propriety, we have yet to reckon with the fundamental moral law. D'Annunzio would appear to be unable to distinguish between the horror of inevitable fate, as an expression of the moral structure of things, and the horror of gratuitous indulgence of the morbid attractions of disease. Sem Benelli has given promise of a radical divergence from the tragic manner of D'Annunzio. He has uncovered no such infernal smoulderings as those which make "*La Città Morta*" a haunting plague of souls. He has not

flinched before subjects which are revolting as well as powerful, but he has avoided stagnation in disease by a strong and compelling sense of movement, a sort of moral rhythm. You can go through a great deal if only you can keep going. Once only, and that in his earliest play, has he made a serious excursion into the violation of nature; and in that case the violation was not gratuitous but an exigency of history as well as drama.

It is as a versifier that Sem Benelli has earned a reputation which some hold to be his first claim on distinction. The verdict has been issued that he has created a new form of Italian dramatic verse. What he has done is to have, as it were, melted up the venerable eleven-syllable unrhymed line, *l'endecasillabo sciolto*, and recast it in the mould of his own dramatic temperament. There is no parallel example in English dramatic poetry. The Benelli line may be described as having extreme flexibility and freedom while retaining a very compelling musicality. But its excellence as dramatic verse does not stop there; drama is more than music, and the true dramatic poet has other use for his metrical structure than to make it a mere embellishment. Benelli's verse is decorative in the true sense: instead of impeding the action of the drama it stimulates action into an added vitality. "The freedom of prose and the musicality of poetry"—that is how one critic has described it. "*Versi d'azione e non di canto*," announced the poet, more to the point. Never ornate, never cumbersome, never wilfully poetic in any superimposed sense, his verse is a medium no less pliable than prose, and actually contributes its quota, and more, of dramatic quality. That is the working principle of all dramatic verse which would escape the stigma of artificiality. Rostand, in an age of prose drama, has demonstrated the same principle with the alluring poise and cadence of his Alexandrines, but the Alexandrine is very different from the Italian dramatic line, which is, in fact, very near in character to English blank verse. Rostand has the same

freedom as Benelli, but Rostand's line never loses the flavor of declamation, while Benelli's is drama pure and simple.

In "L'Amore dei Tre Re" there is an example of freedom which has never, perhaps, been equalled in serious verse, although it is frequent enough in would-be humorous verse. At the very climax of the play, in a passage of ferocious intensity, rather than break the flow of a speech by an artificial inversion, the poet has deliberately divided the word *ferocemente* at the end of a line, a deliberate break with tradition which may prove to be as portentous as the run-overs in Victor Hugo's "Hernani." Archibaldo, the blind father of Manfredo, has strangled Fiora, Manfredo's unfaithful wife, and in a torrent of pagan passion is striving to justify his action to his Christian son:

Sono cieco;
ma chi persegue il bene come te
è più cieco di me: non trova nulla!
Illuminato dalla mia vendetta,
io frugherò nell' ombra dove il male
s'annida e lo vedrò, io sentirò
passare nella tenebra, e, feroce-
mente, io ghemirò per la tua gioia!

We do not read that any demonstration followed the first rendering of this line. Probably no one noticed it. One has but to study the verse principles of all vitalized verse-drama, from Sophocles down, to find the tendency if not the precedent.

Sem Benelli has so far produced and published three tragedies in as many years. The earliest, "La Maschera di Bruto," is the loosest in construction of the three, and the most extreme in its subject-matter. "The Mask of Brutus" is the life-story of one of the younger Medici, Lorenzino, known to infamy as Lorenzaccio. It is a story of love, intrigue, passion, unnatural lust, murder, remorse, and vengeance; and over and through all this, the grim irony of tragic fate gives the poignant turn to the title. The pro-

tagonist kills the Duke Alessandro in a midnight quarrel over an unhappy victim of the court, and, because the killing is done under peculiar circumstances, is credited with having done it for patriotic motives. Murder becomes tyrannicide, but Lorenzino's sin has made the rôle of Brutus impossible, and his life goes out to exile and ultimate death under the mask. The play is, first of all, a tragedy in the fullest sense. It is an acting play of high merit in individual scenes, if not as a whole. The murder scene is easily one of the most moving in dramatic literature, new or old. The author demonstrated beyond question that he could write a play, and that is as much as any man's first play need show.

The second play, "La Cena delle Beffe," or "The Supper of Jokes," has attracted the most attention of any of the three. It is another play of Medicean Florence, but the Medici do not appear in it except in so far as the awful domination of the Magnificent is felt throughout. The atmosphere into which it takes us is not unlike that of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, that incomparable guide-book to the Renaissance of fact as opposed to fiction. The action of this piece is more direct and continuous; and its intensity, if not equal to the one great scene of "La Maschera di Bruto," is more sustained and brought to a more cumulative climax.

The piece deals with the fortunes of three leading characters—Neri Chiarmantesi, a bully, Giannetto Malespini, an old man, and Ginevra, a courtesan. If you object to the characters, you may reassure yourself with the knowledge that they are all but different presentations of people we have admired enormously in picture galleries. Neri, it appears, has been making life a burden for old Giannetto, who, despite his age and evident unfitness for the part, has persisted in making love to Neri's mistress, Ginevra. With the help of his brother, Gabriello, Neri has retaliated by occasional ministrations of the dagger, and by throwing

Giannetto into the river. The strained relations between these gentlemen having come to the attention of the Magnificent, that worthy has ordained that the jesting shall cease forthwith, and has appointed one Tornaquinci to entertain the contending parties at a supper which shall bring their enmities to an end. Tornaquinci complies, and the supper supplies the title and the matter of the first act. Giannetto arrives, full of his grievances, and nursing the secret belief that the Magnificent will not begrudge him a final retort. The brothers, escorting Ginevra—a fine characterization of the total lack of character—come swaggering with unconcealed impudence towards the authority which constrains them. The supper proceeds with little result, so far as pacification goes, but with notable dramatic consequences. Gabriello is obliged to leave early for Pisa, but Neri remains and waxes insolent, and thus arouses Giannetto, who, tired of being the butt, is something of a joker himself. He persuades Neri to go, with peculiar insignia, which shall be unmistakable identification, to a certain rendezvous of Florentine bravos. Giannetto, as soon as Neri has gone, sends his own servant on the run to warn the bravos that Neri has gone mad and has sworn to destroy utterly that particular place and its company. Neri of course falls into an appropriate trap; and the sly old Giannetto, having possessed himself of Neri's cloak, goes out in the belief that the Magnificent will not fail to enjoy so signal a triumph of mind over matter.

In the second act the success of Giannetto's plot exceeds all expectations. The scene represents the apartments of Ginevra, where Giannetto, by dint of Neri's cloak, has gained admittance late at night, passing himself off for his rival with complete success. The third act shows Neri confined in the crypt of the Ducal palace under the officious care of Giannetto and the medical profession. The plot recoils on itself here, for the question of Neri's madness becomes serious, especially when he effects an escape, with the help of

one Lisabetta, another courtesan, who persuades him to simulate real madness, but of a gentle sort. The fourth act reverts to Ginevra's apartments on the following evening. Gabriello, the brother, is returning from Pisa, full of longing for Ginevra. His approach is to be heralded by a serenade, for there must be no danger of an encounter with Neri. Neri, however, arrives early, for he expects to intercept Giannetto. The serenade sounds outside, Gabriello enters in the low light, and goes to the chamber of Ginevra. Neri thinks he is Giannetto, follows him, and murders both lovers together. Actually mad now with blood-vengeance, he returns only to meet Giannetto, who is overcome with grief at the tragic outcome of his joke. Neri, utterly broken in mind, staggers from the stage, redeemed from total depravity by the awful pathos of his love for his brother.

That is the story of the play which has attracted and held the attention of Italy. Less of what is commonly understood to be poetic drama could hardly be found in a modern play. Its merit as a technical performance is great. It has strongly limned characters, powerful scenes, for the most part well built, and a gripping sense of tragedy which withholds its climax till the final curtain. Yet it has not a single actor, unless it be the passive Tornaquinci, who could pretend to that mild distinction we call respectability. Buffoonery sinks to vulgarity and from that to grim tragedy. What justification can such a play have? Well, it is good art of its kind: it has not only powerful horror, but even pathos and humor of a fundamental and human sort; it is written with style and distinction. But has it any justification beyond that of the mooted art for art's sake, the eternal *cul-de-sac* of criticism? Well, it is a rounded picture of human society, and it may be worth while to have the reverse of the medal presented to view occasionally. What was the society like which disported itself outside the studio of a Raphael? Very much like this, if we are to believe the unblushing Cellini. Tornaquinci gives a touch of satire:

at his first entrance he is reading a book, and resents the interruption of his studies. It was an age when men read books with great earnestness.

Sem Benelli's third tragedy is of a different order: no less tragic, it is much less revolting. "*L'Amore dei Tre Re*" ("*The Loves of the Three Kings*") takes us from the moral quagmire of the Renaissance to the hills of moral vision in what are still called by some the dark ages. Announced as a mediæval drama, it is not, strictly speaking, mediæval, but pre-mediæval. The society presented is that of the Italian hills subsequent to an invasion of northern tribes, while the two peoples have made little progress in the process of mutual assimilation. Like Mr. Kennedy's "*Winter-feast*," with which the play may well be compared, it depicts the sharp contrast between a deep-rooted paganism and a newly adopted Christianity. The paganism, be it said, is like that of the "*Germania*" of Tacitus, severe and clear-cut in moral values. As in the best of Greek tragedy, the action proceeds from the fundamental dramatic sources—deep-rooted character and inevitable events,—not from caprice of circumstance. Benelli's technique is always distinctly modern, and his modernity is here evinced by an almost classical unity of theme and treatment: the three acts have different settings, but all in the same castle, in the unity of principle if not of formula.

"*L'Amore dei Tre Re*" has been described as a cross between D'Annunzio and Maeterlinck, but the phrase is more clever than accurate. There is, however, a certain Maeterlinckian tendency to mysticism and a certain search for subtlety of effect. It has distinct atmosphere, in the pictorial sense. "*The garments have pure lines, hieratic.*" Fiora's robe is white, but "*very subtly like ivory.*" The action is, however, precise and obvious throughout; of mystical subtlety in the Northern sense there is none. A very pleasing reduction of tone is effected in places without at all turning the edge of dramatic vitality.

The story of the play is traditional enough: it is one more version of the eternal three-cornered love affair, the unfaithful wife and the avenging husband. The treatment, however, has distinct freshness. The affair comes as near being blameless as such an affair ever can. The first act opens with Archibaldo, an old, blind barbarian chief, who is led into the castle hall in the early dawn, to await the return from a military expedition of his son, Manfredo. In a scene of difficult exposition, saved from illegitimate technique by expert characterization, it is developed that Fiora, the wife of Manfredo, is a native princess whose marriage to Manfredo is political. She is a source of uneasiness to both her husband, who is a devout and sincere Christian, and to Archibaldo, who suspects her of infidelity. The grounds for his suspicion presently appear in the person of Avito, a native prince, Fiora's sworn lover from childhood, who has been absent, it appears, from the country during the time of her marriage. Avito has a confederate in the castle in Flaminio, a countryman, who is a trusted servant to Archibaldo. The stolen hour of love is interrupted by the blind man; and Avito escapes, leaving Fiora to lie ineffectually to her inquisitor, who has the uncanny sixth sense of the blind,—a motive used throughout the play with cumulative effect. Manfredo arrives, eager with love, and meets a cool propriety from his wife and forebodings from his father.

The second act takes place on the castle tower. Manfredo and Archibaldo are in the scene. Manfredo pours out the story of his love, and the old blind man has only unconcealed suspicion for reply. But no suspicion can enter Manfredo's mind: his one purpose is to win his wife's affection by the contagion of his own. The wife is a mere mountain girl, very young, and wholly incapable of comprehending the high chivalry of her husband. Obedient to her husband's request for an interview, she enters, suffers his caress, hears his prayers, and becomes aware of a new sense of obligation; but she does not love him. He must go again at once,

on one last expedition, from which he hopes to return to a life of domestic quiet as a Christian ruler. Drawing from her a promise to wave a scarf, which he gives her, so long as he shall be in sight, he goes down to join his companions who are waiting below. No sooner has he gone than Avito, impatient of all restraint, bursts upon the scene and looks to find his erstwhile responsive lover, but encounters the Fiora of the new resolve. The poor girl makes a determined resistance, but in the end nature is too strong for her, and she yields to the embrace of Avito while remembering to wave the scarf to Manfredo. The scene is interrupted by Archibaldo, who, in his own words, senses the situation "ferociously." Avito escapes, but the frenzied, groping hands clutch the victim who must pay the penalty. Her falsehoods are no longer of avail, and, in a scene of terrible power, she is strangled. Manfredo, of course, watching for the signal, has seen it—and more. His return is swift. Still unwilling to believe any wrong of Fiora, he brings the bitterest of judgments on his father: he will neither sanction nor pardon; he will not even strike.

The third act shows the limits of even Christian forbearance. The body of Fiora lies in the crypt of the castle, open to the view of all comers. This is Manfredo's somewhat operatic means of revenge. Avito steals in to kiss the dead lips, and in the very kiss is fatally poisoned. Manfredo discovers the paramour and has from his dying lips the assurance that Fiora's love had always been Avito's. Manfredo dies in turn by the same means, and the play ends with the fall of the old man. The third act is nothing if not Italian, and to the Anglo-Saxon reader or spectator will probably be a severe test of admiration. However, for a thing of such operatic flavor, it is happily terse in speech.

Here, then, is a poet who can write plays which have earned their right to be seen and to be read. His sense of drama is at once poetic in form and realistic in its fidelity

to human life. Very fortunately he is a young man. We may hope that ability so signal may yet be turned to subject-matter of more general interest. In reviewing his work thus far we feel certain that his sense of tragedy is genuine; he is not morbid, for all his excursions into the degradations of the Renaissance. It must be remembered, too, that he is Italian, native born to a dramatic tradition which takes its tragedy without flinching, and in large quantities. The flabby moralities of our stage, with its false modesties and its paper-doll heroisms, might profit by an inoculation of honest tragedy. Had Mr. Kennedy, in "The Winterfeast," been able to restrain his horror to more endurable proportions and to tell his story with the simple directness of "L'Amore dei Tre Re," it may be that even our public might have allowed a more generous hearing to a work of splendid beauties. The successful tragedies of recent appearance in English—and there have been successes, in box-office parlance—will compare very poorly, for the most part, with the simple and searching verse-dramas of Sem Benelli.

THE RETURN TO DICKENS

By THE EDITOR

WITH the passing centenary of Dickens, very great interest has been shown in the author and his books—much greater popular interest certainly than in Browning, who was born in the same year. Few if any magazines on either side of the Atlantic have failed to “estimate” Dickens for the occasion. New letters of his have appeared; and his works in new and old editions have sold enormously. His characters have again trod the stage with the old delight in them. In London it has been Sydney Carton; in Paris it has been Pickwick; in New York it has been Fagin and poor Oliver. Everywhere—in Paris as well as in London and New York—people have crowded the theatre to see these and other characters walk out of the novels and play their parts. No one seems to have gone away disappointed, so wide is the appeal of the novelist’s humor and melodrama.

Not the least interesting have been those reminiscences which tell us how Dickens looked, what he said, and what he did on his second American tour, when he was for a time one of us. Few, I take it, have failed to read the impressions made by him upon Kate Douglas Wiggin, then a little girl, who had the good fortune to be on the same train with him from Portland to Boston. The child, says the charming narrative, stole away from her mother and slipped into the seat with Dickens while he was looking out of the window. He turned his head with surprise and said: “God bless my soul, where did you come from?” Then the little girl and the author prattled about his books and about each other until the train was approaching Boston. Though only eight or nine years old, she had read “David Copper-

field" six times and liked it best (so did Dickens himself) of all those big, thick novels. She told him that there was a lady in Maine who had never heard of Betsey Trotwood, had in fact read only *two* of his novels, while she herself had read many, though she always skipped "the long dull parts." He asked her where those "long dull parts" were and laughed as she enumerated them. None in her family could read without tears, she said, the story of poor Steerforth when his body was washed up on the beach, and Dickens replied that he wept, too, whenever he read that passage aloud. In this way, the sensitive nature of Dickens ran the whole emotional course, under the guidance of a little girl whom he had never seen before. Throughout life Dickens was very fond of children, and when he was with them he forgot all those affectations which often marred his conduct amid grown-up people, especially if they were strangers.

Now Dickens is not one of "my literary passions," to use a phrase belonging to Mr. Howells. Perhaps I should have read him earlier for that. Nothing of his except "David Copperfield" came to my hands when a boy. True, I read that novel again and again, but I seem to have had no opportunity then to go further. For me Dickens belongs to a later period when I was reading more or less in a professional way. There are doubtless certain advantages in a late reading if one is called upon to give his mature impressions, for he thereby escapes the danger of being swayed in his judgment by the memory or recurrence of boyhood emotions. I have no new matter—no new letters—to present the public with. I can add nothing to the generally known incidents of the novelist's life. Much in those incidents I do not like. Much has been slipped over in the recent sketches and I will slip over the hard places here. One thing, however, remains. The centenary has evoked no large view of Dickens in relation to his predecessors or in relation to the society of his own time.

Here are two topics, comparatively fresh, and quite worthy of consideration. Without too strict a procedure, let us run from the one to the other.

By way of parenthesis, it may be remarked that unfavorable estimates of Dickens have always been the rule. Trollope, who knew him, passed judgment on his work as a whole in the famous "Autobiography." While the wit and humor of Dickens were acknowledged, his pathos was questioned, his style was berated, his plots were pronounced execrable. Scores of critics have but repeated Trollope in varying phrase. Mr. H. G. Wells, for example, said some ten years ago that he could write a novel in the Dickens style, were there any use for that sort of thing. Charles Dickens—I paraphrase but slightly the fine audacity of Mr. Wells—on going to Mr. Methuen to-day with the manuscript of "Bleak House" would feel an uncomfortable chill in the publisher's office. He would be told frankly that nothing could be more preposterous, nothing more certainly doomed to failure than a novel of that kind. The public nowadays demands more narrative, more of "a yarn," less sentiment and less melodrama. "At best, Mr. Dickens," the publisher would say to him, "your novel will not sell above two or three thousand copies, and I must decline it." Again, two or three years ago, a clever gentleman of the press reviewed "Pickwick" for the London "Nation" as if it were a book that had just appeared from the pen of a young and unknown writer. The novel was declared to be without form and void, though its author displayed considerable knowledge of inns and stage-coaches and possessed a genuine sense of humor, inclining, however, too much to farce. Altogether "Pickwick" was a pretty good book, and the author should be encouraged; but if he were to succeed, he must subject his imagination to some restraint and give his days and nights to the study of much greater novelists than himself. The hoax, worthy of a Theodore Hook, easily accomplished its purpose; and the editor of

the "Nation" was informed by several correspondents that the novel in question had been written by Charles Dickens nearly a century ago.

Quite naturally, the critics who have written about Dickens this last year have treated him with less condescension than was formerly meted out to him. In the first place, it is not in good taste to be very severe when dealing with an author on his birthday. In the second place, critical opinion in regard to Dickens has really become, I think, much more favorable. Certainly it was very refreshing to read the other day the cordial appreciation of Dickens by Mr. A. C. Benson. "His power of visualization," writes Mr. Benson, "was simply stupendous. He knew exactly what he meant to describe, the effect he desired to produce, and he put his details economically and surely, in the precise place and connection which he designed. And then he was a supreme master of language; his vocabulary was enormous and wholly at his command. There never was such a craftsman." Few readers can quite subscribe to this praise, which seems very excessive; but it is really nearer the truth than what Trollope and others have said against Dickens. And so admirably has Mr. Benson spoken of Dickens's art and style in their varied aspects that I return to those larger considerations which I have in mind. In a sentence, what was Dickens to his contemporaries?

As we usually reckon it, the English novel, in distinction from tales of adventure, began its course only a century before Dickens, with a London printer named Samuel Richardson. While designing a series of moral letters for the guidance of young people exposed to the temptations of sex, Richardson saw the possibility of weaving into the imaginary correspondence between a girl and her friends a story of contemporary English life such as he had observed or heard of. From the effort resulted the prudent and rather charming Pamela Andrews, who passed triumphant through the perils of a waiting maid and won a country

squire for a husband. The novel, named from the heroine, was somewhat crude and over-formal in its psychology; it was nevertheless a genuine and fairly successful attempt to depict the emotions of an English country girl of low degree as she really was. Having set the ball rolling, Richardson was immediately succeeded by Henry Fielding, a man of extraordinary talent if not genius, but lacking somewhat in the imaginative quality that invents new literary styles. Still a young man, Fielding had already had a career as dramatist and knew how to re-work old forms in fiction. He wrote a better rogue story than Cervantes, and he rivalled Lucian in burlesque and irony. No sooner did Richardson give Fielding the cue to the novel than he far surpassed "Pamela." Perhaps no other English novelist has withstood the test of time so well as Fielding. It is a little amusing to observe that Mr. Wells and other popular novelists of our own day appear to have just discovered him. After patronizing Dickens and Thackeray, they frankly acknowledge that all they are striving for may be found in "Tom Jones," by the side of which "Vanity Fair" seems artificial and untrue. The novel of contemporary manners such as Fielding wrote, often lighted up with wit and gay anecdote, ran its course through the fun and satire of Smollett and the strange, fantastic humor and sentiment of Sterne, then lost itself somewhere, and eventually emerged in the exquisite art of Jane Austen. And then came Scott. Before him many had tried their hand at the historical novel and everyone had failed. This man, who "seemed to have had," said R. H. Hutton, "something very like a personal experience with a few centuries at least," succeeded on the first trial and at once established his fame. All Europe stood entranced as they watched him, first restoring the ancient manners of Scotland, then crossing the Border into England, then the Channel into France, and finally passing on to the camp of the Crusaders. Scott was known as "the great magician."

For nearly twenty years the great magician carried also the world of fiction with him. Under his influence, everybody wrote historical romances. Just after Scott's death appeared Dickens, whose antecedents in no way resembled those of the great writers I have named. Richardson was an humdrum printer rising to a position of ease. Fielding was a young gentleman closely related by blood to the Earls of Denbigh, but thrown upon the town to take his chances, Scott was a northern squire, living the life of a feudal lord of small degree. Each depicted life from his own point of view. Dickens forced his way upward from the impoverished lower middle class of London; and he, too, was to relate what he had seen. England was then passing through a social and industrial revolution. For a century the large landowners had been slowly appropriating the common lands, with the result that small freeholders were compelled to become day laborers in the fields or to seek subsistence in the towns. The rise of manufacturing on a large scale put an end to all small industries whereby men had hitherto made an honest living, and drove them into factories on wages that barely kept their families from starvation. London and other towns were thus sprawling with a vast proletariat, rendered criminal not so much from disposition as from necessity. At the same time, a new middle class, consisting of bankers and merchants, was rising in the towns to wealth and power; and the old middle class of clerks and small traders was being crushed. In the break-up of society, men were losing their homes and drifting to workhouses and debtors' prisons. Dickens belonged to this old middle class that was faring so badly.

His father, an impoverished clerk in the Navy Pay Office, was supporting a family of many children, at one time on eighty pounds a year. Like Mr. Micawber, he inevitably went the way of all to the Marshalsea. The boy lived for a short period in the country, long enough to remember inns and stage-coaches, but most of his youth was passed in

London, where he tramped the streets, or in the shabbiest of the suburbs among tumble-down tenements, where his chief outdoor recreation was to look over "the dust heaps and dock-leaves and fields at the cupola of St. Paul's looming through the smoke." The years of his schooling may be counted on the fingers of a single hand. His father, however, had a small collection of books for family reading: "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphry Clinker," "Tom Jones," "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gil Blas," "The Arabian Nights," and "The Spectator." Over these books the boy pored endlessly, impersonating the characters, and localizing the scenes in the places about him. "They kept alive," he said long afterwards, "my fancy and my hope of something beyond that place and time." Cervantes, Fielding, Smollett, and the rest were, indeed, to him a liberal education in the sense that they liberalized his mind and lifted him out of his sordid environment. But the day arrived when his father went to the debtors' prison; and that little library was carried in the boy's own arms to the pawnbroker.

Amid these distresses, Dickens, ten or eleven years old, was placed in a blacking house, where his occupation was to tie up and label pots of paste blacking at six or seven shillings a week—with "Mick Walker," "Mealy Potatoes," and urchins of that class. With no one to advise him how best to spend his earnings in food and lodging, he nearly starved to death. In "David Copperfield," he tells us how he used to long for fruit; but as he couldn't buy it, he would stroll into Covent Garden and stare at the pine-apples. This was the period of his greatest degradation. "But for the mercy of God," he said, in remembering those days, "I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond,"—that is, an Oliver Twist. His father out of prison, the boy's position improved and he was fixed in school for a time. At

the age of fourteen, he obtained a clerkship in the office of a lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, where he picked up legal details. During his spare time he read at the British Museum, learned stenography from a book purchased out of his small earnings, and was very soon reporting in Doctors Commons, "a little out of the way place, where they administer what is called ecclesiastical law, and play all kinds of tricks with obsolete old monsters of Acts of Parliament." Thereafter he entered the gallery of the House of Commons as reporter for one of the morning newspapers. He rose rapidly and became the most expert reporter of parliamentary debates in his time. "Night after night," he says, "I record predictions that never come to pass, professions that are never fulfilled, explanations that are only meant to mystify. I wallow in words."

In the meantime, he wrote a short tale in secret and sent it to one of the magazines. As it was immediately accepted, he went on to write more tales, which duly appeared in book form as "Sketches by Boz, illustrative of Everyday Life and Everyday People." These sketches, reminiscent of his own strange and sordid experiences, were mostly stories of poverty and crime among the proletariat—of pawn-brokers' shops, dark alleys, thefts, and murders, over which the author let play freely his humor and pathos. Amateurish as they now appear, they were yet quite sufficient to call the attention of the public to Dickens as a man who could write about London more intimately than anyone else had ever done. Others had explored lower London casually for comedy and farce. Dickens sought to awaken pity for that great crowd of men, women, and children who live uncared for and die unremembered.

The talent of Dickens was now to be tested. And it was to be a splendid triumph. In those early Victorian days, comic almanacs and comic serials were at the height of fashion. It so happened just after the appearance of the

"Sketches by Boz" that Chapman and Hall were closing with Robert Seymour, "an admirable humorist artist," for a series of comic plates illustrating the misfortunes of a group of cockneys on a hunting and fishing expedition in the country. Their guns were to go off by accident; and fish hooks were to get caught in their hats and trousers. The brilliant reporter was selected to prepare the necessary letter-press to the plates so as to render them easily intelligible to minds that cannot understand a picture without explanation. Though protesting that he knew nothing about sport, Dickens nevertheless accepted the commission. No literary man ever made better use of an opportunity to show what there was in him. Seymour dying, other artists succeeded him; but from the very first Dickens was the master. Only in a few instances did he adjust his narrative to plates that had been prepared for him. He himself led the way with an installment of his story, and the artist was compelled to illustrate what Dickens had already written. The *story* thus became the prime source of interest, and the illustrations merely of secondary importance. By this reversal of interest, Dickens transformed, at a stroke, a current type of fiction, consisting mostly of pictures, into a novel of contemporary London life. True, "Pickwick" has reminiscences of the publishers' original design, and it contains passages that hardly rise above the jests of the old comic almanac. But all that is only incidental to the origin of the book. It was essentially a most amusing burlesque of London life in those phases familiar to the author. The House of Commons was turned into the Pickwick Club, with pompous speeches, noisy debates, and apologies from gentlemen who wished their abusive remarks to be understood only "in a Pickwickian sense." Then Dickens passed on to the law and the courts—to pettifoggers who take up civil suits "on spec," to the examination of witnesses, to the judge's charge to the jury, and finally to the debtors' prison such as his own Marshalsea.

"Pickwick" marks definitely the rebirth of humor in English fiction. In a general way, it was a return to the fun, the ridicule, and the satire of Smollett and Fielding—qualities almost absent from Scott. Not that Scott was without humor; but he was compelled to suppress it in the interest of romance. To readers tired of romance and Scotch peasants, "Pickwick" was a wonderfully fresh production. No such exuberance of spirits, they thought, had ever been witnessed before; no style so funny in its grotesque wordplays and phrasing; no cockney comparable to Sam Weller, to whom all men were known by the boots they wear. Miss Mitford, writing of "Pickwick" to friends in Ireland who had only heard of the book, remonstrated with them for their lack of curiosity, saying: "I did not think there had been a place where English is spoken, to which Boz had not penetrated. All the boys and girls talk his fun—the boys in the streets; and yet those who are of the highest taste like it the most. Sir Benjamin Brodie takes it to read in his carriage between patient and patient; and Lord Denman studies 'Pickwick' on the Bench while the jury are deliberating. Do take some means to borrow the 'Pickwick Papers'." Lord Denman was chief-justice of the King's Bench. Sir Benjamin Brodie was surgeon to His Majesty William the Fourth.

Simple as it may appear, the conversion of the old picture novel into "Pickwick," was a stroke of genius. It is this act that first comes to one's mind in considering Dickens in relation to his predecessors. His subsequent novels, however, were to assume a much larger significance, when considered in relation to the society and philosophies of his time. "Pickwick" had been written primarily to amuse. But even there a secondary aim crept in when the author conveyed Mr. Pickwick and Alfred Jingle to the prison in Fleet Street. In these prison scenes, at once humorous and pathetic, Dickens struck the humanitarian note, which had indeed been heard in the "Sketches by Boz." There-

after, though humor, farce, and comedy were never to be absent, the humanitarian note was to be loud, distinct, and unmistakable.

According to Dickens, English society was divided into two great classes—the oppressors and the oppressed. In the former division were included the aristocracy, the gentry, and the upper middle class—all who employ labor, all who make and administer the laws, from Parliament down to parochial boards, from the Court of Chancery down to the police magistrate. As a Londoner, he knew best the upper middle class, who, besides being bankers and merchants, held all the municipal offices, large and small; and with their brethren in the cities of the north, ruled England through the House of Commons. While Dickens found some admirable men among these people and not infrequently so portrayed them in his novels, they were as a class hard-hearted and relentless in their pursuit of the poor. Everyone knows the type at its worst. They have bald heads, red faces, congested veins in the temples, and large corpulency—indicative of high living, much wine, and hot tempers. Their prevailing vice is avarice, from which may proceed, as the type varies, any other of the seven deadly sins. It was, of course, the essence of Dickens's art to exaggerate for the sake of the effects thereby gained. As the London merchants and bankers appear in Thackeray's novels, they are rather pathetic figures, like the Sedleys and Osbornes, who sacrifice their lives in a race for wealth and in an attempt to raise their children in the social scale; they die miserably in middle age—their purposes frustrated or half fulfilled. To say the truth, they were, as a class, pompous, arrogant, and obstinate. Their emotional life hardly extended beyond themselves and their families. Upon all questions affecting the public welfare they looked calmly and coldly. They called themselves "eminently practical" men. In their philosophy they were utilitarians. With them, it was "every man for himself" under extended

suffrage and unrestrained competition. And when they gained the master hand, as they did after the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832, they easily wrote their views into the laws of England. Let the rules of the game be made as fair as possible and then let every man go down into the arena and fight for himself, regardless of the fate of others.

There was to be, for instance, no nonsense wasted upon the poor. If the poor cannot support themselves, let them die or go to the workhouse. At this point Dickens protested with all the powers of his wit, humor, and mockery. A new poor law on which the utilitarians prided themselves had been in operation three years, long enough to see what it was doing. From the utilitarian point of view, it was most successful, for it had reduced the poor rates nearly a half. In "Oliver Twist" Dickens attacked the purpose and the administration of that law by relating the hard experiences and subsequent career of a boy born in one of the London workhouses. In order to discourage poverty, the inmates were put to long hours of labor and reduced in their rations to thin oatmeal gruel three times a day, "with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sunday." The new system, Dickens adds, "was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin as well as the paupers; and the board were in ecstasies." That is, the poor were given the choice of starving slowly in the workhouse or of starving quickly outside of it; with the result that many preferred to lie down and die in alleys and doorways. The cruelty of the new system was symbolized in Mr. Bumble, the stupid and choleric parish beadle, in laced coat with large brass buttons cast in the die of the parochial seal—"the good Samaritan healing the sick and bruised man." In an evil hour, Mr. Bumble married the matron of the workhouse, who, unter-

rified by his fierce looks, cuffed and kicked him about the house as he had been accustomed to kick and cuff the paupers.

From "Oliver Twist" onward, the purpose of Dickens was mainly satirical. He rarely gave rein to fierce invective, for his sense of humor checked and overpowered him. It was his method rather to pick out some abuse—old or new—in English society and hold it up to ridicule. He intervened, as it were, in behalf of the common people against those who exploited their labor, against the ruling class in general, and the institutions through which they ruled England. There is, for example, that self-made man Ralph Nickleby, a sort of promoter, whose observation has taught him "two great morals—that riches are the only true source of happiness and power, and that it is lawful and just to compass their acquisition by all means short of felony." He organizes "The United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company, capital five millions, in five hundred thousand shares of ten pounds each," ostensibly to reduce the price of hot muffins and thus bring them within the reach of "the poorer class of people," really to float the shares of the company and then to back out when they are at a handsome premium. There is Jonas Chuzzlewit with his rule for bargains: "Do other men; for they would do you . . . That's the true business precept. All others are counterfeit." He is a director in "The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company." There is Paul Dombey—calm, cold, impenetrable, but not dishonest, I think. He is at the head of Dombey and Sons, London bankers, who "often dealt in hides," Dickens says, "but never in hearts." To the same class belongs the brutal Josiah Bounderby of Coketown—"a big, loud man with a stare and a metallic laugh." Born in a ditch, he made his way upward through vagabondage, day labor, and clerkships to the head of a great manufac-

turing establishment. From his height he surveyed the world, highly satisfied with himself and oblivious of all the pain and suffering his acts were causing among the honest and simple-minded weavers in his employ.

Dickens creates characters like these, drawing them, he claims, from real life, and then in a wonderfully vivid narrative depicts the devastation of all who come within their influence. They humiliate their wives, browbeat and terrorize their children, reduce the men in their service to the lowest wage on this side of starvation, drive their competitors into bankruptcy, and as an act of generosity employ them as clerks and drudges. It is a dreadful picture occasionally relieved by ideal portraits of business men as they should be, such as the benevolent Cheeryble brothers, who befriended Nicholas Nickleby when cast off by his brutal uncle.

The picture is still more dreadful when we turn to the schools of the middle class established and administered in accordance with the ideals prevailing among merchants and promoters. The great public schools like Eton and Harrow were of course left untouched, for Dickens knew nothing of them. The schools that he attacked were mostly private institutions run for money by men who had failed in all other occupations. Over these schools, which had been springing up everywhere, neither the government nor responsible boards exercised any authority whatever. The masters, said Dickens, "were blockheads and imposters." Most of an entire novel, it will be recalled, was devoted to exposing the management of a boarding school down in Yorkshire called Dotheboys Hall and presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Squeers. Here the wealthy Nicklebys and many of their stamp sent their illegitimate sons or poor nephews to be flogged, to be starved on watered milk, to be dosed with brimstone and molasses under the pretense of purifying the blood, but really to kill their appetites for breakfast and dinner. If they do not die or run away and take to the

road, they come out of this "incipient hell," broken in spirit, "every sympathy and affection blasted at its birth," and their wits all astray. The abuses practised in this and other private schools were more or less traditional; but in former times they had received some check from public opinion. They were now permitted, according to Dickens, to run riot under a theory of government which cried "Hands off!" or "Every man for himself!" *Laissez-faire* he translated into "*laissez-aller* neglect." Just as in the treatment of the poor the result had been Bumbledom; so in the treatment of children, the result was Mr. Squeers and Dotheboys Hall.

As time went on, the utilitarians worked out here and there their own system of education, which was to be thoroughly practical in its nature; and Dickens forthwith opened fire upon them in "Hard Times." Under the new system, the schoolmasters, from the utilitarian point of view, were competent to perform the tasks assigned to them; there was no flogging; and there was no underfeeding. But the point of view, Dickens contended, was monstrous; for physical cruelty, he claimed, was substituted spiritual cruelty; for physical starvation was substituted spiritual starvation. So that under this new "sound practical education," the second state of the child was worse than the first. Dickens did not need to argue the question; all he had to do was to let the reader see the working of a school under the patronage of a retired merchant named Thomas Gradgrind. His very great success in amassing a fortune, Mr. Gradgrind attributed not to what he had learned in the schools but to his later readings in the political economists; and in appreciation of what the economists had done towards forming his mind, he named one of his sons Adam Smith and another Malthus. Everything about this Mr. Gradgrind was a perfect square. His forehead was square, his shoulders were square, his legs were square, he wore a square coat, and lived in a square house. Two and two, he would assert, make four, with nothing left over.

He went about "with a rule and a pair of scales and the multiplication table always in his pocket, ready to measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to." With him "it was a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic." "Facts alone," he used to say, "are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else."

After applying his theory to the education of his own children, the man of facts founded a model school at Coketown that others might share the benefits of his experiences; and placed over it a master of like views, whom Dickens called Mr. M'Choakumchild. Of Mr. M'Choakumchild, Dickens remarks in burlesque of school advertisements then current: "He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters, had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land-surveying and levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stony way into Her Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the Water Sheds of all the world (whatever they are), and all the histories of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather overdone, M'Choakumchild."

In a most amusing scene, Dickens takes us to an exhibition at this school, where the boys and girls are sitting on an inclined plane in the sparse rays of an uncertain sunlight.

Standing before them are Mr. M'Choakumchild, Mr. Gradgrind, and a government official intensely interested in the new experiment. Mr. Gradgrind begins the examination, or rather "the murder of the innocents," in an attempt to get from them a satisfactory definition of a horse. He fails egregiously with Sissy Jupe, though her father is a clown in a riding-circus and she herself is very fond of horses. Angered by her vague replies, he cries out: "Girl number twenty unable to define a horse. . . . Girl number twenty possessed of no facts in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours." Whereupon the pale-faced Bitzer stammers out in faint voice: "Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Mr. Gradgrind, with a smile for the government official and a scowl for Sissy Jupe, remarks in triumph: "Now girl number twenty, you know what a horse is."

Boys and girls like Bitzer and Sissy Jupe were enjoined never to read story books. They were never to fancy, never to wonder; they were never to have "a child's heart," never dream "a child's dream," never have "a child's belief or a child's fear." Instead of all this, their minds were to be occupied with facts, calculations, percentages, and statistics. They were to repeat words and phrases which had no meaning for them, which indeed they could hardly pronounce. All the bloom was to be taken from knowledge. No emotion, no imagination, was ever to enter into it.

A free lance, Dickens did not hesitate to attack the courts of all degrees—not as institutions so much as for their methods of procedure, their occasional dishonesty, their long delays, and the consequent expense and suffering for the people. From "Pickwick" onward, his novels swarm with rascally lawyers and cruel or indifferent judges. Without

doubt his powers were at their height when he exposed the working of the Chancery Court in "Bleak House." It is a wet, foggy November day in London. People are slipping and tripping one another up on the streets, and Dickens enters Lincoln's Inn Hall, where sits the Lord High Chancellor with a foggy glory round his head, listening to lawyers who, like the men and women outside, are tripping one another up on slippery precedents. The cause in hand is the famous case of *Jarndyce vs Jarndyce*, which had been "squeezed dry years upon years ago," but it still goes on; and it is destined to go on and on until two generations of men and women have been ruined. Poverty, madness, and suicide have followed in its wake. At length the costs eat up the estate, the judge then renders his decision and the crowd disperses, everybody in gay mood but the expectant heir, who dies a few days later in a miserable inn.

Dickens's novels led to hot controversies. It was claimed that he did not state facts as they were, that he was unfair, that he picked out some exceptional misuse of power and made it the basis for a general attack upon institutions which as a whole were administered well. In reply, Dickens referred to instance after instance to sustain his position: he asserted again and again that he was in the main right. And anyone who will take the pains to look into the social condition of his England, must come to the same conclusion. Reports to Parliament describe prisons and workhouses much as Dickens describes them. Bumbledom was a reality. Boarding schools in Yorkshire, as they appear in Charlotte Brontë's novels, differ in no essentials from Dotheboys Hall. And no one ever doubted the veracity of Charlotte Brontë. The attack on the Court of Chancery was based upon suits then pending, one of which had come over from the previous century. Neither was that definition of a horse which Bitzer recited for Mr. Gradgrind uncommon in the schools. By a curious coincidence, Huxley, who

apparently never read "Hard Times," gives it in varying phrase as the one which he, too, was compelled to learn when a boy. "I remember, in my youth," says Huxley, "there were detestable books which ought to have been burned by the hands of the common hangman, for they contained questions and answers to be learned by heart, of this sort, 'What is a horse? The horse is termed *Equus Caballus*; belongs to the class *Mammalia*; order, *Pachydermata*; family, *Selidungula*.'"

Of course Dickens must never be read literally. He did not proceed with the care of a Fielding who called himself an historian of contemporary society. Dickens's perceptive powers were extraordinary. Nothing seems to have ever escaped his eye in his walks about London and in his travels in America or elsewhere. But his materials, though taken from direct observation, were selected and focussed, with suppressions and exaggerations, for the effect which he wished to produce—and that effect was almost always caricature, whether he was dealing with individuals or with institutions. Beyond this artistic ordering of his materials, he gives no evidence of possessing intellect or understanding. Outside of his art, he never weighs, considers, and concludes. He was an intuitionist, or sentimentalist. He felt strongly, but he did not reason. His character was developed early through ill health, pain, suffering; and, I daresay, his nerves received from these hard experiences a shock from which they never recovered. Rising by heroic efforts from the lower middle class which was everywhere sinking into the proletariat, he saw, he felt (there was no call to reason about it) the worst consequences of cool, calculating, utilitarianism. The truth of feeling as he directly experienced it, he set dead against economists and philosophers. For thirty years he led in the emotional reaction against Bentham, James Mill, and Malthus, occasionally by direct attack but mainly by depicting the devastation in society.

Many secondary writers arose to aid him or to take advantage of an aroused public sentiment for furthering their own interests. Charles Kingsley, for example, threw his sympathy on the side of the Chartists, and described the conditions of labor in sweat shops and on large landed estates. Mrs. Gaskell described still worse conditions in the manufacturing towns of the north, especially at Manchester. Less emotional than Dickens or Kingsley, she related what she saw with a stern realism that has never been seriously questioned. And then there was Disraeli with his Tory democracy. Few now, I suppose, read Disraeli's novels; but those in which he elaborated his programme for the regeneration of England created a sensation in the early Forties. No novels by Dickens were more widely read than "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," in which Disraeli dealt respectively with the state of political parties, the people, and the Church of England. To the utilitarian theory of government as incorporated in recent legislation, he attributed all of England's ills. "It [utilitarianism] has passed," so ran a brilliant sentence, "through the Heaven of philosophy like a hailstorm, cold, noisy, sharp, and peppering, and it has melted away." The ravages of the storm were everywhere apparent. There were now, he claimed, only two classes in England, the rich and the poor, with a sharp cleavage between them. All the common ties of interest and sentiment that once gave stability to England, had been broken; and for them had been established a mere pittance in wages that one class receives from another. A new poor law, by doing away with parish relief, had everywhere humiliated and degraded the peasantry—an order as ancient and legal as the order of nobility, and having as distinct rights and privileges. The only hope for England, he held, was to fall back upon her ancient traditions. The old community of interests must be revived; the aristocracy and the manufacturers must

become once more the protectors of the people; and charity must be restored to the Church. The programme with some additions carried Disraeli, though a Jew, into power. Differing in many ways, Dickens the Radical and Disraeli the Tory were both, each after his own fashion, on the side of the people against the ruling classes. With them too were, though less obviously, Carlyle and Ruskin.

In the great conflict between reason and emotion, which side was right? On this question men will differ according to temperament. Dickens and his group, however, aroused the conscience of England as it had rarely been aroused before. From the first, their influence was felt in a less harsh administration of the existing laws. For example, an arrogant and brutal police magistrate portrayed in "Oliver Twist" was quickly removed from office by Lord Russell, then the Home Secretary. It may be that through the immediate influence of Dickens and the rest no important change resulted in the course of legislation; that without them there would have been the same Acts regulating labor in factories, the same modifications in the poor laws, the same extension of the elective franchise, and the same government control of schools. But these reforms would not have come so soon had not the sentimentalists awakened the great public to the need of them. And as we now look back upon that England, it seems far removed from us. The *laissez-faire* theory of government, which the novelist ridiculed, has proved inadequate. Subsequent history has shown that the people as a whole must be protected against the State; or, to put it differently, that they must be protected against the powerful interests that seek the passage of laws for their own aggrandizement. It was for this new order that Dickens contended.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman. By Wilfrid Ward.
Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1912. 2 volumes.
\$9.00 net.

It is the frequent lot of highly organized societies to be put to confusion by their own best products; and of established churches to find themselves quite nonplussed by the sudden appearance, among their sons, of men of great but unconventional religious genius. Suppose that the Church of England in the eighteenth century could have fully availed itself of John Wesley's passion for souls and almost unique faculty for church administration; suppose that in the nineteenth century she could have assimilated the gifts and graces, both spiritual and literary, of John Henry Newman and the band of ecclesiastical romanticists who accompanied him into the Church of Rome; what results in the deepening of her hold upon the national life might not have followed? The discussion of such problems is largely academic and hence not very profitable; but the problems themselves inevitably recur to every intelligent reader of Wesley's journals and the vast literature that has grown up about the Oxford Movement.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward's recent "Life" of Cardinal Newman represents the latest and one of the most important contributions to this literature. The author is a son of W. G. Ward, Newman's disciple, friend, and theological antagonist. No man living is probably more competent to deal adequately with Newman's extraordinary career. To general knowledge, diligence, intimate personal acquaintance with Newman's friends and adversaries, and ready access to necessary documents, Mr. Ward adds not only the purpose to be fair, but the possession and exercise of an eminently judicial mind. Thus equipped, he has produced two volumes, of more than six hundred pages each, which may be regarded as the definitive history of Newman's life in the Catholic Church. The average reader will feel a keen and just disappointment, however, on discovering that the story here told relates almost exclusively to this Catholic phase. Of Mr. Ward's twelve hundred and eighty-one pages, less than one hundred are given to Newman the Anglican. The story of his religious development as a youth bred in Evangelical surroundings, of his early life at Oxford and the growth of his unique influence there, and of the circumstances

which led to his gradual estrangement from the Church of England, is so briefly told that the reader feels that it is not told at all; and he is tempted to cry out upon a biography which swells to such portentous bulk and yet leaves the earlier and formative half of a long life a matter for hurried allusion and reference. Mr. Ward will reply that the five and forty years in the Church of England have already developed their literature. There is the "Apologia"; there are the "Letters" edited by Miss Mozley; there are the elder Mozley's "Reminiscences"; there is Church's admirable "Oxford Movement." This is true. The world knows the story of the earlier phase; it was waiting for the light that Mr. Ward has thrown upon the later; but the pity remains that so big and well-executed a book should not have been definitive for the life of Newman the man, as well as of Newman the Catholic. As it is, Mr. Ward has supplied invaluable material for Newman's biography rather than achieved that biography itself.

Within the limits which he sets himself, however, it is hard to see how his work could be improved except by condensation. He writes with zest, but without adulation; he maintains a remarkable detachment in treating of the antagonisms that Newman's various plans aroused, and does not hesitate to reveal the pettiness of ecclesiastical politics; indeed, when it is remembered that his own father was one of the most persistent of Newman's opponents, Mr. Ward may be said to have achieved a triumph of even-handedness. He reveals Newman in his strength, weakness, and indescribable charm, overlooking neither the tendency to self-pity and plaintiveness which mars some portions of the journal and the correspondence, nor the very human outbursts of whimsical vexation which enliven others. It is delightful to hear Newman when, as he says, "his monkey is up," referring to such notables as Manning, Ward, and Vaughan as the "three Tailors of Tooley Street," and remarking in an intimate letter to Ambrose St. John with reference to Cardinal Barnabo: "Far as it was from the intentions of the Most Eminent Prince, he coöperated in a fraud. Distil this 'blande suaviterque' into his ears."

Those words "blande suaviterque" were quoted from a letter which had lately dashed certain dear hopes of Newman's, and they represent pretty exactly his treatment by the Roman authorities from 1845 to 1865. The fact was that Rome did not quite know what to do with him, or what he might do if left to his own devices. He was not adaptable and usable for ecclesiastical politics like Manning; nor a zealot like Faber; nor a man of war like Ward. He remained a thorough Englishman amid his new affiliations; an apostle of something so like liberalism in thought and practice, that, despite his horror of the name, the ultramontanes were afraid of him, and young men like

Simpson and Acton—Modernists before the day of Modernism—sought him out and felt that he belonged to them. Hence it was that scheme after scheme for service was formed and entered upon, only to be thwarted,—“*blande suaviterque*,” to be sure, but thwarted none the less.

He gave seven of his best years to nursing the young life of a Catholic university in Ireland, and saw his most cherished plans for it fail. He entered with zest upon the preparation of a new translation of the Bible; but the authorities at whose suggestion it had been undertaken grew lukewarm, and he was forced to abandon the enterprise. He had hopes of extending his influence and giving scope to the zeal of certain young Catholic laymen through publications like the “*Rambler*” and the “*Home and Foreign Review*”; but their tone grieved the old Catholics, and Newman barely escaped ecclesiastical censure. Twice he bought land at Oxford in the hope of undertaking a Mission and founding an Oratory Church there, but in both instances the plans fell through.

So the early Sixties were years of profound depression. Then in 1864 came Kingsley’s attack in “*Macmillan’s Magazine*,” and with it Newman’s chance. In about nine weeks of that year he wrote the incomparable “*Apologia*,” and with its publication entered upon a new sphere of influence both as a Catholic and as an English author. The “*Grammar of Assent*” and the reissue of much of his previous work followed. Thus when Leo XIII became Pope he found Newman not only the most eminent of English Catholics in Protestant eyes, but the one Catholic writer whose works were read as generally without as within his own communion. So when the signal honor of the Cardinalate, without required residence at Rome, was conferred upon him, it was not only generally applauded by Catholics and Protestants but came to Newman himself like a benediction. “*The cloud is lifted from me forever,*” were his words to his brethren of the Oratory.

What was the secret of this man’s life and influence? He was shy to the point of infirmity; he was endowed with a subtlety of mind comparable to Mr. Gladstone’s which could go far towards making the worse appear the better reason; he was not entirely free from pettiness, which sometimes approached petulance. Acton surpassed him in learning; Ward was a readier if not more convincing controversialist; Manning and a dozen others were better ecclesiastical statesmen—and at Rome ecclesiastical statesmanship counts. But, on the other hand, he was religious with a sincerity and completeness of devotion that covered a multitude of minor inconsistencies; he was the master both of the secrets of men’s hearts and of a literary taste and style which told him when and how to reveal those secrets with compelling power; and he possessed in very high measure that indescribable personal

attribute known as "charm." Kingsley might question his sincerity and Fairbairn assault his philosophy. Each was a "passing good man-of-his-hands," as Sir Thomas Malory used to say. Each found ground enough to stand and fight on. But as we watch the conflict it seems like a charge of heavy dragoons against the southwest wind. The assailants lay about them mightily, dealing swingeing blows and doing great apparent execution. They march, counter-march, and finally retire; while the wind bloweth sweetly on, where it listeth.

Late in life Newman chose two Latin mottoes, one for his coat of arms as Cardinal, the other for his tomb. The former, "Cor ad cor loquitur," is emblazoned as clearly on his written works as on his escutcheon, and assures their permanence; the latter, "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem," speaks of a passion for that truth whose divine origin he recognized and yet of which he was more than half afraid. It persisted, however, despite the limits that he put upon it; and the pursuit of this brilliant and romantic mind after realities which hid in shadows and clothed themselves in symbols, is one of the most fascinating chapters in the spiritual experience of the last century.

Old Lyme, Conn.

EDWARD M. CHAPMAN.

The New History: Essays Illustrating the Modern Historical Outlook.

By James Harvey Robinson, Professor of History in Columbia University. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1911. \$1.50 net.

Under the blanket title of "The New History," Professor Robinson has brought together eight interesting and stimulating essays published at intervals during the last eighteen years. They are not of a technical character and were evidently prepared for a larger audience than one composed of professional historians. The first three essays, "The New History," "The History of History," and "The New Allies of History," are the most significant, for they deal specifically with the "new history" and with the logic of history. Just what Professor Robinson means by the "new history," it would not be easy to say. At one time, he evidently has in mind the recent advance made in criticism, in scientific skepticism and synthesis; at another, the movement to transform history into natural science, which found one of its earliest and most radical advocates in Buckle. His incorrect and disparaging remarks upon the present status of historical method are not likely to disturb those who are familiar with the facts; they may create false notions in the popular mind. It is inconceivable,

however, that a historian by profession should charge Leopold von Ranke with ignorance of the fundamental fact that a historical narrative must show the *evolution* of the subject treated! Nor is it quite scholarly to leave the public to infer that the synthesis of the modern historian is no better than that of most writers of text-books. Furthermore, it is not necessary to break a lance to-day in favor of a history which is something more than political history. That battle was won long ago. Let the skeptical examine any of the histories written in the last twenty years by French, English, German, or Italian historians who are recognized by their fellow historians as masters in certain fields of research. It is not necessary to name them, but what shall one think, having them in mind, when one reads Professor Robinson's exhortation to them "to become unreservedly historically minded," to avail themselves "of the genetic explanation of human experience," or his assertion that they are "as yet the least historical in [their] attitude and methods, of all those who to-day are so eagerly attempting to explain mankind"? And above all, what shall one say, having these distinguished and brilliant men in mind, to the libel—for it is nothing less—that "perhaps Buckle was right when he declared that the historians have been, on the whole, inferior in point of intellect to thinkers in other fields"?

What is the explanation of all this? It is simple enough. Professor Robinson evidently belongs to the school of Buckle and Lamprecht, who hold that there is only one logical way of organizing reality, namely, that of the natural sciences, and that the historian who has not yet learned to employ that method is quite as much a *retardé* as an astrologer or alchemist in the twentieth century and, consequently, a proper butt for every scientist who knows what is what. Scattered indications justify the inference that this is Professor Robinson's point of view. Nowhere, however, does he state the logical issue between history and natural science frankly and sharply, as it must be stated, if we are ever to put an end to this unfortunate and senseless misunderstanding. He believes, one would judge, that reality can be organized *only* through the aid of the abstract concepts of natural science. He does not believe that this same reality, looked upon from the point of view of an irrational universe, can be *synthesized as a unique, complex, evolving whole* and that this unique, complex, evolving whole is *something quite different logically* from the generalizations of natural science and serves to supplement them. The reader unacquainted with the recent developments in logic and metaphysics, with Windelband, Rickert, Xénopol, Lask, Grotenfelt, and Kistiakowski, with Eucken and Bergson, would be unaware that such a problem of the theory of knowledge had any existence and that the battle for the logic of history is really won.

The historian who is familiar with the history of the study of the logic of the irrational from Fichte to the present time, who has such good evidence in the writings of James, Eucken, and Bergson that the historical point of view is in a position as never before to contest the claim of natural science to a monopoly of all truth, is but little inclined to abandon his task because workmen in another field do not understand what he is about. Quite familiar with all the remarkable discoveries of natural science mentioned by Professor Robinson, the historian is fully conscious that his business cannot be to search for laws, but that it is quite as important as the business of the natural scientist, that it calls for quite as much intelligence and is being done quite as well.

Is it not high time to abandon the extremely unscientific and mediæval method of treating the historians of the "old" school that has long been current with natural scientists and their friends, the historians of the "new" school? The practice of imputing ignorance may prove a boomerang. If we look the facts in the face we shall probably discover that the long quarrel has been due to the mistaken belief that there is only one side to a shield. The truth would seem to be that past social data may be looked at from two different points of view and organized *exclusively* either as history or as sociology. The misunderstanding has been due to the assumption that all past social facts are historical facts and that sociology is the long-awaited science of history. Sociology is the *natural science of society* and traces its pedigree back not to history, but to psychology, physiology, zoölogy, botany, chemistry.

All reality may be observed from the point of view of the general, may be organized under the form of abstract concepts or laws. All that sociology has in common with history is that both deal with past social facts. *All past social facts are not history.* Only such past social facts as are necessary to the understanding of a complex, unique, evolving social whole are historical. For the sociologist, a past social fact is important in so far as it illustrates a law; for the historian, if the same fact is valuable, it is because it is an individual part of a larger, unique, and evolving, complex whole. The sociologist, for example, is interested in revolutions in general, in what they have in common, in the common causes and common results,—in a word, in what would be called the laws of revolution. The historian is interested in what is unique in each revolution, in the French, German, and Italian revolutions, in their individual characteristics. The ends are different, hence the methods employed are logically different.

In a word, historical science is not gradually being transformed into natural science. Logically, the two methods are as far apart as they were in the time of Thucydides and they will never get any nearer together.

History is written better to-day than in Thucydides's day, because our work is more conscious, more thorough, more critical, and because we have more than two thousand years of accumulated experience to draw upon. Nor has this change been due to the influence of the natural sciences, but rather to the awakening of the human mind, to the growth of the skeptical, critical spirit which produced both natural science and historical science. How much natural science existed in 1788 when Beaufort laid the foundation for the critical study of early Roman history, or in 1715 when DuFresnoy wrote his volume on historical method!

Finally, an examination, even a superficial examination, of the pages of the last volumes of the "Jahresberichte der Geschichtswissenschaften" will not give much encouragement to the believers in the "new history" who are looking for an early disappearance of the "old history" from the scientific stage. Never was historical study, "old style," in a more flourishing condition; never was the output of the historians of the "old school" larger in quantity or better in quality than at present; never did the old-time historians have a better understanding of what they are about and never did they feel so little inclination to abandon the field to those who have no comprehension of the logical significance and social value of their work.

FRED MORROW FLING.

The University of Nebraska.

Hail and Farewell. By George Moore. D. Appleton & Company.
New York. 1911. \$1.75 net.

This is the first of three volumes of George Moore's—we were about to say reminiscences, but a publisher's warning forbids the classification and sends us running, mole-like, "between the lines," where, we are assured, "a philosophy" awaits us. This is all very well, but when the only discernible principle of connection in the book before us seems to be that whatever George Moore remembers has a right to a place there, the reviewer has no choice but to be obstinate and to possess his soul in patience until the second volume reveals more clearly the latent philosophy.

There is no injustice done to the author in this, for his book is always interesting, always brilliant, and nearly always amusing; which is more than can be said for most philosophies, or most reminiscences for that matter. Whatever subjects he touches—and they are a heterogeneous array: Yeats and Dégas, the parish priest at Carnacun

and Siegfried Wagner, Catholicism and the Boer War, music, painting, the drama,—he has not got it in him to be dull. Not even when the subject is himself. This is frequently enough. "As I write I can see ourselves walking side by side, Edward's bluff and dogmatic shoulders contrasting with my own very agnostic shoulders." This is typical of his attitude throughout. However, George Moore is a fortunate exception to the rule that most men when they become an object of interest to themselves cease to be so to others.

But the main interest of the book is that it gives us a truly mischievous and intimate account of the "Irish Renaissance" from its beginnings, by one who was sufficiently external to it to appreciate the absurdities of the enthusiasts. Edward Martyn, the "dear Edward" who would fain be a dramatist if his religious temperament would let him; Yeats, "the subtle metaphysical mind" in the outward semblance of a raven; Gill, the editor striving to make his paper a voice for the æsthetic spirit of Ireland and dreaming of a café in Dublin "at the corner of Grafton Street and the Green,"—these may be types, as the author assures us, but it is much more amusing to regard them as victims of audacious personalities. With the others who have been prominent in the movement, such as Lady Gregory and Douglas Hyde, they cannot escape an eye so alert for the comic. But the weapon is never the fool's bladder. Let the following extract serve as an example of innumerable subtle touches. Yeats has been telling a story of "The Order of the Golden Door," a mysterious order which held weekly meetings in West Kensington. Moore catches only scraps of the conversation. "Up to the present the authority of a certain lady had saved him, but it was by no means sure that she would be able to protect him in the future; she had, indeed, incurred a good deal . . . I strained my ears, but Yeats's voice had floated up the chimney, and all I could hear was the sound of one hand passing over the other."

There are many delicious and almost incredible stories in these pages: such as of that time when Moore burst in upon a rehearsal of the "Countess Cathleen," at which Yeats was explaining his method of speaking verse to the actors, while a lady in a green cloak gave illustration of it on a psaltery. "I found Yeats behind some scenery in the act of explanation to the mummers, while the lady in the green cloak, seated on the ground, plucked the wires, muttering the line, 'Cover it up with a lonely tune'." No wonder that at such scenes "a man cries 'Great God!' and pales." Best of all, perhaps, is the account of the doings and the manner of life at Coole, in Sligo, where the leaders would, from time to time, foregather to create, to discuss plans, and to dream dreams. It was here that the wild proposition was made that

Yeats and Moore should collaborate to write "Diarmuid and Grania," and that the difficulties of language should be solved by having Moore first write the play in French. "Lady Gregory will translate your text into English. Taidgh O'Donoghue will translate the English text into Irish, and Lady Gregory will translate the Irish text back into English." Yeats was then to "put style upon it." Indeed, this is the kind of book that induces endless quotation, just as memory spins itself out on a "that reminds me of . . ." But there are limits, and generalizations must suffice.

George Moore is the returned emigrant. Having left Ballinrobe for the Place Pigalle, "Mayo for Montmartre," he returned only to find himself drawn into the literary and dramatic movement then beginning in Ireland. Understanding his country as only an Irishman can—a comprehension revealed in his own vivid recollections of his early life in the West—he came back with another vision possible only to the emigrant. And so he contemplates this Irish Renaissance, now with the eye of the stranger accustomed to "improved methods," now with the optimism of the native-born. Criticism and love, ridicule and pathos, here contend: a pretty situation for the Comic Spirit, which plays like summer lightning across this Irish landscape.

Some of his other books made one regret that George Moore had ever left Ireland; this one makes one glad that he left it—and came back.

CHARLES A. BENNETT.

Yale University.

The Religion of the Ancient Celts. By J. A. MacCulloch. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1911. \$4.00 net.

This is one of the best recent books on a Celtic subject, and by all odds the best that has yet appeared on the particular subject of which it treats. With this book and Gougaud's "Les Chrétientés Celtiques," which appeared last year, we have two of a trio of standard works on the subject of Celtic religion, to be completed only with the publication of a comprehensive rationale of the lingering beliefs and magical observances which are but the débris of the old pagan rites and practices of the widely scattered Celtic race.

The author has made his own the field of primitive religion and comparative folklore, and has brought into play in this, his most important, work all his previous researches in the mythical tales and other records

of the ancient Welsh and Irish, as well as the notices on the religion of the Celts in classical writers and inscriptions. Where these do not suffice, he has added painstaking interpretation and conservative hypothesis. It is one thing to perceive rites and formulas in ancient texts, but a much more difficult one to penetrate into the religious thought of the people among whom they were written.

Of the various chapters, those on the Mythological Cycle and the Gods of the Brythons are perhaps least satisfying, no doubt because the whole matter is dark and obscure, and the accounts of the first peopling of Ireland and the successive migrations and strifes of these early peoples and their gods are inextricably confused. The account of the Cuchulinn and Fionn cycles is succinct and remarkably well done. The same may be said of the page devoted to the story of the Holy Grail, which is described as "a fusion of the magic cauldron of Celtic paganism and the Sacred Chalice of Christianity, with the product made mystic and glorious in a most wonderful manner." The book is written in a charming style, which reaches its climax and becomes truly eloquent in the last and exceedingly interesting chapter containing a description of the Happy Otherworld of the pagan Celt.

The strongly pronounced religiosity of the Celts both in ancient and modern times has often been remarked. In such a vast subject as Celtic religion, in which on many points precise information is lacking, a good deal must be purely conjectural and there is plenty of room for theorizing. The author, "studying the subject rather from the anthropological point of view and in the light of modern folk survivals," is more than once at variance with the views of Sir John Rhys, the most prominent exponent of the so-called Mythological school, which sees sun-heroes and dawn-heroes, or light and dark divinities, in every incident mythological or not. In emphasizing the extravagance of this view, according to which whole cycles of stories are explained by a sun theory, Dr. MacCulloch is no doubt right. The whole matter of the personification of the natural forces to which the Celts paid worship is most obscure, and we shall probably never know just what the religion of the ancient Celts was, for if they ever had a systematic mythology, which does not seem at all likely, much of it is now forever lost.

It is a well-recognized principle in the study of religion that, in its lower strata, the religion of a people changes but little. Ernest Renan, in his essay on Celtic literature, remarked, "*On a souvent observé que la plupart des croyances populaires qui vivent encore dans nos différentes provinces sont d'origine celtique.*" The greatest advance in Dr. MacCulloch's book over its predecessors in this subject, is that

he has turned to account the material gathered by folklorists in the lands still or once occupied by people of Celtic speech. Much remains to be done in this direction, but the book before us gives many examples of the persistence in a Christian dress and coloring of a large number of pagan Celtic and even pre-Celtic cults.

For too long the Celts have been regarded as merely a race of fighters, revelling in bloodshed and slaughter or wallowing in Panta-gruelian feasts. This fascinating book serves to show the spirituality of the race, their love of nature, beauty, music, and valor, and will no doubt be welcomed not only by students of comparative religion and folklore but also by students of mediæval European literature, which owes so much of its spirituality and romance to the literature of the Celts.

JOSEPH DUNN.

The Catholic University, Washington.

The Musical Amateur: A Book on the Human Side of Music. By Robert Haven Schauffler. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1911. \$1.25 net.

"The Musical Amateur" is a collection of essays first published in the "Atlantic Monthly" and the "Outlook," but of close kinship in thought and knit with the thread of a purpose that would lose much of its cumulative effect were they read out of the logical order in which most of them are now placed.

They are written chiefly for and about that sometimes despised, often discouraged, usually bewildered struggler, the amateur of music. Abounding in practical suggestiveness, they do yet more for him than shed light on his way: they fire his old hope to a new and practicable ambition. And in so doing, they invest his lot with a dignity too often heretofore unrecognized in his own eyes. The author is a forceful illustration of his own statement that "enthusiasm is the very life and soul of the musician." None knows better than he that "the hardened amateur" does demand something more of life "than the power to play all the notes loud and clear"; and that something he offers in nearly every one of his enthusiastic pages. He has written them with a two-fold purpose: first, to arouse a musical enthusiasm that shall be willing to toil for its rewards; secondly, to point out those fields where the toil will bring good harvest. And the amateur who reads unstirred

must be hardened indeed. Even the least strenuous must admit the unfortunate truth of the author's statement that "there is no other thing of beauty on earth that men dally with more and think about less than music," and agree, intellectually at least, that "the sooner people discover that the musical world was never exempted from the primal curse—or blessing—of toil, the better."

Of the various chapters it would be difficult to choose the most valuable. There are suggestions to fit the need of many a groping amateur, and advice that the self-confident will be the better amateur for heeding. There are illuminating words concerning the art of listening; and the number of amateurs who are above the need of those words is deplorably small. In the chapter on "What the Amateur Escapes," the American will hail gratefully the plea for American musicianship, and also the insistence that the American musical temperament is a genuine and valuable national asset. Mr. Schauffler's discussion, in this connection, of the social ostracism of professional musicians in America will tempt some readers to add another to his list of reasons:—to wit, the practical trend of the American academic ideal, which encourages schools of art and of music as practical training schools rather than as centres of honored and essential forms of culture. It is safe to say that so far from honoring or desiring for himself that culture, the average American undergraduate is complacent over his lack. And his complacency is permitted by the makers of his university curriculum. The plea, therefore, of books like "The Musical Amateur" is of a national importance.

The book is delightful reading. It was written manifestly in the sort of high spirits that whistles at work. The style is alive with imagination; clear always; often brilliantly simple. There are so many flashes of original, thoroughly artistic self-expression that one has the right to expect more. Why, one wonders, does the author depend so much on quotation, after proving his ability to stand on his own literary feet? In some chapters the sentences that do not hold at least one fragment of time-honored, not to say time-worn, quotation, are in the minority. There is a tendency not only to use the stock quotation that inevitably springs to memory, but to play upon, even to pun upon it, with a joyous disrespect that sometimes exhilarates but as often irritates. There are phrases, too, that the conservative lover of English—and the creature exists—can approve only on patriotic grounds. But even he, if he be also a lover of effective literary expression, must enjoy the book as a whole.

MARIAN RICHARDS TORREY.

New Haven, Conn.

The Promised Land. By Mary Antin. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Boston. 1912. \$1.75 net.

Mary Antin's book will make a strong appeal to many kinds of people for many different reasons. To the student of social changes, it will be invaluable for the light it throws on the conditions which in Russia create, and in this country develop, the Russian Jew. To the lover of the curious and the picturesque, the earlier part of the book, with its portrayal of Jewish life "within the pale," will be full of rare bits of reading. Any American, as such, will perhaps feel a thrill of pride in the later chapters, where our democracy, with its schools and its courts and its parks and its libraries and its friendly great men, receives unstinted tribute from one who was ready and able to use the opportunities it was so ready to give. All these things are matter of deep interest. Any of them might occupy a reviewer with profit. Yet to some of us who have read "The Promised Land," the book seems significant, not only for these reasons, but most of all as an experiment in self-portrayal. We say experiment, not because there is anything experimental or tentative in the writer's attitude, but because experiments are meant to test or to illuminate theories, and that is just what this book does: it tests, or it illuminates, or it challenges, many of our theories about life.

A characteristic view which becomes more and more insistent through the last part of the book, is brought out vividly in a remarkable passage near the end: "This suggests to me a summary of my virtues, through the exercise of which I may be said to have attracted my good fortune. I find that I have always given nature a chance, I have used my opportunities, and have practised self-expression. So much my enemies will grant me; more than this my friends cannot claim for me." This, it will be seen, is distinctly the programme of the extreme individualist. Self-expression is undoubtedly the goal towards which all humanity is striving, but if it is accepted as the goal of the individual, without the check of social service, it is apt to swing off into a hard and ruthless egoism, the penalty of which is ultimate blunting of one's sense of the finer, indeed, of the ultimate values. The pitfall of the artistic temperament is egoism, and to the reader who follows this wonderful narrative of a courageous spirit, it is clear that the author has not wholly escaped its menace. It would, indeed, have been strange if she had. For it must be remembered that we have here not the mature record of a finished life, but of that part of it which, normally in every life, is most steeped in egoism, and which, in this case, was full of keen struggle against tremendous odds, where egoism was almost the necessary condition of self-preservation. And, finally, our critical impulse falters and

dies out as we realize that the very material it would seize upon has been given to us through the author's own unflinching honesty. If, then, we enter our protest against Mary Antin's individualistic programme, this is only in case she regards it as adequate for the life that is ahead of her as well as for that which is behind.

In a sense, it is the life that lies very far behind her that seems most to concern us. Probably the most satisfying part of the whole book is the first half, which deals with the author's life before she came to this country. She is right in saying that this part is infinitely removed from her present self, but she perhaps hardly realizes how this very remoteness gives her, in dealing with it, a touch that is wanting in the later parts of her story. She evidently regarded it chiefly as background, and this, indeed, it is. Yet to the reader it has a peculiarly delightful quality, and it is to these early chapters that he will turn when he picks up the book again after a first reading. For these early pages have the charm of the reminiscent manner.

Memory is an artist; it transmutes fact into truth, it interprets and universalizes. And so, where the later chapters of the book are, perhaps, a little raw and disappointing, the earlier ones are mellow and satisfying. And their final appeal will rest not upon the strangeness of their material, but upon the familiar human nature that underlies this. It is not because she was a little Jew, with an inheritance of curious and, to us, almost unintelligible traditions, but because she was a little, live child, that Mary Antin's story touches us so deeply. The little girl, making as best she could her test of the reality of God,—awed, baffled, goaded by a consciousness that no test could quite satisfy—this is not Jewish, but human. It might, in its essential features, have happened—indeed, it has happened—in New England as well as in Polotsk. It is a mood inevitable during the unfolding of the God-consciousness in certain kinds of human beings. Again, the child's sudden, illuminating sense of "knowing," of intimately possessing the secret of the Real, if only for a moment—what is this but the mystic experience, alike the world over?

In such bits as these—and the early chapters are full of them—the book makes its strongest and probably its most lasting appeal. Its more immediate appeal is probably strengthened by our sense that we are, in very truth, through her eyes, looking back into the middle ages. But nothing can endure whose charm is based on its mere strangeness; and the charm of this book, if it endures, will have another source: it will be because the writer, through her sincerity and sensitiveness, has been able to lead us back into the heart of a child.

ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE.

New Haven, Conn.

The Changing Chinese. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin. The Century Company. New York. 1911. \$2.40 net.

It may be justly claimed that this book is "the first up-to-date interpretation of the Chinese people" in the light of the young but well-established science of sociology. Equipped with a zeal for sociological studies and with keen powers of observation, Professor Ross has made good use of the information collected during his trip and from earlier writings. The few broad principles of social science laid down are so well supported by a wealth of facts, that the validity of the conclusions could hardly be denied.

At the very outset, the author places "China to the ranging eye" back in the Middle Ages, and the recognition of that fact alone explains a large number of conditions puzzling to the foreigner. To the average mind, perhaps, a densely populated European country minus the scientific discoveries and inventions of the nineteenth century would suggest a more concrete example to represent the physical condition of China. By far the most astounding conclusions in the whole book are found in the analysis of the "race fibre" and "race mind" of the Chinese. Professor Ross traces the source of their strength to the active operation of natural selection in contrast to the law of artificial selection generally adopted by western society; but as yet there is no authority ready to pronounce which form of selection should be advocated as the golden rule of eugenics.

"Under good conditions the white man can best the yellow man in turning off work. But under bad conditions the yellow man can best the white man because he can better endure spoiled food, poor clothing, foul air, noise, heat, dirt, discomfort, and microbes. . . . Reilly's endeavor to exclude Ah San from his labor market is not the case of a man dreading to pit himself on equal terms against a better man. Indeed, it is not quite so simple and selfish and narrow-minded as all that. It is a case of a man fitted to get the most out of good conditions refusing to yield his place to a working man able to withstand bad conditions." This is the explanation offered for Chinese exclusion, and indeed from this standpoint the yellow man can see a plausible justification. But on the other hand, "The Chinese are learning to play the game. I am told they are rapidly getting into their hands banking, coast-wise navigation, the cotton trade, and other branches by which the foreigners there make their money; indeed, some deem it only a matter of time when white men will be unable to make a living by trade on the Chinese coast, having been frozen out there as they are being frozen out in Japan."

From such an authoritative discussion of the physical and mental equipment of the Chinese people, the author turns to the economic and social problems which Chinese society has to face and solve. The operation of the Malthusian theory of arithmetical and geometrical progression has resulted in over-population and the keenest struggle for existence. Ancestor worship, the passion for posterity, universal and early marriages, deforestation, and extensive private graveyards are some of the chief causes that have led to the cheapening of life. The two great social evils, opium-smoking and foot-binding, have been well treated; the former is fighting a losing battle in the face of an awakened national conscience; but against the latter little headway can be made without a general uplifting of Chinese women through education and religion. Normally, the daughter does not get her share of education until after her brother's is assured, and so women in China through lack of education, and on account of their innate conservative tendencies, oppose radical changes. If one could only collect the statistics for the instances of domestic unrest in the families of returned students of the early Seventies, who tried to convince their wives of the folly of binding their daughters' feet, the author would better appreciate the fierceness of the battle waged against deeply rooted customs.

The book closes with a brief treatment of the advance of the new education, and discusses the overwhelming obstacles that are to be removed. Recent developments tend to support materially some of the broad observations made; and the amount of blood already shed for the sake of a republic versus a limited constitutional monarchy is clear evidence of the pithy saying, "Change the ideas of the Chinese and their policy will change." This interpretation of the Chinese people at a time when they are undergoing so remarkable a transformation, is a most valuable acquisition for all people interested in eastern affairs. To the foreigner it gives a broader perspective of Oriental life; to the Chinese it clearly indicates the vast economic, social, educational, and religious problems which must be intelligently faced and solved. The Chinaman does not object to having all his scars painted, but he does resent having them placed on his back when they are on his face. He may well acknowledge most gratefully the inestimable service that this volume with its many illuminating suggestions is likely to render to his people. Moreover, the entertaining style, the vivid description, and above all the wonderful eliminating and coördinating powers of the author in getting down to the heart of things, all make it fascinating as well as thought-provoking reading.

YUNSIANG TSAO.

Harvard University.

- Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint.* By Ray M. McConnell. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.75 net.
- The Criminal and the Community.* By James Devon. John Lane Company. New York. 1912. \$1.75 net.

The main point of resemblance between these two books is in their agreement that the present method of dealing with the criminal is all wrong. In most other respects they are as diametrically opposite as two good books on the same subject well could be. Dr. McConnell approaches his topic from the psychological and theoretical point of view, and finds that the theory of responsibility upon which punishment has been based historically, is untenable in the light of modern science; Dr. Devon looks upon criminology as a matter of practical, common-sense procedure, and finds that modern methods of treating the offender are bad because they do not work, and because they do at least as much harm as good.

In "Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint," the author considers first the question of the aim of punishment, taking up in turn the five great principles which have had wide acceptance—expiation, retribution, deterrence, reformation, and social utility,—and reviewing in a thorough and scholarly way the arguments on both sides of each theory. This portion of the book shows extensive reading, and the main criticism of it is that undue emphasis is laid on some of the arguments in favor of punishment for expiation and retribution, which are considered of little importance by modern penologists.

There follows a protracted discussion of the question of free-will, in which Dr. McConnell gives his adherence unreservedly to the doctrine of determinism, believing that modern science has completely done away with anything which corresponds to the old doctrine of freedom in volition. In what sense, then, is the criminal responsible for his acts? Certainly not in the old sense that he could have helped them, but only to the extent that they are determined by his character, and, through changes in his character, may be amended. The duty of society is therefore twofold—to correct the envioning conditions which impel to crime, and to improve the character of the individual in such a way that his reactions will be towards good rather than evil. Thus the aim and justification of punishment is the protection and welfare of society, and society has the right to inflict upon the individual any form of suffering which is calculated to secure this result through the reformation of his character. The criminal is an abnormal member of society, and his condition is pathological. He needs to be treated on the same principles as any other sick man. The author is firmly persuaded that the normal man wills to do good, and concludes his

book in a burst of optimism, voiced in the sentence, "Normal man simply cannot do evil, because he cannot act contrary to his character, which has been made for righteousness."

This part of the book is marked by much repetition and prolixity; reiteration seems to take the place of proof, in what is perhaps unprovable to the ordinary reader. For while the book may be satisfactory to the psychologists, it leaves the layman almost where he was before, unable to harmonize the absence of free-will with the presence of "self-control" and with the ability of the individual to "shape his life in accordance with a single central purpose." The practical sociologist is still convinced of the necessity of assuming something which at least takes the place of free-will in his treatment of the criminal. In fact, it is significant that in the author's brief discussion of practical procedures, he suggests practically nothing that is new. Finally, the optimism of the author leaves the reader decidedly pessimistic; for if the normal man cannot do evil, then he may as well be ruled out of the discussion, and society must be regarded as composed entirely of individuals more or less abnormal. There is no one who has not done, and does not do, evil. All that we can hope for is that the less abnormal will do a little better for the more abnormal than the latter could do for themselves.

It is easy to imagine the scorn with which the author of "The Criminal and the Community" would read the aforementioned book—if, indeed, he would ever take the trouble to read it at all. Dr. Devon's experience of many years, as medical officer of the prison at Glasgow, has imbued him with a profound contempt for the work of the theoretic penologists, and the scientific criminologists, and the criminal anthropologists, all of whose books he consigns to the rubbish heap. To him, the criminal is not an abnormal specimen of humanity; he is a man very much like the rest of us, only one whose circumstances of life have been too much for him, or one upon whom the aleatory element has played a shabby trick. "All kinds of people break the law. . . . Prisoners differ as much from one another as people who are law-abiding. . . . The whole science of criminology is illustrated by the composite photographs published gravely as contributions; for a composite is a photograph of nobody at all."

Dr. Devon first takes up the study of crime in relation to heredity, insanity, drink, poverty, social conditions, sex, etc., and finds that in almost all these respects there is an interplay and interchange of cause and effect, which makes it impossible to lay down any hard and fixed principles or laws. Each criminal must be studied as an individual,—not in the unnatural atmosphere of a prison, and not in his physical characters alone, but in his native environment, and in

the social surroundings which are habitual to him. To treat the crime you must know the man. The latter part of the book is devoted to a description and criticism of the modern methods of treating criminals, with special reference to Scotland. The author finds these methods for the most part irrational, ineffective, and wasteful. He likens them to quack remedies, "for the essence of quackery is the belief that what is good for one person is good for every other." He believes that a large share of crime could be avoided if the attention and expense which are now devoted to punishment could be turned to removing the conditions which lead to crime. Particularly does he regard congestion in cities as a leading cause of crime.

The principal specific improvements advocated by Dr. Devon in practical procedure are the extension of probation with adequate and rational supervision, and the employment of guardians for criminals in the manner now employed in the case of insane persons, in order to remove them from the demoralizing atmosphere of institutions. The book is written in a delightfully piquant vein, and the temptation to quote pungent sentences is almost irresistible. If at times the language borders on flippancy, it is redeemed by a spirit of wholesome human sympathy which breathes through the book from cover to cover.

Different as these two books are, it is a hopeful sign that the matter of punishment is being thoughtfully approached from such diverse angles, and there is ground for the belief that out of much discussion and study there may finally emerge a more scientific, effective, and at the same time humane method of dealing with the erring members of society.

HENRY P. FAIRCHILD.

Yale University.

A History of Creeds and Confessions of Faith, in Christendom and Beyond. By William A. Curtis. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1911. \$4.00 net.

This work will prove more valuable to the general reader than indispensable to the specialist. As a work of reference it will not take the place of Schaff's "Creeds of Christendom," although it covers, in a less complete way, a broader field. Nor does it undertake a thorough-going historico-philosophical discussion of the development of Christian dogma, such as one finds in works like Harnack's "Dogmengeschichte." And yet the educated layman who is interested in the history of the social expression of religious faith and reflection, and who would trace its development in close touch with the various

sources, will find this volume by Professor Curtis of Aberdeen better adapted to his purposes than either of the earlier works mentioned.

The book presents in the opening chapters a brief survey of creeds and confessions of faith,—first, beyond the pale of Judaism and Christianity—(especially in Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and modern Hinduism); then in Hebrew religion, both in the Old Testament and throughout later Jewish history; and finally, in the New Testament and in the ancient Christian Church. The confessions of the various branches of modern Christendom are then described, with extended quotations from the most important of the more than one hundred and fifty historical documents noticed. One finds treated here not only the Greek and Oriental, the Roman, and the older Protestant Churches, but such recent movements as the Salvation Army, Christian Science, and Mormonism.

The closing chapters contain a discussion of the "significance and rationale of creeds and confessions, of the problems connected with their modification and their subscription, and of the outlook in regard to them." A valuable feature is the series of historical and theological tables with which the book closes.

D. C. MACINTOSH.

Yale University.

Essentials of Poetry. By William A. Neilson, Professor of English in Harvard University. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$1.25 net.

In this book Professor Neilson makes no attempt at a definition of poetry, still less would he give us an infallible recipe for producing it. "A final definition of poetry," he says, "is not to be expected, now or at any future time." His main thesis is that poetry "is not simple, but a compound of various elements"; and that a study of those elements, their proportions and relations, will put literary criticism, especially literary historical criticism, on a sounder basis. The major part of his book is devoted to the relations of Romanticism, Classicism, and Realism, and an attempt to bring order out of the present confusion regarding the use of these terms.

Starting from Bacon's threefold division of the faculties of the rational soul, the author finds three essential ingredients of poetry: imagination, reason, and "the sense of fact." All three of these must be present, in varying degrees of course but to some extent, in all poetry. "The *absence* of any one of them is fatal in a way which cannot be maintained of . . . other subsidiary factors." These three phases

of the intellect, Professor Neilson believes, explain our division of poetry into Romantic, Classic, and Realistic groups. "Romanticism is the tendency characterized by the predominance of imagination over reason and the sense of fact. Classicism is the tendency characterized by the predominance of reason over imagination and the sense of fact. Realism is the tendency characterized by the predominance of the sense of fact over imagination and reason." In each case it is simply a question of predominance; all three faculties are present. "The presence of all three, balanced and coöperating, will be found to characterize those works which a consensus of opinion places in the first rank," just as the greatest masterpieces are usually conceded to partake of all three schools instead of belonging to one.

The work as a whole is well-written, timely, and stimulating. Nevertheless we can by no means accept the author's conclusions *in toto*. He may be groping towards a threefold division which is valid; but we do not believe that the Romantic and Classical branches of that division are adequately represented by the terms "imagination" and "reason." We are confirmed in this belief by the author's selections and omissions in the field of literary history. He has arbitrarily based his discussion on literary periods where his theory applies well, and arbitrarily ignored other great periods where his theory applies very imperfectly. He has confessedly slurred over the French and German Romantic movements, if not the greatest at least the most characteristic Romantic movements in modern Europe, admitting that his theory may seem "especially inadequate" for these movements, unless we revolutionize existing definitions and conceptions regarding them. He has almost wholly ignored the great Athenian drama, although the major part of that drama represents *the* great Classic period according to general belief and his own admission. It is easy to prove the predominance of reason over imagination in Pope; it is not so easy to prove it for the "Antigone," the "Prometheus Bound," or that ideal model for all Classicists, ancient or modern, the "Ædipus King." In such poetry, imagination may listen to reason; but it listens as a king to a councillor, not as a servant to a master.

The author recognizes in modern Romanticism three dominant notes, mediævalism, subjectivity, and "the return to nature." We agree with him that the first belongs mainly under the imagination. But subjectivity seems to us a restriction of the imagination to certain points of view, not an excess of it. The difference between "Manfred" and "Sampson Agonistes" is not that "Manfred" has more imagination, but that its imagination can look at life through only a single window. At this point the author violates a fundamental principle of logic. He differentiates subjectivity from reason and hence from Classicism because "my

reason . . . is everybody's reason . . . my imagination is my own." But by reason here (page 66) he means formal logic, whereas the reason he discusses in connection with Classicism is defined on pages 100-101 as something that "does not include formal syllogistic argument," and extends "far beyond the logician's use." In other words, he is arbitrarily changing the meaning of terms in his syllogisms. The author's reasoning for identifying the "return to nature" with an excess of imagination simmers down to the following sentence: "We perceive first that a chief element in it is that very subjectivity . . . which has already been discussed." If the author's reasoning regarding subjectivity is unsound, then his corollary is unsound also.

In using the word "reason" to denote the dominant force in Classicism, Professor Neilson himself says: "We must extend it far beyond the logician's use. It includes the power of calculating proportions, of perceiving the relevant and the fit, of preserving harmony, of adapting means to ends, of ordering and arranging and selecting detail." In other words, Professor Neilson's "reason" is not what we usually mean by the word. More than that, it is not even primarily an intellectual faculty. The Classicist can give no more logical reason for liking the symmetry of the Parthenon than the Romanticist can give for liking the irregularities of the Cathedral of Chartres. Professor Neilson says of these two buildings: "The one satisfies through a sense of perfect achievement; the other inspires through a sense of infinite striving." That is a very true observation; but it is no more logical to perfect the attainable than to grasp glorious fragments of an unattainable whole. The difference between Romanticism and Classicism is not one simply of intellectual faculties; it goes down to the inmost recesses of our being.

However, whether we agree with the author or not, no one can read his book without developing new ideas, even if he develops some of them as antitoxins. Even if the main thesis be rejected, the volume is a storehouse of intelligent and valuable literary comment.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

Yale University.

Saint Francis of Assisi: A Biography. By Johannes Jørgensen.

Translated from the Danish with the author's sanction by T. O'Connor Sloane. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1912. \$3.00.

Saint Francis of Assisi occupies an extraordinary place in the roll of mediæval saints. Not only does he receive his full measure of devotion from Catholics, but also among Protestants he enjoys a

popularity so great that he has recently been described as "the Protestant Saint." Much of this fascination is due, no doubt, to his possession of the qualities which gave him a place among those whom the Church especially delights to honor; but it must also be attributed in no slight degree to causes considerably remote from those which led to his canonization. The naïve charm of the "Fioretti," the delight of "nature-loving" ladies in his sermons to the birds and the fishes, his effect upon Italian art, his possession of virtues particularly stressed by Protestantism—these and other more or less extraneous matters have had their real share in the awakening of widespread interest.

Valuable as this popular enthusiasm is, it has its unfortunate side. There is grave danger that "everybody's Saint Francis" may become nobody's Saint Francis, the hero of a new legend, a character having little resemblance to the first of the Friars Minor. The work of such men as Sabatier and Thode has been of inestimable value to all students of Saint Francis's life and work, but it has contributed largely to this unfortunate development. Finding in him so much to admire, such men have sought to discover other qualities essential to their ideal, and—the wish being father to the thought—have spoken of him as "unconsciously Protestant" and as "the first Protestant hero."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Whatever the difficulties in his path, Saint Francis was always wholly loyal to the Roman See; by precept and example he taught his followers to respect the prerogatives of the humblest priest. Throughout his life he was especially devoted to the Sacrament of the Altar. If he taught the importance of virtues sadly neglected by the clergy and laity of his time, he did so because these virtues are an integral part of the Catholic ideal.

It is just here that the great value of this new biography lies. Being himself entirely in accord with Saint Francis's point of view, M. Jörgensen is able to present it with a sympathy and an understanding much more perfect than could be expected from men who regard it as mistaken. He sees his hero as he was, not as he might have been. If the resulting portrait be less generally attractive, it is at any rate a portrait, and as such deserves the special commendation it has received from the Roman Pontiff. If people prefer Spagnoletto to Giotto, it is not Giotto who suffers.

This, however, does not exhaust M. Jörgensen's qualifications as a biographer. A pupil of Georg Brandes, a student of literature and science, he had already displayed considerable ability in various forms of belles lettres. His previous books won the approval of Danish critics for their matter and for their style. The earlier ones are, however, amazingly different from this, the latest; for the personality of the author has undergone a sea-change. In the course of his travels

in Southern Europe, he wrote two books which show him learning to admire and then to love the life and the creed he had despised. The dilettante became a devotee. The life which was published in 1907 is the product of the same forces as the life which was lived seven centuries before.

From this fact it is easy to infer the attitude of the author towards one of the vexed problems of Franciscan biography—the miraculous element. As Sabatier said long ago, the credibility of miraculous stories is not a matter of history but of philosophy. The value of evidence is primarily determined by the presuppositions with which one approaches it. Not that M. Jørgensen has failed to weigh the evidence—far from it. Only the special student of the Franciscan legend can fairly estimate the value of the exhaustive analysis of sources fortunately relegated to an appendix. If the general student does not always agree with the author's conclusions, he must at least admire the learning which they disclose.

To say that this is the best biography of Saint Francis to be had in English does not imply, however, that it is flawless. A comparison with the French and German versions suggests that the translation, while on the whole adequate, is not free from inaccuracies, and not seldom below the original in phrase and diction. One feels, too, that the author occasionally loses his sense for relative values, and that he has hardly succeeded in giving his portrait real unity. Here, as so often, the character is obscured by the characteristics. Doesn't it, perhaps, take a saint to understand a saint? The ideal biography may some day appear. Until then, the English reader who demands an ordered narrative may well be content with this; but the lover of Saint Francis will continue to read and re-read the perennially fascinating "Fioretti," the "Speculum," and the lives by Thomas of Celano.

W. H. DURHAM.

Suggestion and Psychotherapy. By George W. Jacoby, M.D. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.50 net.

To the making of books on subjects appealing to the popular and practical interest there is no assignable limit. It is well that a new claimant should present not alone adequate, but distinctive credentials. Dr. Jacoby's book will have no difficulty in establishing a worthy place among its associates in the field of mental therapy; for on the shelves devoted to the history, theory, and practice of mental influence in health and in disease it will find strange fellows—the strong and the

weak, side by side. The subject stands close to superstition past and present, and portrays the "will to believe" in familiar and exotic varieties; while the rescue work of modern science has been carried on against the double odds of uncritical credulity and cavalierly treatment. "Anyone who thinks he is ill when he is not ill, is very ill indeed," observed a shrewd practitioner. "Hence thinking makes you well or ill," nimbly concludes the Christian Scientist; and drugs take their efficacy not from chemistry or physiology but from psychology alone. The middle ground is ample to support many cults and practices, advocating diverse systems and panaceas, and contending in rival confusion. Yet within the debated area lies the realm of sanity; nor is it a bare neutral ground, far from the madding crowds that surge at the frontiers, but an engaging territory, with a climate of its own conducive to health of body and mind. Dr. Jacoby's purpose is to guide the reader to this delectable land, and *en route* to describe the outlying regions, and to discourse upon the difficulties of the steps by which it has been opened to present-day occupation.

It is the conception of the plan, rather than its execution, that invites criticism; or, if the latter, it is the perspective of its component features. The scientific groundwork upon which the curative action depends must indeed be set forth, and the illustration of such principles in concrete historical embodiment has a value as well as an interest. Yet all this has been done so often that it is hardly worth while doing it again in preparation of the positive contribution of the book, which is confined to the last one-hundred pages.

The distinctive method of psychotherapy is suggestion, and the real problem is to develop its efficiency. That at once encounters the point of resistance, which is the patient, or rather the disordered relation of his mental economy. The treatment of such disorder by psychic procedure implies diagnosis of the trouble as a psychic impediment. Hypnosis is the most direct and drastic demolition of its defenses, and may prove the indispensable precedent to further overtures and the final restoration of amicable relations between the warring factors of a disordered nature. It has the disadvantage that the appeal is made to a handicapped self, while the suggestive enforcement, resorting to diplomacy and subterfuge to undermine resistance and prevent its interference, though more gradual in its efforts, carries with it the restored and more normally recuperating will. The third distinctive procedure is associated with the name of Freud, and traces the origin of psychic impediment to a specific disaster or suppressed yet nagging disturbance of the mental peace. By discovering the source of this clandestine invasion, by bringing it distinctly to consciousness, there is

brought about the relief of confession and the assurance that the evil has been exorcised. Since men and their troubles are of all sorts and conditions, and women yet more so, methods must keep pace with the complications of the armament that seems to be fashioned as an inevitable by-product of complexity. The liability to psychic impediment is the price paid for the susceptibilities of the intricate life. Simple people leading the simple life will be served by simple remedies, administered by simple practitioners.

Dr. Jacoby judges the value of these several procedures soberly. He sets forth the limitations of the cathartic treatment as well as of the hypnotic, and emphasizes the importance of subordinating method to cases. Clinical experience matures a wisdom of its own; but knowledge of psychology has wonderfully refined and shrewdly directed the probing of the wound. Psychotherapy is a delicate instrument and invades delicate tissues; its dangers are manifold. The simplification of treatment imposed by Christian Science is a stultification. The blinking, day-blind owl may be chosen as the symbol of our imperfect wisdom, but hardly the ostrich. It is not by ignoring but by recognizing the true nature of mind and its vicissitudes that insight is to be gained. Psychology without a body is as disqualified as psychology without a soul.

Psychology, as well as psychotherapy, is complex, because the mind is not a reasoning organ primarily, but a willing and feeling organism. Desire dominates reason; the still small voice of ideals must be given artificial precedence above the insistent cries of nature. There would be no need of refinement of laboratory and analysis, if the mental life were simply reflected in an introspective view; and psychotherapy would find its occupation gone if impairments carried in their symptoms the adequate diagnosis of their source. Recent progress has been marked. The emergence from a superstitious or helpless attitude towards mental ills is fairly complete. The road upon which we travel is a well-marked highway. We realize its artificial nature, as well as its conditioning by natural contours. The physician has permanently added to his equipment a psychological touch and grasp; he treats patients as well as diseases. Books of this order serve a useful purpose in disseminating a right attitude towards a complex subject on the part of the intelligent laity.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

The University of Wisconsin.

BOOKS RECEIVED

IN ADDITION TO THOSE REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

- The Works of John M. Synge.* John W. Luce & Co. Boston. 1912.
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John W. Luce & Co. Boston. 1912. \$1.50 net.
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Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$0.75 net.
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Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.50 net.
- English Lyrical Poetry.* By Edward Bliss Reed. Yale University
Press. New Haven. 1912. \$2.25 net.
- The Land of Lost Music, and Other Poems.* By Robert Munger. Dodd,
Mead & Co. New York. 1912. \$1.25 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE

- A Great Russian Realist (Feodor Dostoevsky).* By J. A. T. Lloyd.
John Lane Co. New York. 1912. \$8.50 net.
- An Anglo-Saxon Abbot: Aelfric of Eynsham.* By S. Harvey Gem.
Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.50.
- Recollections of Guy de Maupassant by his Valet François.* Translated
by Mina Round. John Lane Co. New York. 1912. \$8.00 net.
- Shelley and his Friends in Italy.* By Helen Rossetti Angeli. Bren-
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- The World's Leaders Series.* New Volumes: *The World's Leading
Painters.* By George B. Rose. *The World's Leading Poets.* By
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- Fifty Years of Prison Service: An Autobiography.* By Zebulon Reed
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- Carola Woerishoffer.* Her Life and Work. Class of 1907 of Bryn
Mawr College. 1912.
- Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris.* By John Joseph Conway.
John Lane Co. New York. 1912. \$8.50 net.

HISTORY

- Correspondence of William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts and Military Commander in America, 1731-1760.* By Charles Henry Lincoln. The Macmillan Co. New York. 1912. 2 volumes. \$5.00.
- Christopher Columbus and the New World of his Discovery.* By Filson Young. Third Edition. Henry Holt & Co. New York. 1912. \$2.50.
- The Science of History and the Hope of Mankind.* By Benoy-Kumar Sarkar. Longmans, Green & Co. New York. 1912. \$0.90 net.
- Social France at the time of Philip Augustus.* By Achille Luchaire. Translated by Edward Benjamin Krehbiel. Henry Holt & Co. New York. 1912. \$8.00 net.
- Causes and Effects in American History.* By Edwin W. Morse. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.25 net.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

- The Meaning of God in Human Experience.* By William Ernest Hocking. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1912. \$8.00 net.
- Main Currents of Modern Thought: A Study of the Spiritual and Intellectual Movements of the Present Day.* By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by Meyrick Booth. T. Fisher Unwin. London. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$4.00 net.
- Founders of Modern Psychology.* By G. Stanley Hall. D. Appleton & Co. New York. 1912. \$2.50 net.
- From Religion to Philosophy: A Study in the Origin of Western Speculation.* By Francis MacDonald Cornford. Longmans, Green & Co. New York. 1912. \$8.00 net.
- Revelation and its Record.* By William W. Guth. Sherman, French & Co. Boston. 1912. \$1.25 net.
- Spiritual Culture and Social Service.* By Charles S. MacFarland. Fleming H. Revell Co. New York. 1912. \$1.00 net.
- The International Critical Commentary.* New Volume. *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, and Jonah.* By Hinckley G. Mitchell, John Merlin, Porvis Smith, Julius A. Brewer. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$8.00 net.
- Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt.* By James Henry Breasted. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.50.
- Was Christ Divine?* By William W. Kinsley. Sherman, French & Co. Boston. 1912. \$1.00 net.
- Faith and the New Testament.* By A. W. F. Blunt. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$0.80 net.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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- The Religion of Israel under the Kingdom.* By Adam C. Welch. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$8.00 net.
- Christianity and the Labor Movement.* By William Monroe Balch. Sherman, French & Co. Boston. 1912. \$1.00 net.
- Christ Among the Cattle.* By Frederic Rowland Marvin. Sherman, French & Co. Boston. 1912. \$0.60 net.
- History of Christian Thought Since Kant.* By Edward Caldwell Moore. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$0.75 net.
- Primitive Christianity and Early Criticisms.* By A. S. Garretson. Sherman, French & Co. Boston. 1912. \$1.50 net.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

- Examples of Industrial Education.* By Frank Mitchell Leavitt. Ginn & Co. Boston. 1912. \$1.25 net.
- Changing America: Studies in Contemporary Society.* By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Co. New York. 1912. \$1.20 net.
- The Work of Wall Street: An account of the Functions, Methods and History of the New York Money and Stock Markets.* By Sereno S. Pratt. D. Appleton & Co. New York. 1912. \$1.75 net.
- Railway Economics: A Collective Catalogue of Books in Fourteen American Libraries.* Prepared by the Bureau of Railway Economics. The University of Chicago Press. Chicago. 1912. \$3.28.
- The International Mind.* By Nicholas Murray Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$0.75 net.
- Railroad Finance.* By Frederick A. Cleveland and Fred Wilbur Powell. D. Appleton & Co. New York. 1912. \$2.50 net.
- The Delinquent Child and the Home.* By Sophonisba P. Breckinridge and Edith Abbott. Charities Publication Committee. New York. 1912. \$2.00.
- Youth and the Race.* By Edgar James Swift. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.50 net.
- Majority Rule and the Judiciary.* By William L. Ransom. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$0.60 net.

EDUCATION

- The Normal Child and Primary Education.* By Arnold L. Gesell and Beatrice Chandler Gesell. Ginn & Co. Boston. 1912. \$1.25.
- Marcus Tullius Cicero: Seven Orations with Selections from the Letters, De Senectute, and Sallust's Bellum Catilinae.* Edited by Walter B. Gunnison and Walter S. Harley. Silver, Burdett & Co. Boston. 1912. \$1.25 net.

- A History of American Literature.* By William B. Cairns. Oxford University Press. New York. 1912.
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- Commercial and Industrial Geography.* By Albert Galloway Keller and Avard Longley Bishop. Ginn & Co. Boston. 1912. \$1.00.
- The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature.* New Volumes:
Life in the Medieval University. By Robert S. Rait. *Ancient Assyria.* By C. H. W. Johns. *Methodism.* By H. B. Workman. *A History of Civilization in Palestine.* By R. A. S. Macalister. *Goethe and the Twentieth Century.* By J. G. Robertson. *Spiders.* By Cecil Warburton. *Rocks and their Origins.* By Grenville A. J. Cole. *The Ballad in Literature.* By T. F. Henderson. *The Origin of Earthquakes.* By Charles Davison. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1912. \$0.40 net each.
- Home University Library.* New Volumes: *Reconstruction and Union: 1865-1912.* By Paul Leland Haworth. *Psychology: The Study of Behaviour.* By William McDougall. *The Principals of Physiology.* By John Gray McKendrick. *Matter and Energy.* By Frederick Soddy. *English Sects: A History of Nonconformity.* By W. B. Selbie. *English Literature: Medieval.* By W. P. Ker. *The English Language.* By Logan Pearsall. *Buddhism: A Study of the Buddhist Norm.* By Mrs. Rhys Davids. Henry Holt & Co. New York. 1912. \$0.50 net each.
- Masterpieces of the English Drama Series: Webster and Tourneur.* With Introduction by Ashley H. Thorndike. *Christopher Marlowe.* With Introduction by William Lyon Phelps. *Beaumont and Fletcher.* Edited by Felix E. Schelling. American Book Co. New York. \$0.70 net each.

SCIENCE

- Social Life in the Insect World.* By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. The Century Co. New York. 1912. \$8.00 net.
- Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America.* By Frank M. Chapman. Revised Edition. D. Appleton & Co. New York. 1912. \$8.50 net.
- Gas-Engine Principles.* By Roger B. Whitman. D. Appleton & Co. New York. 1912. \$1.50 net.
- The Energy System of Matter: A Deduction from Terrestrial Energy Phenomena.* By James Weir. Longmans, Green & Co. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.

YALE REVIEW

NEW SERIES

Vol. II

JANUARY, 1913

No. 2

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE TARIFF

By HENRY C. EMERY

APPARENTLY the Democrats will have complete control of all branches of the government after the fourth of March. The position in the Senate is still somewhat uncertain and might be changed by death or resignation in the meantime. It is certainly to be hoped, however, that they will have a working majority in that body, since after two sweeping victories in 1910 and 1912 it is obvious that a large plurality of the people desire to see their policies enacted. And in view of the situation, many who voted against them desire to give them complete control in order to hold them to full responsibility.

Under such circumstances, it would appear at first glance that a prompt settlement of the tariff question should be a very easy matter for them. In the first place, the leaders of the Democratic Party are on record as stating that they do not need to wait for any elaborate investigation into industrial facts and have no need of reports of a non-partisan commission. The reason for this conclusion is that they do not propose to legislate according to the principle of protection, and therefore do not require a great collection of data on cost of production or on relative home and foreign prices. In the reports of the Ways and Means Committee accompanying various bills which were passed at the last

session, it was asserted with all positiveness that, so far as possible, the principle of protection had been completely discarded, and that the bills were framed purely with the idea of raising revenue. It is the conviction of the writer that, where it is proposed to levy import duties on many hundreds of different articles, even for the purpose of revenue only, a careful and unbiassed investigation into costs and prices is just as necessary for wise action as it would be if such duties were to be levied for the purpose of combining protection with revenue. This is no time to discuss such a question, however, and it is certain that the opinion is held widely, especially among legislators themselves, that a successful tariff for revenue can be devised in a very short space of time.

In the second place, the record of the Democratic Party in the last two years would indicate that prompt action should be easy for them. Various bills reducing the tariff were put through the House of Representatives with great rapidity in the extra session of 1911, and the same practice was followed in the regular session of 1911-12. On some of these bills it is true that a few members of the Ways and Means Committee worked arduously; but when their work was done, and they were satisfied with the rate proposed, the matter was ended. No hearings were given to the interested parties on either side. The bills were adopted as Democratic policy by a Democratic caucus. This means that when the majority of the Ways and Means Committee (and in most cases Mr. Underwood might be defined as such majority) was ready with a bill, it was first submitted to a caucus of the Democratic members of the House; and any changes which were to be made at all, which occurred rarely, were adopted there. Every member of the majority caucus was then committed to the rates as determined at that meeting. It is safe to say that in many instances a large number of the members of the caucus did not even read the bills which they voted to support. There was no discussion of

the bills in the full Ways and Means Committee, and the minority members of that body had no opportunity to be heard. Although a certain number of hours were assigned for debate in each case in the House, the debate was merely *pro forma* for the purpose of allowing each party to go on record as to its opinion of the bill. There was never the slightest chance of any amendment being adopted as a result of such debate, since the bill had already been determined upon *in toto* by the caucus.

Prompt action in the Senate was almost as easy. The regular Republican organization had lost its control of that body although it was nominally a Republican Senate. On tariff matters, with few exceptions, the insurgent Republicans acted with the Democrats, and any question of amendment was almost always merely a question of substituting one complete bill for another of a very different character. The old rule of full debate was no longer maintained, and early dates were fixed on which the final vote on a bill should be taken. Under these circumstances, it was relatively simple to pass as many bills as the leaders might desire, and send them promptly to President Taft for his signature.

The policy of the Democratic Party was declared in the extra session of the summer of 1911, and the leaders were generally disinclined to admit that the bills of that session were not entirely satisfactory in every detail, or should be altered for any reason. In view of this record, which in many ways is to be admired for the display of legislative and political efficiency on the part of Democratic leaders and especially Mr. Underwood, it would seem as if we might expect practically immediate action at the first session of the new Congress, and that the Wool, Cotton, and Steel Bills, and perhaps various others might be properly passed without debate, signed, and thus enacted within the first fortnight. Since the Democratic leaders were ready to send these bills repeatedly to President Taft as often as he vetoed them, one might suppose that they would be sent as

promptly to a Democratic President for his signature. But here is the rub. It is much easier to get men to vote without any consideration or debate on bills which they know cannot become laws than on bills which are likely to be enacted. One reason why the bills which were vetoed by the President were passed so easily through both Houses was the certainty that they would be vetoed. It is significant that certain bills, regarding which there was no doubt as to whether the President would sign them, did not reach him.

In all this tariff making, not only were many votes cast by men who did not think it worth while to give any serious consideration to the question; but not infrequently men voted for measures which they believed would be injurious to the general welfare, because of the certainty that they could not pass. Both parties participated equally in voting of this character. In the House, for instance, Representative Hill of Connecticut introduced a radical cotton bill which in the case of a great variety of cotton manufactures provided for decidedly lower rates than those of the Underwood bill. He was able to get the full vote of the Republican minority for this measure, although if there had been the slightest chance of its being adopted, it is hardly credible that the Republican minority would have been unanimous in its favor. On the other hand, it was impossible to get a single Democratic vote to substitute this bill for the Democratic measure, in spite of the fact that in many items its rates were lower.

In the Senate the condition was chaotic. Bills which the House Republicans voted for almost unanimously were the very bills which were sure to be bitterly opposed by the Republican regulars in the Senate. Their desire was to prevent any radical legislation. Their policy was to join with the Democrats in voting down any amendments for substitution of bills introduced by insurgent Senators, which were more moderate than those that had come over from the House; and thereby allow bills to be passed by a combina-

tion of Democrats and insurgents which they knew to be of such a nature that the President would be forced to veto them. In the meantime, the Democrats and a number of the insurgents in the Senate greatly enjoyed the popular game known as "putting Taft in a hole."

In some ways, the most logical attitude was taken by certain insurgents in the House, conspicuous among whom was Mr. Lenroot of Wisconsin, who loyally supported the revision measures of the House Republicans which, in the cases of cotton and wool, provided for very radical reduction; but when these were voted down, supported the Democratic bills on the ground that the one thing needful was a reduction of the schedule. The situation may be fairly summed up by saying that on both sides it was not a matter of legislating for "protection only" or for "revenue only," but rather for "politics only."

The situation had been complicated by the calling of the extra session in April of 1911 to pass the President's reciprocity agreement with Canada. The Democratic majority was promptly and efficiently organized, and felt in duty bound, in view of the election pledges, to proceed immediately to the revision of certain schedules. In the meantime, the Tariff Board was at work and had proceeded on the assumption that it should report on Schedule K in September. In the Act providing for a permanent Tariff Board, which failed of passage at the last minute at the close of the regular session in March, 1911, was a clause instructing them to report at that date, and they had taken this clause as being indicative of the desire of Congress. The Democratic leaders, however, felt that, an extra session of Congress having once been called, they could not properly wait for the reports of the Tariff Board, but must establish their policy promptly. On the other hand, it was impossible for the Board to furnish data to the Ways and Means Committee at this time, although it was both their own desire and that of the President that they should be of all assistance

possible to a Ways and Means Committee, whether Democratic or Republican. Their agents were scattered over various parts of the world, and the detailed reports from mills in this country were only just beginning to come in.

It may be granted for the sake of argument that in this session the Democrats set out in all sincerity to secure genuine tariff revision. They claimed that a dreadful burden was being borne by the consumer and should be removed at once; that the President was not justified in asking for a delay of three months in order to get further information. The President vetoed the Wool Bill of 1911 solely on the ground that, in view of the fact that a great and expensive investigation was under way by a non-partisan body which would be able to report in ninety days, he was not justified, under his pledges, in giving his sanction to legislation the effects of which neither he nor the Ways and Means Committee could possibly foretell. The probability of vetoes on the part of the President was doubtless also responsible for certain other extraordinary bills which were passed at this extra session, especially such as the Chemical Bill and the Free List Bill, which were so carelessly worded and so full of illogical features that the most charitable view to take towards their framers is that it was not worth while to spend any serious care or study on bills which they did not expect to become laws.

Whatever may be said of the extra session, it is certainly difficult to acquit the Democrats in Congress (or for that matter, the Republicans) of playing pure politics in the regular session which began in December, 1911. If the Democrats were thoroughly sincere in their desire to reduce the tariff for the benefit of the consumer, they must have greatly regretted the President's vetoes which prevented the kind of reduction they had provided. It would take a very naïve person to believe that they really did regret these vetoes, or that they wished to pass bills reducing the tariff which the President could conscientiously sign. This is not meant in

condemnation of such a policy, since the game of politics is intricate and needs must be played in certain ways. It might be claimed that it was better to prevent legislation at this time in order to make sure of a complete Democratic victory later, and so secure the certain and complete relief of the consumer from the burdens which were supposed to be imposed upon him by the tariff. It will hardly be denied, however, that the Democrats were much more anxious to keep the problem of revision a vital issue in the campaign than to relieve the consumer for the time being; and in view of this they can hardly be credited with full sincerity in having expressed such horror as they did at the President's suggestion of a three months' delay in order to secure full and detailed information before attempting to legislate.

There is not space here to give detailed illustrations of the purely political character of the bills introduced during 1912. A good example would be that of the rates on tops and yarns as compared with those on raw wool and cloth in the Compromise Wool Bill. When taken in relation to the rates of both the House and Senate Bills as passed in 1911 and 1912, they were obviously a blunder due to haste or accident. But in 1912 they allowed the same rates to stand rather than make any acknowledgment of previous mistakes. The essential thing being not to secure correct rates but to make the position of the Republican President as unpopular as possible, it was necessary to send the bill to him in the identical form in which he had vetoed it before. On the other hand, it is again to be noted that bills regarding which there was a possibility that the President might sign them, somehow did not get to him for signature. The cotton bill which was vetoed in the summer of 1911, whatever its own character, was rendered impossible by having attached to it as an amendment a revision of the chemical schedule drawn so carelessly and unintelligently as to become a laughing-stock even among the Democrats themselves, thus affording the President a happy opportunity to show the danger of

hasty and thoughtless tariff legislation. In the regular session, the Ways and Means Committee worked diligently on the chemical schedule, and a new Democratic measure was prepared which, whatever may be said regarding its rates, was carefully worked out, and differed in almost every detail from the previous Democratic measure which had been sent to the President for his signature. Neither this bill, it is worth observing, nor the independent cotton bill got to the President for his signature.

In the meantime, the President's position, although so widely misunderstood by the people at large, was perfectly clear to those who were familiar with the situation. He took his stand distinctly on two points. First, that machinery had been provided for a careful inquiry into the conditions of each great industry, here and abroad; that if the Tariff Board were properly supported, regular and frequent reports could be counted upon to furnish information both to Congress as a basis for legislation and to himself as a guide to the probable effects of such legislation and his consequent duty in the matter of approving or disapproving such bills as might be presented to him; further, that he believed that the welfare of the public would be much more surely served by waiting for the results of such investigations, even if a slight delay was involved, rather than by hasty legislation, the full results of which no man could predict. Secondly, he stood on his pledges as a moderate protectionist committed to a revision of the tariff which should remove all excesses, while at the same time maintaining the principle of protection as expressed in the declaration that duties should be levied in such a way as to offset the difference in cost of production here and abroad.

On these two points he remained firm and consistent from the first to the last. Despite all the criticism which has been directed against him because of his tariff policy, he looms up unquestionably as the most sincere worker for moderate and yet genuine tariff reform in public life. He was most

anxious to secure a real revision of the tariff during his administration, but he was willing to face, again and again, misunderstanding and hostility rather than be a party either to legislation for political purposes or to approve reckless and hasty measures in view of his pledges regarding protection to American industry. To him it made no difference whether bills were passed by a Republican Congress or by a Democratic Congress so long as they were bills which he could conscientiously approve. He was anxious to meet the Democrats as frankly as possible, and sincerely hoped that they might succeed in framing a careful and thorough revision of the textile schedules, based on the report of the Tariff Board. In his second message on the Wool Bill, he expressed this clearly and forcibly:

I am very much disappointed that such a bill is a second time presented to me. I have inferred from the speeches made in both the House and the Senate that the members of the majority in both Houses are deeply impressed with the necessity of reducing the tariff under the present Act on wool and woollens; that they do not propose to stand on the question of the amount of reduction or to insist that it must be enough necessarily to satisfy the principle of tariff for revenue only, but that they are willing to accept a substantial reduction in the present rates in order that the people might be relieved from the possibility of oppressive prices due to excessive rates. I strongly desire to reduce duties, provided only the protection system be maintained, and that industries now established be not destroyed. It now appears from the Tariff Board's report, and from bills which have been introduced into the House and the Senate, that a bill may be drawn so as to be within the requirements of protection and still offer a reduction of 20 per cent on most wool and of from 20 per cent to 50 per cent on cloths. I can not act upon the assumption that the controlling majority in either House will refuse to pass a bill of this kind, if in fact it accomplishes so substantial a reduction, merely because members of the opposing party and the Executive unite in its approval. I, therefore, urge upon Congress that it do not adjourn without taking advantage of the plain opportunity thus substantially to reduce unnecessary existing duties. I appeal to Congress to reconsider the measure, which I now return, without my approval, and to adopt a substitute therefor making substantial reductions below the rates of the present Act, which the Tariff

Board shows possible, without destroying any established industry or throwing any wage earners out of employment, and which I will promptly approve.

It may be urged, however, that the Democrats were entirely correct in standing by their convictions as to the extent of tariff revision and in not compromising with the President, even if such a compromise would have accomplished a genuine reduction, but a reduction smaller than that which they deemed necessary. Certainly no impartial observer could quarrel with such a position if they stood consistently by the theory that their only concern in tariff legislation was to raise revenue, and that they were entirely unconcerned with the problem of protection to established industries. This, however, raises a new dilemma for them.

What is exactly the Democratic purpose regarding tariff legislation? In their platform and in many speeches by leaders of the party it is asserted that the principle of tariff for revenue is the only principle which they recognize. On the other hand, Governor Wilson and Mr. Underwood, as well as various other leaders, have asserted vigorously that legitimate business need have no fear from Democratic tariff revision. While they intend to bring a blessed and great relief to the consumer, they are not going to injure producers in any such way as to threaten the general prosperity of the manufacturing class.

It is perhaps somewhat unfair to hold political leaders too closely to their pre-election statements, but this question needs some analysis. In the past there have been movements for tariff reform which aimed at removing the many excesses and inconsistencies of the existing tariff, while furnishing fair and adequate protection to all established industries. Such has been the attitude of the President and of many Republican business men. The present demand for tariff reform, however, is not of this nature. It is primarily a result of the high cost of living. The reason why people chose the Democratic method of tariff reform rather than

the Republican in the recent elections is because they had been convinced that the tariff was largely responsible for this high cost of living; that under Democratic rule prices would be greatly reduced and the consumer relieved of an oppressive burden which he is now forced to bear. Democratic speakers everywhere held out this hope; the public now looks to that party to make good its pledges and to bring the prices of the necessities of life down to their former level. This can be done by no half-way measures. It will take very great reductions of the tariff to make any appreciable effect upon the price paid for food and clothing by the consumer. Can this great cut in prices be effected without bringing injury to the members of the producing class, even though we limit the term to those who are engaged in what is vaguely called "legitimate business"?

The reason why this is held to be possible by so many people is that the assumption is constantly being made that most of the articles of daily use are controlled by great trusts who fix prices at an exorbitant point, leaving a wide and unjustifiable margin between the cost of production and the selling price; and furthermore that this is made possible because of a prohibitive tariff. In other words, the assumption is, that tariff revision will reduce the price of necessities but only at the expense of the swollen profits of monopoly. It is quite possible that a few articles could be found regarding which this would be the actual situation, but it certainly is not the actual situation in most instances. In the case of most staple goods of immediate consumption, such as food and wearing apparel, in which the consumer is chiefly interested, competitive prices do prevail at the present time. There are doubtless certain specialties in which there is little competition and where the producer is able to maintain a most lucrative margin between his cost of production and his selling price; but compared with the great mass of things which we eat and wear, these are relatively few. Whether the domestic cost of production is higher, lower, or practi-

cally the same as the foreign cost (and instances of all three may be easily found), it may safely be said that, in the case of the majority of goods which enter into the consumption of people of moderate means, competition is active and manufacturers' prices in normal times are kept down pretty close to the domestic cost of production point.

Under these circumstances will a sweeping reduction in prices for the benefit of the consumer be possible together with the maintenance of present wages and of a "reasonable rate of profit" or with the maintenance of profits at all? The question, however, is not so much as to the effect of a fall in prices on profits as it is whether such tariff legislation *as we are likely to get* will bring about any genuine relief to the consumer by means of lower prices.

No one can understand the tariff question at all without first recognizing that much of what is said on this subject is pure "buncombe." The importance of the tariff either for good or for evil is greatly exaggerated on both sides. For a long time it seemed to be possible for certain politicians and manufacturers to fool the public with the idea that any lowering of the tariff whatsoever was fraught with menace and almost sure to bring about hard times, unemployment, and starvation. As has been stated frequently by the Democratic press in the recent campaign, this kind of talk is no longer believed and the public are not frightened by absurd exaggerations of this nature. But talk quite as foolish as this has been constantly heard on the other side, and for the moment the public seems to be in the mood to believe this other exaggeration without reserve. Politicians tell them that most of their difficulties in making both ends meet come from the exorbitant tariff which robs them right and left, and that they will have no trouble in meeting the butcher's bill and the baker's bill when this tariff has once been revised according to Democratic principles.

The truth is that a reduction of the tariff will in some cases reduce prices and in some cases it will not. That is, the

effect of the tariff on prices is a question of fact and not of theory. Each separate case must be examined on its own merits. Furthermore, in the case of some particular commodity a reduction of 25 per cent might have no effect at all on its price, while a reduction of 85 per cent on the same commodity might have a marked effect if the greater reduction were necessary to admit foreign goods into the American market. It is all a question on the one hand of the ability of the home producer to meet the demands for domestic consumption, and on the other hand of the relative cost of production here and abroad. For example, to remove the duty from raw sugar would unquestionably reduce the price to the consumer by nearly the whole amount of the duty, however disastrous to the domestic grower; but to remove the duty from Indian corn would not affect the price to the consumer at all. Between these two extremes many instances can be found, including a goodly number of textile fabrics, where a reduction of, say, 25 per cent of the present duty would have no effect on the price of the article to the purchaser, because even then foreign goods could not be imported; while a reduction of, say, 50 per cent would open the American market to large quantities of foreign goods and effect a corresponding reduction of price.

In any case the relation between the three factors, (a) the tariff, (b) the manufacturer's price, (c) the consumer's price, is much more complex than has been commonly recognized. For example, it has been shown in the reports of the Tariff Board that a large number of cotton goods sell at as low a price at the mill in this country as at the mill in England, but that, on the other hand, the consumer pays a higher price here than in England. The reason for this cannot be found in the tariff, since the goods themselves could not be purchased more cheaply there than here. It is to be found in the costly system of distribution which prevails in this country, and the wider margin of price between the different groups of middlemen.

In the case of certain other classes of cotton goods (where the domestic cost is higher), it might easily happen that a reduction of the tariff which would enable such goods to be purchased by the jobber a cent or two cheaper a yard (and in many cases this would be a dangerous reduction to the manufacturer), would have no effect on the consumer, since under the system of "set prices" in the retail trade such differences as these are likely to accrue only to the middlemen in the process of getting the goods from the producer to the consumer. The same thing is true of ready-made woollen clothing. There are certain fixed retail prices for ready-made suits and the profit of the cloth manufacturer is usually a very small percentage of this total. Even a very decided cut in the tariff might not reduce the price of the cloth in a suit of clothes by more than fifty or seventy-five cents; and with our system of distribution it is very probable that under such circumstances an eighteen-dollar suit of clothes would still sell for eighteen dollars rather than for seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents.

For these reasons care should be taken by everybody to distinguish between real reduction of the tariff and nominal or "fake" reduction of the tariff. It is quite possible for either political party to make a popular play by means of nominal reduction which affects nobody either injuriously or beneficially, while appearing on paper to be a radical change. Take, for instance, the case of goods which can be produced in this country as cheaply as they can be produced abroad, and which are produced here under such conditions of active competition that manufacturers' prices are held down closely to the cost of production point. It will be found that these goods are sold as cheaply here as they are in other nations, and that frequently the American producer sells them in competition with his foreign rival both in the latter's own market and in the neutral markets of the world. A duty of, say, 50 per cent *ad valorem* on articles of this nature would seem to be entirely unjustifiable. To reduce this duty or to take it off altogether would, however,

be of practically no benefit to the consumer, since the jobber could not buy the goods any cheaper abroad than he is already buying them from the home manufacturer. This would be what I call apparent revision rather than real revision. It is a revision, to be sure, which ought to be made according to every canon of logic or common sense. Under the conditions as described, however, the reduction of the duty, although it would look well on paper, and would make strong appeal to the consumer, would not directly benefit him in his purchasing capacity.

The same thing is, of course, true regarding articles which are produced in this country at a higher cost than abroad, but on which the duty is several times greater than the difference in the cost of production. This is the situation, for instance, regarding many kinds of woollen goods. It may be that a net protection of 50 per cent is just sufficient to shut out foreign competition and to leave the home market to the home manufacturers under conditions of competition. In such a case prices would be about 50 per cent higher in this country than abroad, representing an actual difference in cost of production. If now the duty is found to be 100 per cent, a reduction in the duty of one-half would sound like a great concession to the consumer, but if the 50 per cent duty was still prohibitory, the consumer would really gain nothing by it. The only way in which the consumer could receive a marked benefit would be by reducing the duty well below 50 per cent and allowing a large number of foreign products to come in at lower prices. If, however, domestic competition in this industry has brought prices down close to the cost of production point, such a relief to the consumer must inevitably be at the expense of the producer. To put it in general terms, it may be said that where prices are competitive in the domestic field and goods are sold by manufacturers at a small margin above the cost of production, no reduction of the tariff will be of substantial benefit to the consumer unless it be sufficient to substitute a large quantity of lower price foreign

goods for the higher price domestic goods, and if the conditions of competition assumed do actually exist, as they do in many fields, the benefit to the consumer is purchased by an injury to the producer.

The true free trader frankly recognizes this and justifies it. He is not frightened by the argument that removal of the tariff will mean giving up the production of many commodities in this country and substituting for the home products a cheaper foreign product. That, to him, is just the advantage of the whole arrangement. He argues that we should not attempt to produce those articles which can be produced more cheaply abroad.

Despite the continuous claim made by the Democratic Party in its platforms that the whole principle of protection is unjust and unconstitutional, in practice they have not at any time adopted a strict free-trade policy, and there is no likelihood that they will do so in the next four years. It is a little difficult to state adequately what their position is. Naturally, in pre-election pledges they are obliged to blow hot and blow cold, to promise great relief to the consumer, but to assure the producer that he need not be afraid that profitable business cannot be conducted under the tariff which they intend to adopt. One thing, however, must be clearly recognized: the new party in power must choose between two policies. First, if it considers the only thing needed to be an immediate and substantial relief of the consumer, it must of necessity adopt a very radical policy of sweeping reduction. In all probability a reduction adequate to accomplish this result will have a somewhat disastrous effect for the time being at least on many branches of industry. Or, secondly, it may decide that more important than the relief of the consumer for the time being is the maintenance of stable business conditions. The party will then proceed cautiously by means of revision looking towards a much lower tariff in the future, to be accomplished by gradual stages. In this case, however, it must frankly face the fact that the relief of the consumer will be far below

the hopes which have been held up to the public, and is likely to be so imperceptible as to cause a serious feeling of disappointment.

One difficulty with the effort to secure a reduction of the tariff which, while being genuine, will not go to the whole length of free trade nor cripple large established industries, is the absence of any definite principle on which to act. The famous declaration of the Republican platform of 1908 regarding the difference in cost of production here and abroad was an attempt to arrive at some such clean-cut principle, and when moderately interpreted, I believe this to be a feasible and practical principle for a policy of moderate protectionism.

On the other hand, the Democrats theoretically set up the principle of tariff for revenue only; but since this principle logically carried out would entirely disregard the effect of the tariff on domestic industry, a new interpretation of it has been advanced under the name of the "competitive tariff." In an able speech, reprinted in the Democratic campaign text-book, Mr. Underwood says that the Republican "cost of production" principle means a prohibitive tariff, while his "competitive tariff" means "a tariff that allows sufficient imports of every product made in the United States to be imported from abroad to bring about fair and honest competition." He is quite correct in saying that the theory of difference in cost of production, as interpreted by the extreme protectionists of the Senate or by the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, means practically a prohibitive tariff. But this is not the way the principle is interpreted by President Taft and the sincere tariff reformers of the Republican Party. They wish to establish rates which will merely offset any disadvantages under which the domestic producer labors, and will guarantee him a chance at that "fair competition" of which Mr. Underwood speaks. If this new proposition of the Democrats is logically lived up to, it will involve inevitably a consideration of the problem of cost of production, and will

differ more in terminology than in principle from the policy advocated by the moderate wing of the Republicans. Probably there would be some difference of degree, due partly to temperament. That is, while in substantial agreement on the object to be achieved, in case of a doubtful question the President might be inclined to lean slightly to one side and Mr. Underwood slightly to the other.

However, call the principle that of "difference in cost of production" or that of "competitive tariff," it is in either case inadequate in itself as a guide to action. I believe that a clear-cut principle can be laid down for legislation of this character, and that it should be carefully kept in mind by those legislating according to Democratic principles, and should also be added to the protectionist doctrine of the difference in cost of production. The problem is the complex one of raising revenue by import duties on a large number of goods, to be levied in such a way as to throw no unfair burden upon the consumer, while at the same time recognizing the facts of business as they are, and preventing if possible the destruction of any important industry. The free-trade principle recognizes the consumer alone and would sacrifice any industry to give him even slight relief. The stand-pat protectionist theory is exactly the opposite: it recognizes the producer alone, and would not refuse adequate protection to any branch of an industry, no matter how much the consumer is forced to pay. A saner method, which could be worked out in detail, would be to balance the relative advantages on the basis of, first, the extent to which prices are raised by the tariff, and, secondly, the amount of capital and labor which is thereby maintained in that industry and which would have to seek employment elsewhere if the tariff were removed.

If investigation should show in the case of a certain line of products that the tariff maintained prices at a level of, say, 50 per cent higher than the prices paid abroad, serving to maintain only a small industry, let the action be radical, in the confidence that the relief to the consuming public will

be greater than the loss incurred by this group of producers. Where, on the other hand, investigation shows that a given tariff only increases the price of certain articles by, say, 10 per cent above the foreign level, but that its removal might result in disaster to a great industry employing hundreds of thousands of laborers, action should be conservative, in the confidence that the benefit to the consumer from a removal of the tariff would be more than offset by the danger of throwing a large quantity of capital and labor out of employment. Obviously, however, the attempt to apply any such principle as this would require arduous, careful, and detailed study of the situation in each industry.

The above considerations suggest also another complication which will have to be faced by the new party in power. This is the question whether revision should be a general revision of the tariff in a single Act or a revision "schedule by schedule." This latter phrase has become very popular in recent years and seems to have been widely supported by members of both parties. Its supporters, however, have seldom fully recognized the difficulties which are involved. It is admirably suited to tariff "pruning" where the principle of protection has been established, where the existing law is fairly satisfactory, and the aim is only to remove discrepancies and excesses, or to modify rates which have proved in practice to work unsatisfactorily. Where, however, a new party comes into power with an entirely different principle of tariff legislation which is opposed *in toto* to the rates of the existing law, the method of general revision in a single Act seems more logical. Under the latter conditions, one advantage of "schedule by schedule" revision would be that as fast as the House had passed on one schedule the bill could go to the Senate and be under consideration there while the House was taking up the next stage of reform. The main argument which has been advanced for revision by schedules is that under such methods the "interests" do not combine to make a common fight in favor of high rates.

The difficulty of "schedule by schedule" revision lies, of

course, in the fact that the schedules are all tied up together. The interests of the wool manufacturer are affected not only by the rates on wool and manufactures of wool which are included in Schedule K, but by the duties in the chemical schedule, the iron and steel schedule, the cotton schedule, and others. The question as to what the effect on his business of the rates in his own schedule will be cannot be determined separately without knowing what the rates in the other schedules are going to be. To take a single illustration which might be multiplied a hundred fold without difficulty, suppose the proposition is to revise the duties on leather and manufactures of leather, and it is proposed to reduce the duty on saddlery to a certain point. At once the problem arises whether this is fair in view of the fact that the saddlery manufacturer has to use certain import articles which pay very high rates under other schedules. Thus he may be paying over 100 per cent on saddle cloth imported under Schedule K. To offset this, it may be proposed to reduce the duty under the woollen schedule. The question now arises how far such reduction can be carried fairly, in view of the fact that the manufacturers of many articles under Schedule K use imported machinery on which they pay 45 per cent duty. The question of the reduction of the duty on machinery then involves the question of the rates which are being paid by the manufacturers of machinery on raw materials, and so the problem goes in a continuous circle. These complexities cannot be disregarded and they involve again a large amount of detailed study. In legislation which aims to revise completely the tariff on the basis of a new principle, it would seem that they could be more successfully handled by the preparation of a single tariff bill.

In summarizing all of the foregoing, it may be said that, whereas it is easy to pass bills hastily which are not likely to go into effect, or which are based merely upon some general theory of taxation, it is a very difficult task to make a complete revision of the tariff which will give some promise

of endurance and stand the test of experience. Such revision involves tremendous labor. The problem is one of detail and not of theory. The complexities are such that no satisfactory solution can be reached without searching inquiry into the facts regarding each article under each schedule of the tariff, and the interrelations of all the schedules among themselves. Furthermore, the consuming public is bound to be greatly disappointed in the results of tariff revision on the high cost of living. On one or two articles the consumer may get relief at once, but on those commodities which make up the bulk of his monthly purchases no important relief of a marked nature is possible. Such relief can only come from a reduction much more radical than the Democratic Party is likely to make.

What has been said above has been said in no spirit of hostility to the Democratic Party and with no desire to see it fail in its endeavors. There are two classes who are waiting eagerly for Democratic failure in this field: first, the politicians of the Republican Party who naturally wish to have the Democratic Party prove itself incompetent as a quicker means of their own return to power; secondly, certain highly protected interests who have long had the upper hand in our tariff legislation and who hope that the results of Democratic legislation will be so disastrous that a sweeping reversal of public opinion will not only put the party out of power, but will put the extreme protectionist back in his former stronghold and stop the movement for tariff revision for a dozen years to come. I certainly do not share this feeling myself in any degree. The great mass of the business men of the country in both parties probably wish a settlement of the tariff question on some sane and practical line, whichever party may gain the credit for it.

Since revision of the tariff according to Democratic principles is a certainty, the country is to be congratulated that it is to be carried out by such leaders as Governor Wilson and Mr. Underwood. Governor Wilson is not a man who

is likely to minimize the complexity of the problem or the importance of considering the welfare of all classes of the community. He knows too well that successful legislation depends more upon knowledge of the facts than on any economic theory. Mr. Underwood knows by long experience that the tariff problem is not a simple one, but is a problem of vast detail. Although probably not so familiar as yet with all these details as two or three Republican veterans of the Ways and Means Committee who have been on the majority side in tariff making for a good many years, he is a hard worker and a conscientious legislator. Of cool judgment and independent courage, he will have the problem of controlling a huge majority made up of many heterogeneous elements and with widely conflicting views on every particular tariff rate, although harmonious in uniting on a vague party platform. His brilliant record as a parliamentary leader in the last few years is a good augury for his mastery of the situation.

I am one of those who believe firmly that no satisfactory or equitable settlement of the tariff question can be made without a far more detailed and impartial study of all the facts regarding each industry than can ever be made in a short time by the busy members of a Ways and Means Committee. If I am proved wrong in this, and a satisfactory solution of the problem can be made within the coming year, I shall be glad and not sorry.

Governor Wilson and Mr. Underwood have a great task before them, but even they cannot solve the age-long problem of securing at one and the same time high prices to the producer and low prices to the consumer. In proportion, however, as they recognize the limits of the possible and dare face the clamor of the disappointed, they may find some solution through which, by mutual concessions on the part of both producer and consumer, an adjustment may be made which both sides will recognize as fair and equitable. May wisdom be given to their councils and power to their hands.

THE "TRADITION" OF GREEK LITERATURE

By GILBERT MURRAY

THE object of us Greek scholars is to find out all we can about ancient Greece and—still more important—to understand what we find. For the first part of this work we have various instruments. The inscribed stones, immense in numbers, which happen to have weathered the ages and come down to us in a legible condition. The surface of the earth and sea in Greek regions, which naturally has changed far less than the human institutions. The inscribed coins, which, by all kinds of strange fates, have been neither decomposed nor melted, but have turned up still more or less decipherable and charged with history. The fragments of papyri, preserved by the accident of the Egyptian climate and other chances, which give us bits of letters and of books which may have been handled, if not by Plato, at least by Callimachus or Didymus or Mark Antony. Lastly, the customs and rites and ways of life of various races of mankind still existing in a savage or primitive state, which throw light on the condition from which the Greeks emerged as they became Greeks, and which enable us to understand vast masses of ancient myth and custom which seemed meaningless before. One could enumerate other instruments too. But the fact remains that by far the greatest part of our knowledge of the ancient Greeks comes from the books which they wrote, and which have come down to us by a long process of handing-on from generation to generation: *traditio* is the Latin word, *paradosis* the Greek. That is to say: The books which we now possess are those which, for one reason or another, have been constantly copied and re-copied, and never allowed quietly to pass on to the natural end of books and men. It is not only that they

were always considered worth reading by somebody; it is that somebody was always willing to take the great trouble of writing them out again. That process is the literary "tradition," and it is that that I propose to discuss in the present paper.

I will first make some general comments on the characteristics of the literary tradition, as compared with our other sources of knowledge. I will then consider the main defects in the tradition as a process: I mean, the question how far the things that are preserved are preserved accurately; and lastly, the defects in the content of the tradition, that is: what important classes of books are not preserved at all, and for what reason.

First, then, the general characteristics. Obviously the literary tradition, where it exists, is much fuller, more intelligible, more explanatory, than our other sources of knowledge. This is almost too obvious to dwell upon. At the very beginning of Hicks's inscriptions you find the bases of the pillars of the temple at Ephesus inscribed *βασιλεὺς Κροῖσος ἀνέθηκεν*: and how interesting it is! But, without Herodotus, not only could the inscription never have been read; without Herodotus, it would not have been in the least interesting if it had been read. *Βασιλεὺς Κροῖσος* would have been nothing to us. Think again of the condition of our Cretan remains unaccompanied by literature. How rich they are, and how enigmatical! A story is there waiting to be told, but there is—so far at least—no literature to tell it. Think how all our knowledge would be trebled if Dr. Evans unearthed for us the feeblest fragment of a Minoan historian.

It is as a rule literature that explains; consequently it is to a large extent literature that gives interest. This however is not a question of literature as against archæology; it is merely a question of art against that which is not art. The Hermes of Praxiteles does not wait for a literary text to explain or illuminate him. It is he who explains and

illuminates an otherwise quite uninteresting text in Pausanias. But, in the main, as compared with the great mass of archæological evidence, the literary remains are what we call art—that indescribable thing which aims at stirring our interest and sense of beauty. And this brings me to the second characteristic of literary tradition.

It is what we, in our rather stupid phraseology, call "idealized." In Greek it is occupied with the *kalon* rather more than the *anankaion*, with what you aspire to do rather than what you have got to do. Of course there are degrees. In the higher poetry, as in the higher art, *to kalon* has things all its own way. And the same in most philosophy. Whatever historical conclusions can be drawn from the "Agamemnon" or the "Symposium," it is quite clear that Æschylus and Plato were not chiefly concerned in depicting contemporary facts. They were chiefly concerned with thinking and expressing the highest thoughts in their power. Whereas the man who inscribed the Erechtheum accounts was mainly concerned with getting the figures right—and did not bother about *to kalon* except for cutting his letters well.

What of history? According to some conceptions of history, *to anankaion* would be absolutely paramount. "The task of history is to investigate how things happened," according to Ranke's dictum. But, as a matter of fact, I do not see how there can be any doubt that the works of all ancient historians—Thucydides as much as any—are works of art. *To kalon* has an enormous sway over their minds. I do not wish to raise the question whether the search for beauty and the search for truth are irreconcilable, either ultimately or in ordinary practice. Thucydides, the most accurate and scientific of ancient historians, probably possesses also the most terrible emotional and artistic power. But I do suggest strongly that in all ancient literary history there is a great deal of selection and idealization, a striving for *to kalon*, which removes it from the sphere of mere

recorded fact. Do you want an example—a gross example? Take the fact that almost all ancient historians, in their finished work, refuse to give documents and speeches in the authentic words, but re-write them deliberately in a way that will harmonize with the style and tenor of their own work.

Our ancient literature, then, gives on the whole far more of the *kalon* than the *anankaion*. That makes the record a little one-sided, and explains the extraordinary interest which we tend to take in those few books that belong to the other tendency, which are not lofty, not idealized, and have the touch of common life in them. That is why we are interested in the tract of the Old Oligarch on “The Constitution of Athens” and his remarks about the lodginghouse-keeper’s vote and the cabman’s vote. It is why we revel in the fragments of familiar history that can be extracted from Aristophanes (though Aristophanes cared little enough for *to anankaion*; he pursued *to kalon* like any other artist, only his *kalon* took the comic form). It is why we accept with gratitude even such a child of the mud as Herondas. These things help to complete our historical knowledge, and to make it alive. On the other hand, the fact always remains that they are valuable not for themselves, but only *allou heneka*, for the sake of something else; for the sake, ultimately, of that very selected and idealized literature against which they are in conscious revolt.

These two qualities, the full and explanatory character of the literary tradition and its pursuit of *to kalon*, must be set against one clear inferiority which belongs to it as compared with archæological evidence. It is richer but it is less trustworthy. Coins and even inscriptions can be forged; but where you do get a contemporary inscription or coin, the information which it gives you is final. Even in points of language it is the same. Most of our knowledge of Attic forms comes from the manuscripts and the grammarians; but they are not final authorities. If they tell us to write

Troizên and all the contemporary stones write *Trozên*, we know that the matter is settled. *Trozên* must be right.

So much for the general characteristics of the literature as against the other evidence. Let us now consider how far the *paradosis*, or *traditio*, of the literature, has been an accurate process. We can consider first the comparative soundness or corruptness of our manuscript texts in the matter of mere wording, and secondly the larger changes of form which belong to what is called the higher criticism.

As to the corruption of manuscripts, one important fact has come out clearly during the last twenty years. It is that on the whole the handing-on of our classical texts from Alexandrian times to the present has been astonishingly exact. I am referring here to verbal accuracy, to accuracy in transmitting the actual *grammata* or written signs from manuscript to manuscript down to the twelfth or thirteenth century. The evidence is in the papyri and ostraka and a few fragments of very ancient manuscripts or palimpsests. Let us take instances. Our oldest regular manuscript of Plato was written in the year 895 A. D., say 1250 years after Plato's death. In 1891 Flinders Petrie discovered a large papyrus fragment of the "Phaedo," which was written in the third century B. C.,—very likely in the lifetime of people who had seen Plato. Here was a test case for the accuracy of the *paradosis*. The papyrus might well have shown that our text of the "Phaedo" was a mass of mistakes or interpolations. As a matter of fact, the differences between the traditional text and the papyrus were almost negligible—in that particular case they affected chiefly the order of the words—and where they occurred, the papyrus seemed most often to be in the wrong.

Again, there are many fragments of Euripides preserved on papyri or ostraka. In the preface to my first volume, I mentioned fourteen, to which one or two more must now be added. Of course the passages so preserved are mostly

short. But the total of lines covered is very considerable. Now, how many places are there where the papyri or ostraka give an absolutely new right reading? I mean, one which is preserved in no manuscript and has not been reached by conjecture? It seems extraordinary, but I believe there are only two places—"Phoenissae," 1086 and 1101. And even those two cases of failure are almost a testimony to the general accuracy of the tradition. In the latter a papyrus gives us *ξυνῆψαν*, "they joined," instead of *ξυνῆψεν*, "he joined"; and no one happened to have made that conjecture, although they easily might, if they had studied the scholia, which evidently imply a plural. In the former, 1086, there are two short lines, *ἰήιον βοάν*, *ἰήιον μέλος*, where for metrical reasons we need an iambus more in each line. They are ordinary iambic dimeters. They mean, you see, "the cry of Iê, the music of Iê"—Iê being one of the regular cries of wailing. People emended by doubling the words *βοάν* and *μέλος*. The scholiast observed that "It is found in the poets that way, Iê Iê, just like Iô Iô." Yet by some accident we never thought of emending the line to *ιηῖον βοάν*, *ιηῖον μέλος*—"the cry of *ie-ie*, the music of *ie-ie*." Clearly that is what the scholiast meant. And it so happens that one of the Oxyrhynchus papyri gives it so. Of course that is right.

Let me take two more instances to show how steady the tradition has been. From the study of our fourteenth century manuscript L, Wilamowitz came to the conclusion that L's group of manuscripts was descended from an archetype which contained all the plays of Euripides, not merely those selected for educational purposes, without any notes, but with variant readings written above the line. When Grenfell and Hunt discovered the "Hypsipyle" papyrus, it proved to be a manuscript without notes but with variant readings written above the line, and of course the "Hypsipyle" is one of the unselected plays.

A last instance of the same steadiness. In "Phoenissae," 131—

τὸν δ' ἐξαμβιβοντ' οὐχ ὁρᾷς Δίρκης ὕδωρ;

See you not him crossing Dirce's water?—

a Byzantine group of manuscripts add at the end of the line a gloss λοχαγόν—"see you not that captain?" A late Byzantine gloss, critics used to say. But on a certain very ill-written ostrakon in the British Museum, dating from the second century, you have the word λοχαγόν already there. It is a mistake. A mere gloss. But it was in the text by about 150 A. D., and has been religiously copied by a whole chain of scribes.

Of course *humanum est errare*. All manuscripts have lots of mistakes in them. What I am here comparing with the papyri is not the text of any particular manuscript but the text that results from the critical examination of all the manuscripts by a good scholar using his knowledge as best he can. When by criticism you succeed in finding out what the "tradition" really is, that tradition proves to be surprisingly accurate.

But here comes an important qualification. This evidence of the papyri only takes us back, at earliest, to the Alexandrian age. From the second century B. C. onwards, the tradition has been careful; but before that thousand years of care, there had been some two hundred of carelessness. The great Alexandrian scholars were probably almost the first people in the world to understand the meaning of exactness in preserving an ordinary secular text. Some of the papyri themselves show us how careless a pre-Alexandrian text could be. Our scholia to the tragedians show that the greatest of our difficulties and corruptions were mostly already there when the commentaries were made. Again and again the critical editor has to make his footnote "corruptela iam Didymo antiquior." And if it comes to that, general considerations of the history of Greek literature would have led us to the same conclusion. It is late in the day that a man turns from the natural conception

that his book ought to be as good and full as possible, to the scholarly and self-denying conception that it ought to be exactly what the writer left it.

By the time of the Alexandrians, when our tradition began, manuscripts were often already badly corrupted. An instance of what I mean can be found in some of the latest plays of Euripides. Our text of the "Phoenissae" is probably nearly as good as the text that was edited by Aristophanes of Byzantium. Yet the play that we have is, in the opinion of most critics, a perfect mass of interpolation. It was acted, no doubt, again and again, in Athens and in less cultured places, during the fourth and third centuries, and the only copy the Alexandrians could get was one that had been exposed—like most plays that have life in them—to the improvements and additions of the stage-manager. The same is hardly less true of the "Orestes." The "Iphigenia in Aulis" happens to have some of its history recorded, so we can speak of it with more certainty. True, the archetype of our two manuscripts was defective at the end; the manuscripts themselves say so; and the end that we now have is apparently work of the early Renaissance. In that respect the Alexandrians were better off. But for the rest of the play how does it stand? We know that the "Iphigenia in Aulis" was produced and prepared for the stage by Euripides the younger after his father's death. An inscription tells us that "The Iphigenia of Euripides"—very probably this play—was acted again in 841 B. C., and that the actor Neoptolemus received a prize for it. Doubtless it was acted more often than that. And the version that has come down to us bears the natural traces of this history. It has two distinct and scarcely compatible prologues. It makes the impression upon practically all scholars who have studied it, of containing masses of work by different hands. Unfortunately we have no scholia to the "Iphigenia in Aulis." But we may be fairly sure that, when the Alexandrian scholars set to work to collect the works of Euripides, the only

copy they could get of this famous play was one already badly knocked about by the actors. As a matter of fact, both the extant prologues are quoted by writers of the generation after Aristotle. The mischief had begun as early as that. In the case of the "Rhesus," there were actually three prologues going in Alexandrian times. The "Rhesus" question is too complicated to discuss at length. But it is clear that the Alexandrians could not get hold of a copy that satisfied them.

Again, what are we to make of such a fact as the comparative condition of the several Homeric hymns? The "Hymn to Aphrodite" is excellently preserved; the "Hymn to Apollo" is in a state of desperate confusion. But the confusion is not such as comes from faulty manuscript tradition. It does not yield to criticism and emendation. It goes back to the time when the old epic literature was but newly dead and its fragments were collected and formed into such wholes or attempts at wholes as circumstances allowed, probably by people who had as yet no particular sense of scholarship.

To sum up: In the cases where ancient books or parts of books have been preserved to us entire, and where our manuscripts are of good average quality, we find that the tradition, from Alexandrian times on, has been to a surprising degree careful and trustworthy. I leave aside, of course, special cases of bad or mutilated manuscripts; anthologies in which the quotations were modified in order to stand without their context; and the handbooks which have been systematically interpolated and improved by their owners.

Let us next consider the content of the tradition. That is, how much of what it tried to preserve has it actually preserved? Here we have a very different story.

Take first the kinds of literature of which we seem to have a large stock: epos, drama, oratory, and history. Epic perhaps belonged to very early times, so that it is not surprising that we have only two poems remaining out of a

whole wide literature, and those in a very late recension. Of lyric poetry, too, we may say that it flourished chiefly in non-Attic regions, whereas our tradition has its roots in Athens. So we ought not to complain if out of a large number of lyric poets the tradition has preserved complete poems by only one, and of him only about a fifth part of his whole writings. The papyri give us a few complete poems by another. As for tragedy, there must have been, as far as we can calculate, well over nine hundred tragedies produced in Athens; we feel ourselves rich with thirty-three out of that number. But that is a vague way of considering the question. Let us take two periods to compare with our own, and to make out how the great losses took place.

We have a fair amount of evidence about the books in the Alexandrian library: that should be one point. For another we may take the interesting *Bibliotheca* or *Μυριόβιβλον* of Photius. Photius was Patriarch of Constantinople from 857 to 879 A. D., and the *Bibliotheca* is a list, with notes and epitomes, of three hundred books which he had had read to him. It is dedicated to "his beloved brother Tarasius." Apparently Photius was in the habit of having books read aloud in his learned circle, where Tarasius was usually present. This is a list of books which Tarasius somehow missed, and is sent to him on that account, and also to console him for the absence of Photius himself on an embassy to the Assyrians—that is, as Gibbon said, to the Caliph of Bagdad.

To take some definite figures, comparing first merely the Alexandrians and ourselves and omitting Photius for the moment. Æschylus wrote ninety plays; the Alexandrians possessed seventy-two of them; we have seven. Sophocles wrote one hundred and twenty-three; we do not know the Alexandrian number, but it must have been very large; we have seven. Euripides wrote ninety-two; Alexandria possessed seventy-eight; we have nineteen. Of Pindar, the Alexandrians possessed seventeen books; we have four, not

complete. Of Simonides they had a considerably larger number of books, though we cannot be sure of the figure; we have none. Of Alkman they had six, of Alcaeus at least ten, of Sappho nine; we have none. They had twenty-six books of Stesichorus; we have none. They had the books of Heraclitus, Empedocles, Parmenides, Anaxagoras. They had the splendid mass of Chrysippus. They had Dicaearchus's "Life of Hellas"; they had the great scientific and imaginative works of Eratosthenes; they had the thirty books of Ephorus's universal history, the twelve books of Theopompus's "Hellenica" and the fifty-six of his "Philippica." Of all which the tradition has brought us nothing. They had great masses of Old and New Comedy, of elegy and romance, of which we possess only fragments.

I have been considering only authors of the first rank of genius or importance. Even in that region our loss is overwhelming.

Now let us turn to Photius. It so happens that Photius, in the three hundred books of the *Bibliotheca*, describes no poetry. It was not that, as a bishop, he disapproved of it. He speaks with respect of various poets, and he epitomizes novels and romances with a fullness that suggests enthusiasm. Of course we must remember that the pronunciation of Greek had completely changed, and that the Byzantines, having lost the sense of quantity and scanning only by accent, had lost all that gives melody and meaning to the forms of ancient verse. But I think we shall see later the real reason for Photius's neglect of poetry.

Of the writers we have just mentioned, the only one that comes in Photius's list is Theopompus. It is one hundred and seventy-sixth in the list: "Read, the historical books of Theopompus. Those preserved amount to fifty-three. Even some of the ancients said that the sixth and seventh and twenty-ninth and thirtieth had perished. And these I have not seen either. But a certain Mênophanes—an ancient and not contemptible person—in giving an account

of Theopompus says that the twelfth had perished also. Yet we read it together with the others. The contents of the twelfth are as follows . . ." That is one big loss that has come to us since the time of Photius.

And there are others. We must remember that Photius mostly read Christian Fathers, and that the writers of the Roman period were for him among the ancients. He had several of them in a more complete state than we have, Diodorus for instance; but those do not affect our present question. Of classical Greek writers he had read Herodotus—without much appreciation. Also Ctesias, in twenty-four books, twenty-three of "Persica" and one of "Indica." These are known to us only by Photius's epitome. His Ctesias seems to have been a rare book, since he took special pains with it, just as he did with that twelfth book of Theopompus. He had also the "History of the Diadochi" and the celebrated account of the Red Sea by the geographer Agatharchides: he devotes forty columns to it. He had apparently the history of the Alexandrian Kephalion. But much the greater bulk of his ancient literature consists in the Attic orators. He had the sixty speeches of Antipho, twenty-five of them considered spurious, where we have fifteen. Of Andocides, like us, he had only four. Of Lysias, where we are perhaps almost content with an imperfect thirty-four, he had apparently four hundred and twenty-five, of which two hundred and thirty-three were considered spurious. (If that corpus were ever re-discovered what opportunities it would give to our historians!) Of Isaeus he had sixty-four, fifty of them genuine; we have ten and a half. Of Isocrates he had sixty, twenty-eight of them genuine; of Hypereides he had seventy-seven, fifty-two of them genuine. And so on. We have twenty-one speeches of Isocrates, and know Hypereides only from the papyri.

Masses of prose oratory! A great part of it not specially eloquent in its form, most of it—to Photius at least—unin-

telligible as to its matter. That is the chief treasure that he finds in classical literature. If you count the columns that he devotes to his abstracts of the various writers, they tell the same tale. Herodotus is dismissed in about half a column. Himerius's "Meletai," or studies in the art of rhetoric, are epitomized in sixty-eight columns. It is the usual phenomenon of late Greek literature, the absorption of all other literary subjects in the all-engrossing study of rhetoric. It is the same tendency that has enriched us with the vast unreadable mass of the "Rhetores Graeci."

What is the meaning and the historical cause of that tendency? For what reason did sane human beings preserve sixty-four speeches of Isaeus, and let Sappho and Alcaeus and even nearly all Æschylus perish? People talk about certain alleged peculiarities and abnormal sensitivenesses of these late Greeks. But it is a pity to assume that human beings were very unlike ourselves merely because they did strange things. So often the strange things they did are just what we should have done under the same circumstances.

Greek antiquity from Alexander onward had before it a great duty, and a duty which it consciously realized. It had first to spread, and then to conserve the highest civilization that mankind had yet reached. The task, as we all know, was too hard for it. From about the second century A. D., ancient learning and civilization are conducting not a triumphant progress, but a stubbornly defended retreat. The very feeling of defeat perhaps sharpened men's devotion to the cause.

Hellenism was based on culture; and the great emblem and instrument of that culture was the Attic Greek language. We often sneer at the late Atticists for writing in an idiom which they did not speak. But they were doing the right thing. The spoken idiom of a Spartan peasant still differed from that of an Athenian; both would have diffi-

culty in making themselves understood in Macedonia. But the language of Plato was studied and understood by cultured men from Gades to Cappadocia; and those who could write it had a common ideal and a common birthright. In Plutarch's dialogues men from the remotest places meet together at Delphi, a professor from Britain, a sophist from Sardes, a Roman official, a Boeotian country gentleman; all can speak the same language and respond to the same ideas.

You will say that such an artificial state of things could not last? But it did last. It provided the world with that extraordinary chain of historians writing all in practically the same language and each with a consciousness of his predecessors, down to Photius himself, down even to Eustathius and to people well on this side of the Norman Conquest.

On the other hand, to keep this instrument going, a slow and constant sacrifice had to be made. Part of the cargo was constantly thrown overboard in order to save the rest. Plutarch knew his ancient poets well. He knew Pindar in his full condition, before the selection that we possess came into existence. But a century or so after Plutarch nobody read these difficult poets. Julian, enthusiast for Hellas as he was, had read hardly any more ancient poetry than we ourselves. The men who were practically fighting for Hellenism during those centuries of tough decline, had enough to do to keep alive the bare necessities of culture. Knowledge of course was still spread chiefly by lectures and speeches and by reading aloud. Civilization depended on the art of speech—not on what we call rhetoric, but on what the ancients called *rhêtorikê*; the art of speaking clearly, persuasively, intelligibly, and of course correctly, so that you should in the first place expound your culture well to such auditors as would listen, and in the second place let them draw in from your lips the best possible imitation of the pure Attic spirit.

The thing that a man can use in his own life is, as a rule, the thing that attracts and interests him. That is why

the late Greeks read Hypereides and Isaeus and the private speeches of Demosthenes in preference to Æschylus and Alkman. It is why, when they did read tragedy, they vastly preferred Euripides to Æschylus, though as a matter of fact, having no sense of drama left, they preferred to read him in extracts in an anthology. That is why our tradition has so ruthlessly left most of the old poets to perish.

But the retreat took another form also. Let me quote as typical some sentences from the preface of the physician Oreibasius to his "Epitome of Galen." "Your command, Most Divine Emperor, that I should reduce to a smaller compass the medical works of the admirable Galen, has found in me enthusiastic obedience. For people undertake this profession, as Galen himself says, who have neither the proper talents nor the proper age; often they have not even begun the simplest education (*ta prota mathemata*) and consequently cannot understand properly a systematic treatise (*tous kata diexodon logous*). What I am now about to write will suffice for them; it will take a shorter time to learn, and it will be easier to understand, for I undertake that my reduction of the style to conciseness will never result in obscurity."

Oreibasius addressed his book to Julian (362 A. D.). That is a typical date, though many literary subjects had been epitomized long before. The seven plays of Æschylus were apparently selected about then; with the result that afterwards nobody read anything beyond the seven. The same with the seven of Sophocles, and the ten (or nine) of Euripides, though in the last case a large fragment of an old uncommented and unselected "Euripidis Opera Omnia" happens to have survived also. Afterwards these selections were reduced to three plays out of each tragedian. Four books out of the seventeen books of Pindar had been selected and fitted with a commentary rather earlier. The old elegiac poets seem to have been treated in a different and less satisfactory way. A miscellaneous expurgated collection

seems to have been made and passed current under the name of Theognis. There is no need to multiply instances. The principle is always the same. The text is selected from one of the old complete text editions; the commentary is abridged from the *sungrammata* and *hupomnemata* of scholars of the great Roman period, from Didymus to Herodian.

The clue to the matter is education. The task of keeping up the culture of the world has become a hard burden. Few men are reading the classics freely, for the mere joy of the thing. The classics are for youths to learn in the schools and universities, not because they like it, but because it is good for them. What the cultured world really cares for—apart from the maintenance of orthodoxy—is the maintenance of Attic.

The predominance of education explains another fact about late Greek literature. The educational profession is one possessed of extraordinary virtues, compared with most other professions; but it has its weaknesses too. And one of the chief of them is a tendency to pretend to knowledge which it does not possess. Late Greek literature is full of books which—though no doubt written innocently enough—obtained long life and popularity because they enabled teachers to make a great show of erudition. First of all, the anthologies. Many excellent fourth century writers throw about with a free hand their quotations from ancient literature; but we find on examination that nearly all their quotations occur also in the anthologies of Stobaeus and Orion. Again, think what a display could be made by anyone with a good memory who had read Athenaeus. He would be equipped with anecdotes and quotations from all the most abstruse and curious parts of ancient literature. One strange book which Photius read with much interest, seems almost to have been specially written for this particular fraudulent purpose. It is the “*Kainê Historiê*” of a certain Ptolemaios, *Ptolemaiou tou Hephaistiônos*—whatever exactly that genitive means. For some people think he was

the father, not the son, of Hephaestion; and Tzetzes thinks he was Hephaestion himself. Ptolemaios was a writer belonging to a very good period, the second half of the first century A. D. The book, known to us only from Photius, consisted of anecdotes from extraordinarily abstruse sources, generally professing either to give information about things no one could know or else to contradict the ordinary received tradition. He may really have been an eccentric man of amazing erudition, but Hercher, who has studied him critically, prefers the alternative of regarding him as an "unverschämter Schwindler." The important point for us is that such a book should have lived on and been popular.

Education and the needs of education in a world where intellect is decaying and knowledge gradually growing less—these are the guiding conditions of the *paradosis*. And if we reflect for a few minutes on that fact, we shall reach a rather important and interesting conclusion.

Of what sort are the books that education specially produces and selects? We ought to know, though we must remember that we live in an age when education is enlightened and progressive and daring; in the centuries we are now considering, from the second to the ninth, education was in a state of slow decay, it was frightened, conservative, and unhopeful.

First, education selects the undoubted classics; not specially because anybody likes them but because everybody approves of them. They read Shakespeare at Amelia Sedley's school, because it was right, though they doubtless left out a great part of him and did not much like what remained. Our Greek *paradosis* has duly preserved Homer and Plato, Demosthenes and a good deal of the canonical Attic writers. It has preserved a certain selection of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Doubtless it was actuated more by a sense of duty than by genuine taste; but in any case it clearly did right, and we ought to be thankful that it had a sense of duty. Secondly, education selects and produces handbooks

and aids to knowledge. I need not dwell on the extent to which these bulk in our tradition. Thirdly, if it goes further, if it goes beyond the indubitable classic and the mere text-book, it tends to choose what is correct, obvious, and sober. (When I say correct, I do not necessarily mean correct in morals. A work may be considerably improper provided that it is sanctified by antiquity: Aristophanes held his place in Constantinople as the Elizabethans do with us.) It avoids the kind of writing about which there tend to be very different opinions, which seems to one man inspired, and to another utterly silly. It avoids literature that has a special personal quality, it avoids the intensely imaginative, the enthusiastic, the rebellious. It is guided by the respectable man: it shuns the saint and the bohemian.

The importance of this consideration is, I think, very great. When one reads accounts in text-books of the characteristics of the Greek mind: its statuesque quality, its love of proportion and order and common sense, its correct rhetoric and correct taste, its anthropomorphism and care for form, and all those other virtues which sometimes seem, when added together, to approach so dangerously near the total of dull correctness and spiritual vacuity, it is well to remember that the description applies not to what the ancient Greeks wrote but to what the late Roman and Byzantine scholars preserved.

Suppose it had been a little otherwise. Suppose that as well as Aristotle's defense of slavery we had the writings of his opponents, the philosophers who maintained that slavery was contrary to nature. Suppose that, to compare with Plato's contemptuous references to the Orphics, we had some of that "crowd of books" which he speaks of. Suppose instead of Philodemus we had all Heraclitus and Empedocles and the early Pythagoreans. Suppose we had Antisthenes and the first Cynics, the barefooted denouncers of sin and rejectors of civilization. Suppose we had that great monument of bitter eloquence and scorn

of human greatness applied to history, the "Philippica" of Theopompus. Suppose we had the great democracy of the fifth century represented not by its opponents but by the philosophers who believed in it—by Protagoras, say, and Thrasy machus. Suppose that we had more of the women writers, Sappho above all and Corinna and Nossis and Leontion. Suppose we even had more literature like that startling realistic lyric, Grenfell's Alexandrian Erotic fragment, in which the tragedy is, that between a man and a woman *Cypria* has taken the place of *philia*. "It has been free choice in both. Friendship came before passion. Anguish seizes me when I remember." (It is explained by Wilamowitz in the "Goettinger Nachrichten" for 1896.)

Had the conditions of the *paradosis* been different, all that might easily have happened. And how different then would have been our conception of the supposed limitations of Greek literature. Let us remember the facts. Let us be skeptical *a priori* towards most statements of limitation and negation—all generalizations which state that "The Greeks had no conception of this, no understanding of our elevated sentiments with regard to that." As a rule the only truth in such statements is that those Greeks who had, were not canonical in Byzantine schools. And, what is of more practical significance to ourselves, let us remember that the literature which we do possess has been filtered through the same limiting and cramping medium which rejected the rest, and that the traditional interpretation of our texts, especially the poetical texts, has been mainly the work of those generations whose activity I have been describing, and suffers still from the need of a freer air and a wider imagination.

POPULAR ELECTION OF SENATORS

By MAX FARRAND

AT a critical point in the discussions of the Convention that framed the present Constitution of the United States, Benjamin Franklin cast aside his pose of skeptic and urged that the assistance of Heaven should be sought. He thereupon made a formal motion "that henceforth prayers imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning before we proceed to business." Alexander Hamilton rose in opposition, and, so the story runs, after delivering a eulogy upon the character and talents of the members, declared such an assemblage stood in no need of "foreign aid." The delegates avoided an embarrassing situation by adjournment without allowing the question to come to a vote.

The subject which was giving so much trouble to the Federal Convention in 1787 was the same as one which is agitating the country at the present time—the method of choosing United States Senators. The resemblance might be carried further, for surely there are easily discernible at present those who would seek divine assistance, others who in their self-sufficiency think that there is "no need of foreign aid," and many who would gladly evade the whole question by adjournment. But however interesting it might be to follow out such a comparison, the results would prove little more than that human nature is the same in all ages; whereas the real importance of such a study should be in determining the attitude of the framers of the Constitution upon a question of present interest.

The advocates as well as the opponents of the popular election of Senators naturally feel that their position is

strengthened, if they can show that the views they represent are those of the founders of our government. For this purpose appeals are continually being made to the proceedings of the Federal Convention. The danger of misrepresentation, through the separation of an extract from its context or by the isolation of a fact from its environment, is a truism of historical study. It is a truism that has been exemplified again and again in the recent discussions; for amid the varied records of the body that framed the Constitution, it is possible to find opinions upon both sides of every question. But when such extracts are taken by themselves, independently of the underlying issues, a misleading impression is almost invariably given. No one has yet presented the case correctly.

The Federal Convention was called for the purpose of rendering the unsatisfactory Articles of Confederation "adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union." The main business was opened by Governor Randolph presenting, on behalf of the delegation from Virginia, a series of resolutions embodying a new plan of government. These resolutions were, in all probability, mainly the work of James Madison, and they became the starting-point and the basis of all that was done in the Convention: modified, expanded, and worked out in detail, the Virginia Plan was developed into the Constitution of the United States.

The original resolutions provided for two houses of Congress. There is not much doubt that the sentiment of the country was in favor of this provision. Mason put it very well when he said that "the mind of the people of America . . . was unsettled as to some points: but . . . in two points he was sure it was well settled. 1. in an attachment to Republican Government. 2. in an attachment to more than one branch of the Legislature." When it came to a vote, the States were unanimous for a legislature of two houses. Still the composition of this double-chambered

legislature presented perplexing problems. According to the Virginia Plan, one house was to be elected by the people, and the second house was to be chosen by the first out of persons nominated by the State legislatures. In answer to a direct question regarding the make-up of the second house, Randolph explained "that the general object was to provide a cure for the evils under which the U. S. laboured; that in tracing these evils to their origin every man had found it in the turbulence and follies of democracy: that some check therefore was to be sought for agst. this tendency of our Governments: and that a good Senate seemed most likely to answer the purpose." Madison voiced the same idea in saying, "The use of the Senate is to consist in its proceeding with more coolness, with more system, & with more wisdom, than the popular branch."

One of the great causes of complaint under the Articles of Confederation had been the equality of the States in all Federal matters. The one central organ of government was a congress in which each State had one vote and in which the votes of nine States were necessary to carry any measure. By this provision the large States felt that their own interests were being sacrificed and that all effective measures were being thwarted. Accordingly, in the original Virginia resolutions, it was proposed that the composition of both houses of the legislature should be proportional. They might be proportioned to population or to wealth, or to a combination of both. On that point the large States were not particular. That both houses were to be proportional was the essential point.

The Virginia resolutions were under discussion in a committee of the whole house for upwards of two weeks. Among other modifications that were made, it was voted that the Senators should be chosen by the State legislatures, but the proportional idea was still retained. At this point the smaller States brought in a plan of government, known as the New Jersey Plan, which involved little more than

an enlargement of the powers of the old congress of the Confederation. This meant, of course, the continuance of the equality of the States in the Federal council. The committee of the whole decided against the New Jersey Plan and in favor of the modified Virginia Plan; but the question of proportional representation came up again as soon as the report of the committee of the whole house was before the Convention proper.

It is well known that the division between the large and small States was the great and continued source of trouble throughout all the proceedings of the Federal Convention; that the question which provoked the sharpest discussion and which nearly wrecked the whole work by threatening a dissolution of the Convention, was this one of equal or proportional representation of the States. The small States yielded the point of proportional representation in one house, but they insisted all the more strongly upon equality of representation in the other. In the course of the debate upon this subject, many different proposals were made regarding the choice of the Senators: that they should be chosen by the lower house; that they should be chosen by the people; that they should be chosen by the State legislatures; and that they should be appointed by the State executives. The issue was joined on the election of Senators by the State legislatures; and it was during this discussion that all sorts of opinions were expressed, from which extracts can be made presenting arguments in favor of any point of view that is desired. There can be no question, however, as to the real meaning of the debate and of the various opinions that were uttered.

Madison kept very careful notes of everything that took place in the Convention. A good many years afterward, not so very long before his death, he prepared these notes for publication; and when he reached the point where this question first becomes important, he tried to make sure that there should be no misunderstanding, by inserting a note

as follows: "It will throw light on this discussion, to remark that an election by the State Legislatures involved a surrender of the principle insisted on by the large States & dreaded by the small ones, namely that of proportional representation in the Senate . . ." Later on in his account of the proceedings, to make assurance doubly sure, another note is inserted: "It must be kept in view that the largest States particularly Pennsylvania & Virginia always considered the choice of the 2d. Branch by the State Legislatures as opposed to a proportional Representation to which they were attached as a fundamental principle of just Government. The smaller States who had opposite views, were reënforced by the members from the large States most anxious to secure the importance of the State Governments."

Again, it is a matter of common knowledge that, after many days of rancorous debate, when it would have taken but little more to have split the Convention hopelessly and when Franklin was so disturbed over the outlook as to make his proposal for daily prayers, the question was settled, in the only way such questions can be settled amicably, by compromise. It is well termed the "great compromise" of the Convention. With its details we are not here concerned beyond the one concession made by the large States: "That in the second Branch of the Legislature of the United States each State shall have an equal vote."

This compromise was reached on the sixteenth of July. From the moment of its adoption, the method of electing the members of the upper house was never questioned in the Convention. And all statements of members prior to that date must be interpreted in the light of the question at issue, which was not one of election by the people or election by State legislatures; it was solely a question of equal or proportional representation.

The further proceedings of the Convention touching this point are very brief. When the great compromise was adopted, many of the delegates thought that voting in the

upper house would be by States; but having won their main contention of equality of representation, there was little objection to allowing Senators to vote individually, and a provision to that effect was adopted.

When a committee of detail was appointed to develop the general resolutions of the Convention into a detailed Constitution, Randolph was one of the five elected, and to him was apparently entrusted the preparation of the first draft. He first worded the clause we are concerned with: "Each state shall send two senators using their discretion as to the time and manner of choosing them"; but either he or the committee modified it to read, "The legislature of Each state shall appoint," etc.

At the very end of the Convention's work, just before the completed document was ordered to be engrossed for signature, a last proviso was added. It goes to the heart of this whole question. In case of future amendments to the Constitution, it was stipulated "that no State, without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

There was undoubtedly a feeling in the Convention that the Senate was representative of the States, as contrasted with the House as representative of the people. This was often expressed in the form that the lower house represented the people of the States in their individual capacity, while the Senate represented the States in their political capacity. But these should not be regarded as expressions of purposes to be fulfilled in the composition of the two houses, they are almost always after-explanations of an accomplished fact.

Was there any significance in the distinction between an election by the people and an election by the legislature of a State? A somewhat analogous case is to be found in the method of ratifying the new Constitution. The question was as to whether it should be submitted to the State legislatures or to conventions specially chosen for the purpose by the people of each State. Many of the delegates refused to recognize any distinction between the two. Others insisted

that the distinction was important. It was felt that if there was any possibility of question, it was better to go to the source of all power—the people. But it is also evident that the controlling motive in submitting the Constitution to popularly elected conventions was one of expediency; for there was a greater probability of the new government being adopted by conventions than by the State legislatures.

If the foregoing interpretation of easily accessible facts is the correct one, it would seem to be necessary to treat the historical aspect of the question of the popular election of Senators somewhat differently than to find supporters or opponents of the plan among the framers of the Constitution. The primary consideration must be the original purpose of the upper house as modified by the Federal Convention in the course of its proceedings and as subsequently developed in the one hundred and twenty years of the existence of the institution. We have already seen that the main purpose originally was without doubt to serve as a check upon the possible hasty legislation of the lower house. This is well expressed in an anecdote which tradition attaches to Washington and Jefferson. Shortly after "his return from France, Jefferson called Washington to account at the breakfast-table for having agreed to a second chamber. 'Why,' asked Washington, 'did you pour that coffee into your saucer?' 'To cool it,' quoth Jefferson. 'Even so,' said Washington, 'we pour legislation into the senatorial saucer to cool it.' "

After the adoption of the great compromise, a marked change is discernible in the spirit of the Convention. The formerly dissatisfied element becomes more and more willing to strengthen the power of the central government. It was but natural that one form of this changed spirit should manifest itself in a tendency to vest additional powers in the Senate, where each State had an equal vote. In fact, at one time the Senate threatened to become the all-powerful organ of the new government, and considerable modifications

were necessary. But as a final result the Senate emerged not merely as an upper house of the legislature, but also as a body to serve as a council for and a check upon the President in appointments to office and in the making of treaties, and to act as a court in the trial of impeachments. The subsequent development of these functions is a large subject, too large to be adequately treated here, and it is one on which differences of opinion are inevitable.

It was the evident intention of the Federal Convention to establish in the Senate a body of a distinctly different character from that of the House of Representatives. The manner of election was only one method of differentiating the two. Differences in number, in term of office, in age, and, at one stage of the proceedings, in other qualifications as well, were all important distinctions. In the judgment of the writer there is nothing inherently contrary to the purposes of the founders of our government in permitting the Senators of the United States to be chosen by the people instead of by the legislatures of the individual States. It would seem to be a question of policy and expediency rather than of principle.

THE CONNECTICUT WITS

By HENRY A. BEERS

IN the days when Connecticut counted in the national councils; when it had *men* in the patriot armies, in Washington's Cabinet, in the Senate of the United States—men like Israel Putnam, Roger Sherman, Oliver Wolcott, Oliver Ellsworth,—in those same days there was a premature but interesting literary movement in our little commonwealth. A band of young graduates of Yale, some of them tutors in the college, or in residence for their Master's degree, formed themselves into a school for the cultivation of letters. I speak advisedly in calling them a school: they were a group of personal friends, united in sympathy by similar tastes and principles; and they had in common certain definite, coherent, and conscious aims. These were, first, to liberalize and modernize the rigidly scholastic curriculum of the college by the introduction of more elegant studies: the *belles lettres*, the *literæ humaniores*. Such was the plea of John Trumbull in his Master's oration, "An Essay on the Use and Advantages of the Fine Arts," delivered at Commencement, 1770; and in his satire, "The Progress of Dulness," he had his hit at the dry and dead routine of college learning. Secondly, these young men resolved to supply the new republic with a body of poetry on a scale commensurate with the bigness of American scenery and the vast destinies of the nation: epics resonant as Niagara, and pindaric odes lofty as our native mountains. And finally, when, at the close of the Revolutionary War, the members of the group found themselves reunited for a few years at Hartford, they set themselves to combat, with the weapon of satire, the influences towards lawlessness and separatism which were delaying the adoption of the Constitution.

My earliest knowledge of this literary coterie was derived from an article in "The Atlantic Monthly" for February, 1865, "The Pleiades of Connecticut." The "Pleiades," to wit, were John Trumbull, Timothy Dwight, David Humphreys, Lemuel Hopkins, Richard Alsop, and Theodore Dwight. The tone of the article was ironic. "Connecticut is pleasant," it said, "with wooded hills and a beautiful river; plenteous with tobacco and cheese; fruitful of merchants, missionaries, peddlers, and single women,—but there are no poets known to exist there . . . the brisk little democratic state has turned its brains upon its machinery . . . the enterprising natives can turn out any article on which a profit can be made—except poetry."

Massachusetts has always been somewhat condescending towards Connecticut's literary pretensions. Yet all through that very volume of the "Atlantic," from which I quote, run Mrs. Stowe's "Chimney Corner" papers and Donald Mitchell's novel, "Doctor Johns"; with here and there a story by Rose Terry and a poem by Henry Brownell. Nay, in an article entitled "Our Battle Laureate," in the May number of the magazine, the "Autocrat" himself, who would always have his fling at Connecticut theology and Connecticut spelling and pronunciation ("Webster's provincials," forsooth! though *pater ipse*, the Rev. Abiel, had been a Connecticut orthodox parson, a Yale graduate, and a son-in-law of President Stiles),—the "Autocrat," I say, takes off his hat to my old East Hartford neighbor, Henry Howard Brownell.

He begins by citing the paper which I have been citing: "How came the Muses to settle in Connecticut? . . . But the seed of the Muses has run out. No more Pleiades in Hartford . . ."; and answers that, if the author of the article asks Nathaniel's question, putting Hartford for Nazareth, he can refer him to Brownell's "Lyrics of a Day." "If Drayton had fought at Agincourt, if Campbell had held a sabre at Hohenlinden, if Scott had been in the

saddle with Marmion, if Tennyson had charged with the six hundred at Balaclava, each of these poets might possibly have pictured what he said as faithfully and as fearfully as Mr. Brownell has painted the sea fights in which he took part as a combatant."

Many years later, when preparing a chapter on the literature of the county for the "Memorial History of Hartford," I came to close quarters with the sweet influence of the Pleiades. I am one of the few men—perhaps I am the only man—now living who have read the whole of Joel Barlow's "Columbiad." "Is old Joel Barlow yet alive?" asks Hawthorne's crazy correspondent. "Unconscionable man! . . . And *does* he meditate an epic on the war between Mexico and Texas, with machinery contrived on the principle of the steam engine?" I also "perused" (good old verb—the right word for the deed!) Dwight's "Greenfield Hill"—a meritorious action,—but I cannot pretend to have read his "Conquest of Canaan" (the diæresis is his, not mine), an epic in eleven books and in heroic couplets. I dipped into it only far enough to note that the poet had contrived to introduce a history of our Revolutionary War, by way of episode, among the wars of Israel.

It must be acknowledged that this patriotic enterprise of creating a national literature by *tour de force*, was undertaken when Minerva was unwilling. These were able and eminent men: scholars, diplomatists, legislators. Among their number were a judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court, a college president, foreign ministers and ambassadors, a distinguished physician, an officer of the Revolutionary army, intimate friends of Washington and Jefferson. But, as poetry, a few little pieces of the New Jersey poet, Philip Freneau,—“The Indian Student,” “The Indian Burying Ground,” “To a Honey Bee,” “The Wild Honey-suckle,” and “The Battle of Eutaw Springs,”—are worth all the epic and pindaric strains of the Connecticut bards. Yet “still the shore a brave attempt resounds.” For

they had few misgivings and a truly missionary zeal. They formed the first Mutual Admiration Society in our literary annals.

Here gallant Humphreys charm'd the list'ning throng:
Sweetly he sang, amid the clang of arms,
His numbers smooth, replete with winning charms;
In him there shone a great and godlike mind,
The poet's wreath around the laurel twined.

This was while Colonel Humphreys was in the army—one of Washington's aides. But when he resigned his commission,—hark! 'tis Barlow sings:—

See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,
Sheathe the glad sword and string the sounding lyre,
O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,
His heartfelt sighs in moving numbers flow,
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
Fire his full soul, and animate his lays.

Humphreys, in turn, in his poem "On the Future Glory of the United States of America," calls upon his learned friends to string *their* lyres and rouse their countrymen against the Barbary corsairs who were holding American seamen in captivity:—

Why sleep'st thou, Barlow, child of genius? Why
See'st thou, blest Dwight, our land in sadness lie?
And where is Trumbull, earliest boast of fame?
'Tis yours, ye bards, to wake the smothered flame.
To you, my dearest friends, the task belongs
To rouse your country with heroic songs.

Yes, to be sure, where *is* Trumbull, earliest boast of fame? He came from Watertown (now a seat of learning), a cousin of Governor Trumbull—"Brother Jonathan"—and a second cousin of Colonel John Trumbull, the historical painter, whose battle pieces repose in the Yale Art Gallery. Cleverness runs in the Trumbull blood. There was, for example, J. Hammond Trumbull (abbreviated by lisping

infancy to "J. Hambull") in the last generation, a great sagamore—O a very big Indian,—reputed the only man in the country who could read Eliot's Algonquin Bible. I make no mention of later Trumbulls known in letters and art. But as for our worthy, John Trumbull, the poet, it is well known and has been often told how he passed the college entrance examination at the age of seven, but forebore to matriculate till a more reasonable season, graduating in 1767 and serving two years as a tutor along with his friend Dwight; afterwards studying law at Boston in the office of John Adams, practising at New Haven and Hartford, filling legislative and judicial positions, and dying at Detroit in 1831.

Trumbull was the satirist of the group. As a young man at Yale, he amused his leisure by contributing to the newspapers essays in the manner of "The Spectator" ("The Meddler," "The Correspondent," and the like); and verse satires after the fashion of Prior and Pope. There is nothing very new about the Jack Dapperwits, Dick Hair-brains, Tom Brainlesses, Miss Harriet Simperts, and Isabella Sprightlys of these compositions. The very names will recall to the experienced reader the stock figures of the countless Addisonian imitations which sicklied o'er the minor literature of the eighteenth century. But Trumbull's masterpiece was "M'Fingal," a Hudibrastic satire on the Tories, printed in part at Philadelphia in 1776, and in complete shape at Hartford in 1782, "by Hudson and Goodwin near the Great Bridge." "M'Fingal" was the most popular poem of the Revolution. It went through more than thirty editions in America and England. In 1864 it was edited with elaborate historical notes by Benson J. Lossing, author of "The Field Book of the Revolution." A reprint is mentioned as late as 1881. An edition, in two volumes, of Trumbull's poetical works was issued in 1820.

Timothy Dwight pronounced "M'Fingal" superior to "Hudibras." The Marquis de Chastellux, who had fought

with Lafayette for the independence of the colonies; who had been amused when at Windham, says my authority, by Governor Jonathan Trumbull's "pompous manner in transacting the most trifling public business"; and who translated into French Colonel Humphreys's poetical "Address to the Armies of the United States of America,"—Chastellux wrote to Trumbull *à propos* of his burlesque: "I believe that you have rifled every flower which that kind of poetry could offer. . . . I prefer it to every work of the kind,—even 'Hudibras'." And Moses Coit Tyler, whose four large volumes on our colonial and revolutionary literature are, for the most part, a much ado about nothing, waxes dithyrambic on this theme. He speaks, for example, of "the vast and prolonged impression it has made upon the American people." But surely all this is very uncritical. All that is really alive of "M'Fingal" are a few smart couplets usually attributed to "Hudibras," such as—

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.

"M'Fingal" is one of the most successful of the innumerable imitations of "Hudibras"; still it is an imitation, and, as such, inferior to its original. But apart from that, Trumbull was far from having Butler's astonishing resources of wit and learning, tedious as they often are from their mere excess. Nor is the Yankee sharpness of "M'Fingal" so potent a spirit as the harsh, bitter contempt of Butler, almost as inventive of insult as the *sæva indignatio* of Swift. Yet "M'Fingal" still keeps a measure of historical importance, reflecting, in its cracked and distorted mirror of caricature, the features of a stormy time: the turbulent town meetings, the liberty poles and bonfires of the patriots; with the tar-and-feathering of Tories, and their stolen gatherings in cellars or other holes and corners.

After peace was declared, a number of these young writers came together again in Hartford, where they formed a sort

of literary club with weekly meetings—"The Hartford Wits," who for a few years made the little provincial capital the intellectual metropolis of the country. Trumbull had settled at Hartford in the practice of the law in 1781. Joel Barlow, who had hastily qualified for a chaplaincy in a Massachusetts brigade by a six weeks' course of theology, and had served more or less sporadically through the war, came to Hartford in the year following and started a newspaper. David Humphreys, Yale 1771, illustrious founder of the Brothers in Unity Society, and importer of merino sheep, had enlisted in 1776 in a Connecticut militia regiment then on duty in New York. He had been on the staff of General Putnam, whose life he afterwards wrote; had been Washington's aide and a frequent inmate at Mount Vernon from 1780 to 1783; then abroad (1784-1786), as secretary to the commission for making commercial treaties with the nations of Europe. (The commissioners were Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson.) On returning to his native Derby in 1786, he had been sent to the legislature at Hartford, and now found himself associated with Trumbull, who had entered upon his Yale tutorship in 1771, the year of Humphreys's graduation; and with Barlow, who had taken his B.A. degree in 1778. These three Pleiades drew to themselves other stars of lesser magnitude, the most remarkable of whom was Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, a native of Waterbury, but since 1784 a practising physician at Hartford and one of the founders of the Connecticut Medical Society. Hopkins was an eccentric humorist, and is oddly described by Samuel Goodrich—"Peter Parley"—as "long and lank, walking with spreading arms and straddling legs." "His nose was long, lean, and flexible," adds Goodrich,—a description which suggests rather the proboscis of the elephant, or at least of the tapir, than a feature of the human countenance.

Other lights in this constellation were Richard Alsop, from Middletown, who was now keeping a book store at

Hartford, and Theodore Dwight, brother to Timothy and brother-in-law to Alsop, and later the secretary and historian of the famous Hartford Convention of 1814, which came near to carrying New England into secession. We might reckon as an eighth Pleiad, Dr. Elihu H. Smith, then residing at Wethersfield, who published in 1798 our first poetic miscellany, printed—of all places in the world—at Litchfield, “mine own romantic town”: seat of the earliest American law school, and emitter of this earliest American anthology. If you should happen to find in your garret a dusty copy of this collection, “American Poems, Original and Selected,” by Elihu H. Smith, hold on to it. It is worth money, and will be worth more.

The Hartford Wits contributed to local papers, such as the “New Haven Gazette” and the “Connecticut Courant,” a series of political lampoons: “The Anarchiad,” “The Echo,” and “The Political Greenhouse,” a sort of Yankee “Dunciad,” “Rolliad,” and “Anti-Jacobin.” They were staunch Federalists, friends of a close union and a strong central government; and used their pens in support of the administrations of Washington and Adams, and to ridicule Jefferson and the Democrats. It was a time of great confusion and unrest: of Shay’s Rebellion in Massachusetts, and the irredeemable paper currency in Rhode Island. In Connecticut, Democratic mobs were protesting against the vote of five years’ pay to the officers of the disbanded army. “The Echo” and “The Political Greenhouse” were published in book form in 1807; “The Anarchiad” not till 1861, by Thomas H. Pease, New Haven, with notes and introduction by Luther G. Riggs. I am not going to quote these satires. They amused their own generation and doubtless did good. “The Echo” had the honor of being quoted in Congress by an angry Virginian, to prove that Connecticut was trying to draw the country into a war with France. It caught up cleverly the humors of the day, now travesty-ing a speech of Jefferson, now turning into burlesque a

Boston town meeting. A local flavor is given by allusions to Connecticut traditions: Captain Kidd, the Blue Laws, the Windham Frogs, the Hebron pump, the Wethersfield onion gardens. But the sparkle has gone out of it. There is a perishable element in political satire. I find it difficult to interest young people nowadays even in the "Biglow Papers," which are so much superior, in every way, to "M'Fingal" or "The Anarchiad."

Timothy Dwight would probably have rested his title to literary fame on his five volumes of theology and the eleven books of his "Conquest of Canaan." But the epic is unread and unreadable, while theological systems need constant restatement in an age of changing beliefs. There is one excellent hymn by Dwight in the collections,—*"I love thy kingdom, Lord."* His war song, *"Columbia, Columbia, in glory arise,"* was once admired, but has faded. I have found it possible to take a mild interest in the long poem, *"Greenfield Hill,"* a partly idyllic and partly moral didactic piece, emanating from the country parish, three miles from the Sound, in the town of Fairfield, where Dwight was pastor from 1783 to 1795. The poem has one peculiar feature: each of its seven parts was to have imitated the manner of some one British poet. Part One is in the blank verse and the style of Thomson's *"Seasons"*; Part Two in the heroic couplets and the diction of Goldsmith's *"Traveller"* and *"Deserted Village."* For lack of time this design was not systematically carried out, but the reader is reminded now of Prior, then of Cowper, and again of Crabbe. The nature descriptions and the pictures of rural life are not untruthful, though somewhat tame and conventional. The praise of modest competence is sung, and the wholesome simplicity of American life, under the equal distribution of wealth, as contrasted with the luxury and corruption of European cities. Social questions are discussed, such as, *"the state of negro slavery in Connecticut"*; and *"what is not, and what is, a social female visit."* Narra-

tive episodes give variety to the descriptive and reflective portions: the burning of Fairfield in 1779 by the British under Governor Tryon; the destruction of the remnants of the Pequod Indians in a swamp three miles west of the town. It is distressing to have the Yankee farmer called "the swain," and his wife and daughter "the fair," in regular eighteenth century style; and Long Island, which is always in sight and frequently apostrophized, personified as "Longa."

Then on the borders of this sapphire plain
Shall growing beauties grace my fair domain . . .
Gay groves exult: Chinesian gardens glow,
And bright reflections paint the wave below.

The poet celebrates Connecticut artists and inventors:—

Such forms, such deeds on Rafael's tablets shine,
And such, O Trumbull, glow alike on thine.

David Bushnell of Saybrook had invented a submarine torpedo boat, nicknamed "the American Turtle," with which he undertook to blow up Lord Admiral Howe's gunship in New York harbor. Humphreys gives an account of the failure of this enterprise in his "Life of Putnam." It was some of Bushnell's machines, set afloat on the Delaware, among the British shipping, that occasioned the panic celebrated in Hopkinson's satirical ballad, "The Battle of the Kegs," which we used to declaim at school. "See," exclaims Dwight,

See Bushnell's strong creative genius, fraught
With all th' assembled powers of skillful thought,
His mystic vessel plunge beneath the waves
And glide through dark retreats and coral caves!

Dr. Holmes, who knew more about Yale poets than they know about each other, has rescued one line from "Greenfield Hill." "The last we see of snow," he writes, in his paper on "The Seasons," "is, in the language of a native poet,

The lingering drift behind the shady wall.

This is from a bard more celebrated once than now, Timothy Dwight, the same from whom we borrowed the piece we used to speak, beginning (as we said it),

Columby, Columby, to glory arise!

The line with the drift in it has stuck in my memory like a feather in an old nest, and is all that remains to me of his 'Greenfield Hill'."

As President of Yale College from 1795 to 1817, Dr. Dwight, by his sermons, addresses, and miscellaneous writings, his personal influence with young men, and his public spirit, was a great force in the community. I have an idea that his "Travels in New England and New York," posthumously published in 1821-1822, in four volumes, will survive all his other writings. I can recommend Dwight's "Travels" as a really entertaining book, and full of solid observation.

Of all the wooden poetry of these Connecticut bards, David Humphreys's seems to me the woodenest,—big patriotic verse essays on the model of the "Essay on Man": "Address to the Armies of the United States"; "On the Happiness of America"; "On the Future Glory of the United States"; "On the Love of Country"; "On the Death of George Washington," etc. Yet Humphreys was a most important figure. He was plenipotentiary to Portugal and Spain, and a trusted friend of Washington, from whom, perhaps, he caught that stately deportment which is said to have characterized him. He imported a hundred merino sheep from Spain, landing them from shipboard at his native Derby, then a port of entry on the lordly Housatonic. He wrote a dissertation on merino sheep, and also celebrated the exploit in song. The Massachusetts Agricultural Society gave him a gold medal for his services in improving the native breed. But if these sheep are even remotely responsible for Schedule K, it might be wished that they

had remained in Spain, or had been as the flocks of Bo-Peep. Colonel Humphreys died at New Haven in 1818. The college owns his portrait by Stuart, and his monument in Grove Street cemetery is dignified by a Latin inscription reciting his titles and achievements, and telling how, like a second Jason, he brought the *auream vellerem* from Europe to Connecticut. Colonel Humphreys's works were handsomely published at New York in 1804, with a list of subscribers headed by their Catholic Majesties, the King and Queen of Spain, and followed by Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and numerous dukes and chevaliers. Among the humbler subscribers I am gratified to observe the names of Nathan Beers, merchant, New Haven; and Isaac Beers & Co., booksellers, New Haven (six copies),—no ancestors but conjecturally remote collateral relatives of the undersigned.

I cannot undertake to quote from Humphreys's poems. The patriotic feeling that prompted them was genuine; the descriptions of campaigns in which he himself had borne a part have a certain value; but the poetry as such, though by no means contemptible, is quite uninspired. Homer's catalogue of ships is a hackneyed example of the way in which a great poet can make bare names poetical. Humphreys had a harder job, and passages of his battle pieces read like pages from a city directory.

As fly autumnal leaves athwart some dale,
Borne on the pinions of the sounding gale,
Or glides the gossamer o'er rustling reeds,
Bland's, Sheldon's, Moylan's, Baylor's battle steeds
So skimmed the plain. . . .
Then Huger, Maxwell, Mifflin, Marshall, Read,
Hastened from states remote to seize the meed; . . .
While Smallwood, Parsons, Shepherd, Irvine, Hand,
Guest, Weedon, Muhlenberg, leads each his band.

Does the modern reader recognize a forefather among these heroic patronymics? Just as good men as fought at Mara-

thon or Agincourt. Nor can it be said of any one of them *quia caret vate sacro*.

But the loudest blast upon the trump of fame was blown by Joel Barlow. It was agreed that in him America had produced a supreme poet. Born at Redding—where Mark Twain died the other day,—the son of a farmer, Barlow was graduated at Yale in 1778—just a hundred years before President Taft. He married the daughter of a Guilford blacksmith, who had moved to New Haven to educate his sons; one of whom, Abraham Baldwin, afterwards went to Georgia, grew up with the country, and became United States Senator.

After the failure of his Hartford journal, Barlow went to France, in 1778, as agent of the Scioto Land Company, which turned out to be a swindling concern. He now “embraced French principles,” that is, became a Jacobin and freethinker, to the scandal of his old Federalist friends. He wrote a song to the guillotine and sang it at festal gatherings in London. He issued other revolutionary literature, in particular an “Advice to the Privileged Orders,” suppressed by the British government; whereupon Barlow, threatened with arrest, went back to France. The Convention made him a French citizen; he speculated luckily in the securities of the republic, which rose rapidly with the victories of its armies. He lived in much splendor in Paris, where Robert Fulton, inventor of steamboats, made his home with him for seven years. In 1795, he was appointed United States consul to Algiers, resided there two years, and succeeded in negotiating the release of the American captives who had been seized by Algerine pirates. After seventeen years’ absence, he returned to America, and built a handsome country house on Rock Creek, Washington, which he named characteristically “Kalorama.” He had become estranged from orthodox New England, and lived on intimate terms with Jefferson, and the Democratic leaders, French sympathizers, and philosophical deists.

In 1811 President Madison sent him as minister plenipotentiary to France, to remonstrate with the emperor on the subject of the Berlin and Milan decrees, which were injuring American commerce. He was summoned to Wilna, Napoleon's headquarters in his Russian campaign, where he was promised a personal interview. But the retreat from Moscow had begun. Fatigue and exposure brought on an illness from which Barlow died in a small Polish village near Cracow. An elaborate biography, "The Life and Letters of Joel Barlow," by Charles Burr Todd, was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1886.

Barlow's most ambitious undertaking was the "Columbiad," originally printed at Hartford in 1787 as "The Vision of Columbus," and then reissued in its expanded form at Philadelphia in 1807: a sumptuous quarto with plates by the best English and French engravers from designs by Robert Fulton, altogether the finest specimen of book-making that had then appeared in America. The "Columbiad's" greatness was in inverse proportion to its bigness. Grandiosity was its author's besetting sin, and the plan of the poem is absurdly grandiose. It tells how Hesper appeared to Columbus in prison and led him to a hill of vision whence he viewed the American continents spread out before him, and the panorama of their whole future history unrolled. Among other things he saw the Connecticut river—

Thy stream, my Hartford, through its misty robe,
Played in the sunbeams, belting far the globe.
No watery glades through richer vallies shine,
Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine.

It is odd to come upon familiar place-names swoln to epic pomp. There is Danbury, for example, which one associates with the manufacture of hats and a somewhat rowdy annual fair. In speaking of the towns set on fire by the British, the poet thus exalteth Danbury, whose flames were visible from native Redding:—

Norwalk expands the blaze; o'er Redding hills
High flaming Danbury the welkin fills.
Esopus burns, New York's deliteful fanes
And sea-nursed Norfolk light the neighboring plains.

But Barlow's best poem was "Hasty Pudding," a mock-heroic after the fashion of Philips's "Cider," and not, I think, inferior to that. One couplet, in particular, has prevailed against the tooth of time:—

E'en in thy native regions how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee mush!

This poem was written in 1792 in Savoy, whither Barlow had gone to stand as deputy to the National Convention. In a little inn at Chambéry, a bowl of *polenta*, or Indian meal pudding, was set before him, and the familiar dish made him homesick for Connecticut. You remember how Dr. Holmes describes the dinners of the young American medical students in Paris at the *Trois Frères*; and how one of them would sit tinkling the ice in his wine glass, "saying that he was hearing the cowbells as he used to hear them, when the deep-breathing kine came home at twilight from the huckleberry pasture in the old home a thousand leagues towards the sunset."

ON MAPS AND RABBIT-HOLES

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

IN what pleasurable mystery would we live were it not for maps! If I chance on the name of a town I have visited, I locate it on a map. I may not actually get down the atlas and put my finger on the name, but at least I picture to myself its lines and contour and judge its miles in inches. And thereby for a thing of ink and cardboard I have banished from the world its immensity and mystery. But if there were no maps—what then? By other devices I would have to locate it. I would say that it came at the end of some particular day's journey; that it lies in the twilight at the conclusion of twenty miles of dusty road; that it lies one hour nightward of a blow-out. I would make it neighbor to an appetite gratified and a thirst assuaged, a cool bath, a lazy evening with starlight and country sounds. Is not this better than a dot on a printed page?

That is the town, I would say, where we had the mutton chops and where we heard the bullfrogs on the bridge. Or that town may be circumstanced in cherry pie, a comical face at the next table, a friendly dog with hair-trigger tail, or some immortal glass of beer on a bench outside a road-inn. These things make that town as a flame in the darkness, a flame on a hillside to overtop my course. Many years can go grinding by without obliterating the pleasant sight of its flare. Or maybe the town is so intermingled with dismal memories that no good comes of too particularly locating it. Then Tony Lumpkin's advice on finding Mr. Hardcastle's house is enough. "It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way." And let it go at that.

Maps are toadies to the thoroughfares. They shower their attentions on the wide pavements, holding them up to

observation, marking them in red, and babbling and prattling obsequiously about them, meanwhile snubbing with disregard all the lanes and bypaths. They are cockney and are interested in showing only the highroads between cities, and in consequence neglect all tributary loops and windings. In a word, they are against the jog-trot countryside and conspire with the signposts against all loitering and irregularity. As for me I do not like a straight thoroughfare. To travel such a road is like passing a holiday with a man who is going about his business. Idle as you are, vacant of purpose, alert for distraction, *he* must keep his eyes straight ahead and he must attend to the business in hand. I like a road that is at heart a vagabond, which loiters in the shade and turns its head on occasion to look around the corner of a hill, which will seek out obscure villages even though it requires a zigzag course up a hillside, which follows a river for the very love of its company and humors its windings, which trots alongside and listens to its ripple and then crosses, sans bridge, like a schoolboy, with its toes in the water. I love a road which goes with the easy, rolling gait of a sailor ashore. It has no thought of time and it accepts all the vagaries of your laziness. I love a road which weaves itself into eddies of eager traffic before the door of an inn, and stops a minute at the drinking trough because it has heard the thirst in your horse's whinny; and afterwards it bends its head on the hillside for a last look at the kindly spot. Ah, but the vagabond cannot remain long on the hills. Its best are its lower levels. So down it dips. The descent is easy for roads and cart wheels and vagabonds and much else; until in the evening it hears again the murmur of waters, and its journey has ended. So fie on your fawning, cringing, straight-laced, truckling, puritanical maps!

There is of course some fun in a map that is all wrong. Those, for example, of the early navigators are worth anybody's time. There is possibility in one that shows Japan

where Long Island ought to be. That map is human. It makes a correct and proper map no better than a molly-coddle. There can be fine excitement in learning on the best of fourteenth century authority that there is no America and that India lies outside the Pillars of Hercules. The uncharted seas, the *incognova terra* where lions are (*ubi leones erunt*, as the maps say), these must always stir us. In my copy of Gulliver are maps of his discoveries. Lilliput lies off the coast of Sumatra and must now be within sight of the passengers bound from London to Melbourne if only they had eyes to see it. Brobdingnag, would you believe it, is a hump on the west coast of America and cannot be far from San Francisco. That gives one a start. Swift, writing in 1725 with a world to choose from, selects the Californian coast as the most remote and unknown for the scene of his fantastical adventure. It thrusts 1725 into a gray antiquity. And yet there are many buildings in England still standing that antedate 1725 by many years, some by centuries. Queen Elizabeth had been dead more than a hundred years. Canterbury was almost as old and probably in worse repair than it is now, when Frisco was still Brobdingnag. Can it be that the giant red trees and the tall bragging of the Coast date from its heroic past?

Story-writers have nearly always been the foes of maps, finding in them a kind of cramping of their mental legs. And in consequence they have struck upon certain devices for getting off the map and away from its precise and restricting bigotry. Davy fell asleep. It was Davy, you remember, who grew drowsy one winter afternoon before the fire and sailed away with the goblin in his grandfather's clock. Robinson Crusoe was driven off his bearings by stress of weather at sea. This is a popular device for eluding the known world. Whenever in your novel you come on a sentence like this—On the third night it came on to blow and that night and the three succeeding days and nights we ran close-hauled before the tempest,—whenever

you come on a sentence like that, you may know that the author feels pinched and cramped by civilization, and is going to regale you with some adventures of his uncharted imagination which are likely to be worth your attention.

Then there was Sentimental Tommy! Do you remember how he came to find the Enchanted Street? It happened that there was a parade, "an endless row of policemen walking in single file, all with the right leg in the air at the same time, then the left leg. Seeing at once that they were after him, Tommy ran, ran, ran until in turning a corner he found himself wedged between two legs. He was of just sufficient size to fill the aperture, but after a momentary lock he squeezed through, and they proved to be the gate into an enchanted land." In that lies the whole philosophy of going without a map. There is magic in the world then. There are surprises. You do not know what is ahead. And you cannot tell what is about to happen. You move in a proper twilight of events. After that Tommy went looking for policemen's legs. Doubtless there were some details of the wizardry that he overlooked, as never again could he come out on the Enchanted Street in quite the same fashion. Alice had a different method. She fell down a rabbit-hole and thereby freed herself from some very irksome lessons and besides met several interesting people including a Duchess. Alice may be considered the very John Sebastian Cabot of the rabbit-hole. Before her time it was known only to rabbits, woodchucks, and dogs on holidays, whose noses are muddy with poking. But since her time all this is changed. Now it is known as the portal of adventure. It is the escape from the plane of life into its third dimension.

Children have the true understanding of maps. They never yield slavishly to them. If they want a pirate's den they put it where it is handiest, behind the couch in the sitting-room just beyond the glimmer of firelight. If they want an Indian village, where is there a better place than in

the black space under the stairs, where it can be reached without great fatigue after supper? Farthest Thule may be behind the asparagus bed. The North Pole itself may be decorated by Annie on Monday afternoon with the week's wash. From whatever house you hear a child's laugh, if it be a real child and a great poet, you may know that from the garret window, even as you pass, Sinbad, adrift on the Indian ocean, may be looking for a sail, and that the forty thieves huddle, daggers drawn, in the coal hole. Then it is a fine thing for a child to run away to sea—well, really not to sea, but down the street, past gates and gates and gates, until it comes to the edge of the known and sees a collie or some such terrible thing. I myself have a fine recollection of running away from a farmhouse. Maybe I did not get more than a hundred paces, but I looked on some broad heavens, saw a new mystery in the night's shadows, and just before I became afraid I had a taste of a new life.

To me it is strange that so few people go down rabbit-holes. We cannot be expected to find the same delight in squeezing our fat selves behind the couch of evenings, nor can we hope to find that the Chinese Mountains actually lie beyond our garden fence. We cannot exactly run away either; after one is twenty, that takes on an ugly and vagrant look, commendable as it may be on the early marches. Prince Hal is always a more amiable spectacle than John Falstaff, much as we love the knight. But there are men, however few, who although they are beyond forty retain in themselves a fine zest for adventure. A man who, I am proud to say, is a friend of mine and who is a devil for efficient work by which he is making himself known in the world, goes of evenings into the most delightful truantry with his music. And it isn't only music, it is flowers and pictures and books. Of course he has an unusual brain and few men can hope to equal him. He is like Disraeli in that respect, who, it is said, could turn in a flash from the problem of financing the Suez Canal to the contemplation of

the daffodils nodding along the fence. But do the rest of us try? There are few men of business, no matter with what singleness of purpose they have been installing their machinery and counting their nickels, but will admit that this is but a small part of life. They dream of rabbit-holes, but they will never go down one. I had dinner recently with a man who by his honesty and perseverance has built up and maintained a large and successful business. An orchestra was playing, and when it finished the man told me that if he could write music like that he would devote himself to it. Well, if he has enough desire in him for that speech, he owes it to himself that he sound his own depths for the discoveries he may make. It is doubtful if this quest would really lead him to write music, God forbid; it might however induce him to develop a latent appreciation until it became in him both a refreshment and a stimulus.

There are many places uncharted that are worth a visit. Treasure Island is somewhere on the seas, the still-vex'd Bermoothes feel the wind of some southern ocean, the Coast of Bohemia lies on the furthestmost shore of fairyland—all of these wonderful, like white towers in the mind. But nearer home, as near as the pirate's den that we built as children, within sight of our firelight, should come the dreams and thoughts that set us free from sordidness, that teach our minds versatility and sympathy, that create for us hobbies and avocations of worth, that rest and refresh us. If we must be ocean liners all day, plodding between known and monotonous ports, at least we may be tramp ships at night, cargoes with strange stuffs and trafficking for lonely and unvisited seas.

POEMS

By JOHN ERSKINE

To a Vagrant Poet

Master who knowest song, the spell of mystical rhythm,
The lure of the cry of the soul, the beat of her mounting
wings,

Lover of poets, and lover of youth, and lover of freedom,
Lift for us over the sea the song that no one sings!

For who hath sung of the hour that stalks the land like a
phantom,

The fear that starts at its shadow, and turns on itself, and
is dumb?

And the land that outbraves her fate with indestructible
beauty—

When will the singer to praise her, lover and poet, come?

Mediterranean wanderer, haunting the shrines of the poets,
Surges and strains no homeward prayer in thy heart for
the free—

There where earth and ocean plead for the freedom-lovers,
Torrent and crag for Byron, for Shelley the stars and the
sea?

Never so far they wandered, never so long their exile
But their hearts still beat in England, and still her need
was near;

How they would bid thee, poet, harken thy country's
anguish!

Hearest thou not so far? or carest thou not to hear?

Peace that once waved over the world with hands of blessing
Blesses only the rich—on the poor lays pitiless hands;

Freedom that freshened the earth from inexhaustible fountains

Into myriad deltas spreads, and dies in the sands.

Dim are the dreams of our fathers, sluggish their will is within us,

Baffled or careless we drift in the fog of a leaderless fate,
But the voice of a prophet courageous would rally us forth to one standard,

Would gather a million yearnings with a song to build the state!

What rich Vergilian odors of earth, what silvery-fountained Garden that lulled Catullus's heart-ache draws thee now,
Where olive and ilex bear their freight of a poet's blossoms—

Breath and blood of the Muses in the scent and sap of the bough?

Would thou wert here, my poet, where rioting orchards take us,

Meadowy dreams waylay us that lurk in the mothering loam,
Where over the hillroads set with whitening shoals of laurel,
Clear as the heaven of Italy, the Northern skies of home!

Comrades that walk beside me have left their hearts behind them

In the long Virginia valley, on the Carolina hill;

Love, to the last horizon, beggarly pleads to be uttered,
And thou, the Voice God gave us, art wandering, wandering still!

Thou hast the shrines of silence, the ghosts that cannot answer,

The paths that would not miss thee, tho' one less pilgrim came;

Here are the passion, the hope of the song that craves the singer,

And the hearts that are waiting, waiting, to love him into fame.

*Satan**

"Hail, Lord of Heaven, Almighty Loneliness,
World-maker! thou who not in love but wrath
Shaped me this plot of sham infinitudes—
Earth, the day-fire, stars and the useless moon,
And man and creatures meaner, and called them good!
Good for how long? Lord, Lord, shall goodness end!
Where shines the light that healed thy want of me,
Light-bearer once, thy shadow-bringer now?
Behold, the unsteady sun, now glow now gloom,
Like a spent coal blown on by wind and sand,
Is quenched with sifting dust of the dead stars.
Where is that world for which the heavens were made,
That globe unquiet of the lava-spume
Which from thine anger dript and cooled itself,
That world whereon thy breath malign, and vast
Ponderous loom of motion, force, and rhythm
Stroking the planet-paths, at length begot
Man in thy image, infinitely small,
To squirm, and breed, and marvel at his race—
Even of us, much more of things much less,
To take the measure and impose the name,
And fear us, or desire us, or forget?
Where is that world which thou for man designed?
See where that little whiteness near the sun
Walks virginal, a moon of innocence,
That little hell reformed, which of our combat
Remembers nothing, nor of man's debauch
In futile lusts he never learnt from me,
His godlike wallowings in the slough of love
And fattenings of his purposeless desire;
Nor of his end remembers, nor its own
Foresees, but coldly haunts the dying sun,
God's little world, which, being dead, is pure."

* Suggested by the poem "Armistice" by Frederick Erastus Pierce, in the *YALE REVIEW* for October, 1911.

So at the vaulted shell of utmost heaven
Challenging toward the impenetrable beyond,
The eternal questioner waited upon God.
Merely to stand in that great light he strove;
Even as a bird in a strong wind pendulous
With league-long flight only his station holds,
So beating up into the sight of God
Satan no headway made, but with fierce wing
Pushing from darkness, the orbèd vacancy
Retraced of an annihilated star.
Soon, unrebuked, he shouted up through space—

“Thou who didst build this crumbling universe,
O Boaster, who wouldst bruise me with the heel
Of man, but first wouldst play me for his soul,
Alas, the pieces and the board wear out
Ere the game quite begins! Omnipotence,
Did prudence whisper thee to this shrewd end,
Or thy weak will that could not well create,
Or hast thou played, Gambler Divine, as one
Who sits no longer at a losing game,
But sweeps the board away?”

Still unperturbed
The blessed silence of the face of God
Came luminous against Satan like the sun.
He then with moderated insolence—

“Forgive, Almighty God, for well I know
Not from thy weakness flows this huge decay,
But from thy central virtue, Change. Forgive
One like me steadfast, who from star to star
Tracked in exile my yearnings and my faith,
The azure promise of my heart of light,
Eternity, that only in me was;
Whereon man gazing fed his want therewith,
Like the cool stars to endure perpetually.

Thou knowest, who knowest all, in honorable
 Intent the least advantage to abjure,
 Though my own nature bred it, I drove out
 This strong delusion from man's clinging soul;
 Me only eternal, me the evil one
 He by my aid beheld, and worshipt thee
 The various, the time-server, the manifold death.
 Blame me not, Lord, though his excited thought
 Have thrown thee in these meshes of thyself:
 Since all things alter, God no less shall change;
 Seasons of climax limit even the arc
 Of godhood, bettering on from age to age,
 Then ripe, then rotting, then toward life re-bound.
 But why, O Prudence, who alone art wise,
 Didst thou proclaim thyself Good Absolute?
 Man with his maggot reason sapped thy boast:
 The perfect evil must at last be good,
 The perfect good be evil, for all evolve.
 Lo, man hath reconciled us, who before
 Diluted never our happiness of hate—
 Yea, in a twilight kinship hath confused
 What in our will were strange as night and day.
 Evil uprooted from me I have felt,
 With alien pang some graft of goodness known,
 And, though I look not on thy holy face,
 Wearest thou not some scars that once were mine?"

On venom more sinister meditative
 Circlewise through wide heaven the Serpent swayed
 Cobra-headed, darting his vibrant tongue—

"The secret of thy treacherous plan for him
 Did man not solve, the terminus foresee
 Of breath-departed dust and cooling earth—
 Unfathomable emptiness at the last?
 Yea, did he not forestall thy trick, O God,
 And ere his end annihilate thee first,

Causes remote and far effects reducing
To the mirage of his hot, barren soul?
Thou the mere shadow of his little self
Cast large in front by me, his following light!"

Wrath-wearied, yet defiant, Satan abode;
Then baffled from the eyes inscrutable
Of the First Patience and the Ultimate Good,
Into profounder hate the fiend withdrew.

NIGHT ARMIES

By LEE WILSON DODD

The street is gray with rain,
The gutters run surcharged. All night
I heard war-chariots sweep the plain
In one long-rolling wave of fight.

Now it is dawn, and I can see
No battle wreck, no littered plain:
Where do the wild night-armies flee?—
The street is gray with rain.

And down the street an ash-cart jolts
Ponderous, and I turn away . . .
God, how the ghost in man revolts
Against the day!

THE MORALS OF THE RHYMING DICTIONARY

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

I WONDER whether the kindly George Gascoigne realized what he was doing when he told the intending poetaster how to make his own Rhyming Dictionary. Gascoigne's list of jingles was but a little one, to be sure—only a dozen lines or so; but did it not open Pandora's box? Turn to his "Certayne Notes of Instruction concerning the Making of Verse or Ryme in English, written at the request of Master Edouardo Donati":

"To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers lesson), worke thus: when you haue set downe your first verse, take the last worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the selfe same sounde by order of the Alphabete: As, for example, the laste woorde of your firste line is *care*, to ryme therwith you haue *bare*, *clare*, *dare*, *fare*, *gare*, *hare*, and *share*, *mare*, *snare*, *rare*, *stare*, and *ware*, &c. Of all these take that which may best serue your purpose, carying reason with rime: and if none of them will serue so, then alter the laste worde of your former verse, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention."

There it was; no Manipulus Vocabulorum, concealed beneath a foreign cloak, but a Ready-Made Poet:

Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

Henceforth, however, the bard could deceive nobody, for evidently he was but a word-monger, counting stresses on his fingers and mumbling A B C in search of a substitute for inspiration. In vain, centuries later, did a Jones Very declare his sonnets to be divinely inspired, or a Théodore

de Banville prattle about "ce mot sorcier, ce mot fée, ce mot magique," and exclaim, with all the strenuousness of italics: "Si vous êtes poète, vous commencerez par voir distinctement dans la chambre noire de votre cerveau tout ce que vous voulez montrer à votre auditeur, et *en même temps* que les visions, se présenteront *spontanément* à votre esprit les mots qui, placés à la fin des vers, auront le don d'évoquer ces mêmes visions pour vos auditeurs." The public knew better; the laurel was torn from the poet's brow, for his jingle of corresponding sounds was only a by-product of industry: the "rude beggarly rhyming" of Ascham; the "childish titillation" denounced by Campion; or Milton's "invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre . . . a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no musical delight." Who could respect the rhymers after such words from the author of "L'Allegro"? The public was likely to say to the poet: "Your Rhyming Dictionary, whether carried in your head like Gascoigne's or lying on your desk like Walker's, Barnum's, or Loring's, must bedevil your inspiration and twist your message. Rhyme at your peril, amatory pagan or reverend moralist; for we know that you are singing not what you would, but what you must. No alliterative Anglo-Saxon bard, no assonantal Spanish serenader, was ever so fettered as your modern end-rhymer. Probably you have lost your intellectual conscience; and at best it is the machine, not you, that is carolling or preaching."

Therefore let us take for our sub-text "The Perversion of Sense for the Sake of the Rhyme" (unconscious anapæstic tetrameter), and see how, in English poetry, the servant has led the master.

The inexorable wheel begins to turn out its distorted product at the very start. What, for instance, are more nearly basal words, in this mysterious existence of ours, than *love, home, heaven*? Let us suppose that the bardling tries to ring a few more rhymes on the first. *Above* looks aloft,

and still answers its purpose; but *dove* went out of poetical fashion about 1850, when the "lines" of such poetesses as Letitia Elizabeth Landon and Hannah Flagg Gould disappeared with our grandmothers' albums. A *glove* reminds us of chivalry or the "Lady of Lyons," but is poor poetical material in our time. *Shove* is out of the question; and so the poet falls back, as of old, on *move*, *prove*, *rove*, etc., regretfully remembering that the vowel in *love*, in Shakespeare's day, was probably pronounced like *oo* in modern *roof*, so that "poetic license" was freer than now.

Home is not much better off. *Dome* is useless; *loam* is too agricultural; one cannot always *roam*; and, besides, Wordsworth has monopolized the word by making his eminently domestic and Established Church skylark—so different from Shelley's—a

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

Dryden's rhymes of *home*, *plum*, and *gum* are small help, though certainly unpretending, as Baedeker says of little inns. Really, there is little to do, save, like John Howard Payne, to match *home* with itself, or, like Scott, Moore, and Emerson, to say *come*: *home*, which is usually sound advice.

Heaven comes to grief even more speedily. *Leaven* is Biblical but unethereal, while poor friendless *eleven*, the first numeral with no characteristic of unity, complexity, or mystic charm, is useless. Poe once dragged in *levin*, but *seven* is about all that is left, and the poet must fall back upon the self-evident truth that rhyme is the identity or close similarity of stressed sounds in corresponding places, interpreting "close similarity" rather liberally. Nevertheless, what could be flatter than the forced rhyme *even*, in the first stanza of Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel" as it originally appeared in "The Germ" in 1850?

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;

Her blue deep eyes were deeper much
 Than a deep water, even.
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Later, by the obvious change of making *even* a noun, though retaining of necessity the imperfect rhyme, Rossetti brought the stanza into its present more poetical form:

Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even.

As regards *heaven*, it is hard to see why poets have made so little use of *forgiven* and *shriven*, words which, if the rhyme must perforce be twisted, are certainly good passports to paradise.

River is another of the vexatiously lonely words, in view of its pretty sound and poetic suggestion. "The leaves of the grave-grass *quiver*" very effectively in Francis Finch's *tour-de-force*, "The Blue and the Gray"; and the suicide in Hood's noble lines could most properly tremble and *shiver* in the bleak winds of March; but that is about all. *Guadalquivir* has occasionally helped out, but its current could not last. Longfellow, in his "Catawba Wine," masked the necessities of the case by introducing the Rhine and the Danube into the company of the Spanish stream.

Inasmuch as *ever* and *never*—indispensable in this life of ours, between an unreturning past and a beckoning eternity—are themselves almost companionless, they are inclined, if a wretched pun may be pardoned, to pool their issues with *river*. *Sever* is occasionally forced into their company; but *endeavor* is prosy and *lever* unthinkable. Of course we all remember the prodigality of Longfellow's "Forever, never, never, forever," in which the words are packed into a parcel by themselves.

More, *no more*, *evermore*, *nevermore*, are more fortunate, and have marched down the centuries accompanied by a Provençal-like profusion of rhymes, all the more welcome

because their ideas are as ever-present as the stroke of the clock. Whether Poe showed foresight or hindsight in his "Philosophy of Composition" essay on the mechanism of "The Raven," there is no disputing the thesis that *o* is the most melodious and variant vowel; that the liquids *m* and *r* form mellifluous neighbors; and that we may truly say with another poet: "No more! all hell is writ in those two words."

A bygone American humorist once said to me that it was a wise dispensation of Providence that the best things are the commonest: air, light, water, grain, fruits, etc. But, as we have seen, the poet does not so find it in seeking to discover mates for such commonplaces as *love*, *home*, *heaven*, *river*, *forever*. Nor is he any better off when he turns to *beauty*, the chief outward, or *duty*, the chief inward, support of life. Crashaw tumbled the two together into the humblest company:

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glittering shoe-tie—

the final word being, on De Banville's theory, "*ce mot sorcier, ce mot fée, ce mot magique.*" Mrs. Browning considered *Goethe: duty* a symphonic unity. Wordsworth, in his "Ode to Duty," did not try to rhyme the word itself, though he was not afraid to close the second stanza with the sixteenth-century rhyme *misplaced: cast*. Swinburne's "A Song in Season" trips gaily along with

Thou whose beauty
Owes no duty
Due to love that falls off never,

which led the late Charles F. Briggs, when a Democratic presidential candidate was accused of evading certain governmental fiscal requirements, to parody the lines as follows:

Thou whose booty
Pays no duty—

which at least preserved the common New England pronunciation of the last word.

Wordsworth, in the above poem, and Swinburne, elsewhere, are alike in discovering that *rod* is one of the very few available rhymes for *God*. Both awkwardly force it into place, Wordsworth calling duty "a rod to check the erring," and Swinburne declaring that "a creed is a rod." Neither statement would have been made save in obedience to that Stern Daughter, the Rhyming Dictionary.

Poe was brought against a similarly grim wall of rhyming necessity when he was forced to make *people* dwell up in the *steeple*. Occasionally, like "the noblest of her sex, Miss Elizabeth Barrett of England," to whom he dedicated the 1845 edition of his poems, he acted on the principle that assonantal similarities form not only permissible but praiseworthy rhymes. Thus "*Al Aaraaf*" has *shade and: maiden; glade and: maiden* (which Mrs. Browning used later). His most frank abandonment of the search for the magic word was in "*Fairy-Land*":

In the morning they arise,
And their moony covering
Is soaring to the skies
With the tempests as they toss,
Like—almost any thing—
Or a yellow albatross.

Of course, in any art, the result, not the method or the law, is the measure of success. As we are thankful for the classic entasis, or the aberrations of mediæval architecture, so in rhyme we allow the poet to please us by thought-rhyme, chorus, refrain, or what not—Horace by quantity; the author of "*Beowulf*" by beginning-rhyme (alliteration); George Eliot by middle-rhyme (assonance); or Chaucer by his still unexcelled perfection of end-rhyme, a thing which seemed to Caxton, and seems to most readers since Caxton's day, the only rhyme there is. But English is so strongly stressed a language that, when urgency of

postponed sounds is added to cumulative ideas at the ends of lines, it demands felicity in similarity, or at least a manifest reason for infelicity. It is willing to allow to end-rhyme the privileges of a spoiled servant, but rebels when asked to permit it to usurp the master's place. If the poet cannot imitate the spontaneity of nature, at least let him conceal his art. Everything delights us when Emerson sings:

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake;

but we do not enjoy the ripple when he rhymes *Nemesis* with *redresses*, or *oreads* with *arcades*. Emerson's worst rhyme, never excelled by Whittier, is *draw: proprietor*.

One curious instance in which the poet deliberately throws away the Rhyming Dictionary is George Herbert's, in the last stanza of "Home":

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joints do pray;
And even my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
The word is Stay, says ever, Come.
Oh show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee!

The classical Latin poets fell into end-rhyme accidentally, or used it sparingly as a semi-jocose trick, or sedulously avoided it, though their language surpasses every other in end-rhyming. When the church discovered this last fact, in the Middle Ages, it gave us the very prodigality of rhymes fairly tumbling over each other in their zeal for utterance. No Rhyming Dictionary, no fumbling over *heaven, seven, and even*, was needed by versifiers who almost extemporized their

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter, ille supremus.

The French, said Carlyle, "speak nasally a kind of broken Latin"; but their fractured language retains something of Latin freedom, as in

L'ombre passe et repasse,
Sans repasser l'homme passe.

Its lack of Teutonic stresses—a lack which compelled Stéphane Mallarmé to translate Poe's "Raven" into prose—makes end-rhyme a greater necessity than in any other modern language. Sainte-Beuve goes so far as to say that in French there can be no poetry without it:

Rime, qui donne leurs sons
Aux chansons,
Rime, l'unique harmonie
Du vers, qui, sans tes accents
Frémissements,
Serait muet au génie.

Speaking of the French language suggests the Italian, in which, because nearly every important word ends with an unaccented vowel, feminine or penultimate rhyme is the rule, Dante using only twenty-eight masculine rhymes in the whole of the "Divina Commedia." To the Italian ear the feminine rhyme sounds musical, of course; but in English it must be sparingly used—a fact which adds another barrier to the poor poet's path. A string of unvarying endings of the *flying: dying* order becomes very tiresome in English; Shakespeare ventured to use it but once throughout a sonnet.

The German Wilhelm Viëtor has made an elaborate attempt to reconstruct Shakespeare's pronunciation from his rhymes, an attempt, for all its painstaking scholarship, foredoomed to failure for two reasons: first, no phonetic record can exactly transmit the speech of a resident of Portland, Maine, to a contemporary resident of Portland, Oregon, still less the speech of 1611; and second, one can never tell how religiously Shakespeare, or any other poet, obeys the Rhyming Dictionary of his day. Shakespeare may be

trusted to keep out of the clutches of German phoneticians so long as he takes the liberty to rhyme *empty: plenty; open: broken; and only in: of good women*. Rhyme may have seemed to him a constitutional monarch, but he sometimes treated her cavalierly.

Chaucer, one of the half-dozen master-poets of the world, was a nearly impeccable rhymester; but by the end of the fifteenth century, orthography and pronunciation were in such a mixed state that almost any rhyme passed. It is no wonder that in a time when "the more ways one could spell a word the more he was thought to know" (*damdpnyd* always seemed to me to add new strength to the expletive), Skelton felt at liberty to rhyme *jug: luck: chuck*. In the anonymous ballads of 1550 and onwards, the unfastidious ear was satisfied with the roughest similarities of sound; for instance, *green: e'en: tying* ("Fair Helen"). Wyatt combined *contrarying* with *countrie-weighing*. If the poet can rhyme anything with anything, clearly he avoids the danger of confusing the morals of the result.

Turning the pages of any book of Elizabethan lyrics, the fettered rhymester of our lonesome latter years may well envy such freedom as Herrick's

Some ask'd me where the rubies grew;
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia;

or Crashaw's (supported by Jonson's *wishing: kissing*)

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be you called my absent kisses,

which tangles the tongue in the fashion of that demolished London emporium, Burgess's Fish-sauce Shop.

Some mispronunciations of to-day once enjoyed the highest standing; we must not think that Shakespeare was sinning when he rhymed *groin: swine*. Indeed, *oi* like long *i*

(as in *ice*) survived regularly through the eighteenth century. When a countrywoman of our time watches the kettle *bile* or *jines* the church, she has behind her Cowley's *join: vine*; Gray's *shine: join*; Pope's *join: divine*; Dryden's *join: design*; Addison's *find: joined*; Coleridge's *joined: mind*; Wordsworth's *joined: kind*; and Byron's *aisles: toils*. Indeed, so late a writer as Bulwer gives us *mind: enjoined*, which sounds as dialectal as Gray's *toil: smile*. It is no wonder that Joel Barlow, the author of our own great typographical epic "The Columbiad," jined *join* and *divine*.

Such lists might be prolonged indefinitely; but I will only ask why the rustic should blush for mentioning an "onlucky venter of Leftenant Jones," when Shakespeare himself rhymed *enter: venture* and *daughter: after*. But when we find *daughter: slaughter* in the same monumental authority, we are ready to say, in our haste, that rhyme has only an incidental relation to pronunciation, and that our would-be tyrant, the Rhyming Dictionary, is a flouted fraud. That was what Ben Jonson thought when he wrote a sixty-line "Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme," charging her with

Wresting words from their true calling,
Propping verse for fear of falling
To the ground;
Jointing syllables, drawing letters,
Fastening vowels, as with fetters
They were bound!

Jonson's hostility to rhyme was skin-deep; but a deadly earnestness marked the attempt, beginning with Ascham's "Scholemaster" (1570), to oust it from English verse. This anti-rhyme crusade has so often been chronicled that I need only say that it was ended in 1608, by common sense and the publication of Samuel Daniel's "A Defence of Rhyme."

As most unsuccessful rebellions are followed by an austerer tyranny, it might have been expected that the Rhyming Dictionary would immediately reassert its power

in a dictatorial way; but not until the eighteenth century did formal rhyme seem likely to crush imagination. Pope, in his "Essay on Criticism," pilloried the mechanics who

ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still-expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers in the trees."

Certainly there were plenty of such mechanics, between the death of Dryden in 1700 and the appearance of Wordsworth and Coleridge's "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798.

"The new spirit broke out first in Robert Burns," says Taine in speaking of the Romantic movement; and of course that spontaneous songster used any rhyme-lilt he chose—from Scotch dialect, the old ballads, or his own whim. To the *beauty: duty* puzzle he added the solution of *true to*. Once, in "Highland Mary," he seems deliberately to have avoided "correct" rhymes, for there is not one in its thirty-two lines.

It is hard to acquit Wordsworth for his *sullen: culling* combination in the "Immortality" ode, where *culling* evidently came first to his mind and *sullen* was forced into its company. Elsewhere Wordsworth was ready to rhyme *robin* and *sobbing*, just as Shelley's ear was pleased with *pursuing: ruin*, and Mrs. Browning's with *playing: away in* and *Eden: heeding*. Bonds of union between Maine Yankee dialect and the mother tongue are Matthew Arnold's *morning: dawning* and Calverley's *figure: bigger*. "If gold ruste, what shal iren do?"

The author of "The Bridge of Sighs" and "Past and Present" possibly deserves the credit of producing the worst rhyme, seriously intended, in the English language:

The pines—those old gigantic pines,
That writhe—recalling soon
The famous human group that writhes
With snakes in wild festoon—
In ramous wrestlings interlaced,
A forest Laocoon!

In Browning's verse it sometimes seems to the hasty reader that the compulsory rhyme is the rule and the voluntary the exception. Whenever in doubt he drags in such a rhyme-word as "say," or twists the accent as in *balance: nonchalance*, or the sound as in *Adela: May*. He does not hesitate to pronounce *Lannes* like *plans*, or *Hugues* like *fugues*. I once made a list of one hundred and thirty such rhymes by the illustrious author of "The Ring and the Book," of which *lambdas: damned ass* may be selected as the representative.

Mrs. Browning, at one time, maintained that any kind of assonantal similarity answered the purpose of an end-rhyme, and therefore she was not constrained, like other poets, to yoke unequal fellows. But her waywardness of theory reached distressing results, such as *rarest: heiress; know from: snow-storm; trident: silent; mainland: trainband; calmly: palm-tree; hat: bag*, etc. I am not sure that she does not challenge Hood's negative supremacy with her *ladies: babies*.

Whittier's rhyme-derelections are more famous than they deserve to be, and mostly fall into some freedom of earlier English verse, rather than a wild hunt for some passable rhyme. His *bells: canticles* and *ineffable: hell* have a Rossetti-like sound, and were anticipated by Keats's *innumerable: tell*. It is harder to excuse *Lord: abroad*, but even that, from the Yankee laureate, is no worse than the *suit all sorts: Happy Thoughts* of the Cambridge and London Sir F. C. Burnand, or the *water: quarter* of the international Kipling.

Tennyson, as is well known, cared more for "mouthing his hollow o's and a's" than for consonantal values; of the latter he gives *gaze: face* and *seas: peace*. To American dialect-users he affords the comfort of *blunder'd: hundred*, and so bravely on with *thunder'd, wonder'd, and sunder'd*. Poor poet, *hundred* was essential, and has no rhyme.

In general, it may be given as a rule: the more melodious the poet, the more accurate his end-rhymes. Thus

neither Tennyson nor Poe need detain us long. It was Lowell who said that Poe, in his essays on versification,

talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,

but common sense delights in the fact that, in the words of W. E. Henley, his was the only original note in English verse between Keats and Swinburne. Once in a while Poe uses such rhymes as *Dian: dry on: lion; years: cares; swamp: encamp*; but usually his terminations may be taken as the *ne plus ultra* of possible combination of accuracy and flexibility in English rhyming. If he unifies *Leda: reader* and *kissed her: vista: sister*, so, as a matter of fact, do all the best speakers in Boston and London to-day.

Swinburne, the word-magician, was seldom hard-pressed for a sensible rhyme, and was generally obedient to the Rhyming Dictionary; though *browse: house: poisonous* is pretty far afield, and *month: doth* beyond excuse. Even Walt Whitman (whom Swinburne so lauded in "To Walt Whitman in America" and so decried in "Whitmania") once laid his hand on the Rhyming Dictionary and paid it a half-hearted reverence. In the twenty-four lines of "O Captain, my Captain," six call for no rhyme, and only *exulting: daring, bells: trills*, and *a-crowding: turning* are imperfect. When writing this well-known lyric Whitman might have exclaimed, with Carducci:

Ave, o bella imperatrice,
O felice
Del latin metro reina!
Un ribelle ti saluta
Combattuta,
E a te libero s'inchina.

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER AS IT MIGHT BE

By A. MAURICE LOW

TO what extent is the mentality, the thought, and the whole life of a people shaped by their newspapers?

And the term newspaper to-day is inclusive, for it means not only the daily paper but weekly journals and monthly magazines of very large circulation that have invaded the field of the daily newspaper and deal with current matters. The influence of the newspaper is very great, greater than most persons imagine; greater, indeed, more far-reaching, in fact, than any other agency of our civilization. No public man, no preacher, no teacher, can reach the audience the newspaper does, for even the largest audience of the orator is so small compared with that the newspaper addresses, morning or evening, weekly or monthly, that it is negligible. And the spoken word is never so effective as the written. For the moment the personality, the magnetism, the devotion, or the fanaticism of that rarest of all beings, the really great orator, may swing his listeners off their feet; the burning eloquence of his words, the white light that illumines him, the high purpose that shines from him like a beacon, his purity or his craft, may incite men to great deeds or the basest actions; it may even put courage into the craven or, to use Swinburne's words, "make dumb the wise." But that is for the moment only. It is the words that can be pondered over, that are read silently, that can be studied in their full meaning, that make their lasting impression. No man with a message to deliver thinks of his audience,—that is, of the men and women who are sitting before him and into whose faces he looks, whose applause is dear to him and to arouse whose emotions is the reward for which every orator longs.

Behind the four walls of his auditorium he sees the greater audience, voiceless, to him sightless and dumb, and yet straining to hear his every word, who shall be dumb no longer when his thought has quickened them.

It is the newspaper that gives the orator his power, just as it is the newspaper that gives to every movement its vitality, or makes it die stillborn. A cheap press has both encouraged and checked the taste for reading; it has in one sense sharpened intellect and in the other deadened it; it has cultivated the habit of thought and destroyed it. There are to-day hundreds of thousands of persons whose only form of reading is the daily newspaper or the weekly or monthly magazine; and nothing is so destructive to mental discipline as a steady newspaper diet. It is as pernicious, but also as alluring, as to pick up at random a volume of an encyclopaedia and, idly turning its pages, skip lightly from *glass* to *gnosticism*, from *Goethe* to *golf*; it has the same effect on the mind as the table d'hôte on the stomachs of those misguided persons who, beginning at oysters, conscientiously plough their way through soup, fish, meat, and everything else offered them, and, ending with three kinds of pie, wonder a few hours later why their heads are heavy. The world to-day is suffering from newspaper indigestion.

The newspaper encourages to superficiality and to non-consecutiveness. The aim of every editor is brevity and to provide in his daily issue a varied bill of fare that can be easily assimilated. He is the mental quick-lunch purveyor. We like to think that the great circulation of newspapers is proof of the high level of the general intelligence of the masses; we plume ourselves, as a champion of the American press said not long ago, "that our very lowest level reads and keeps up with the current news," which is flattering to national pride. American newspapers in the aggregate have greater circulations than those of foreign countries; and as the "lowest level" is in the majority in all

countries, it follows as a matter of course that the "lowest level" in America is higher than the corresponding strata elsewhere; which has all the merit and brevity of an epigram, and is as unreliable as most pert phrases. The "lowest level" is reading newspapers as it never read them before, not only on this side of the Atlantic but also on the other, not only in Europe and America but also in Asia and Africa; but whether it reads them for the "current news" or for other things we may gravely question.

And here we face a question that has often been discussed but has never been satisfactorily determined. What is news? What may a newspaper legitimately print? According to some masters of journalism, news is anything out of the ordinary; others define it as anything that will interest the public at large; others again find that it is the startling, the bizarre, or the unexpected. Applying the test, let us see where it leads us. If news is that which is unusual, then a newspaper is justified in publishing the fact that a cow has given birth to a two-headed calf; and yet if I were an editor, I should consider space given to such a commonplace novelty a waste of space. To determine what interests the general public and therefore is to be regarded as news, is more difficult and will be determined by the character and the mind of the man in authority. Every person reads a newspaper for the things he is most interested in; he may skim an issue of the newspaper, but he will read only those things that really make their appeal. The man who is more interested in the prize-ring than he is in the proceedings of Congress will think his newspaper very dull and very uninteresting if it puts a great debate on the first page and buries the doings of the latest White Hope in one of the inside pages. In this typical illustration is the question that every editor must answer: Which has the greater news value, the Congressional debate or the White Hope?—and that means, which will interest the largest number of readers? If there are more persons to whom the prize-

ring is of higher consequence than a law affecting the welfare of society, then, considered purely from the standpoint of business, the editor is justified in giving the place of honor to the prize-ring and letting the debate find a place if it can. The editor would assert that the people were interested in "current news" and that he was very properly satisfying their demand, but I maintain that the public interest in so-called "current news" is no proof of intelligence; rather it may be held that it is positive proof not of intelligence but of a very low order of intellect.

Every editor is constantly confronted with the problem of discriminating in his choice of what is known as news. Some of it is offensive to the good taste of a great many persons and shocks their sensibilities, but is not in itself immoral although it may have a vicious tendency. Should a newspaper that goes into the home and is read by boys and girls,—for in this precocious generation the youngster cuts his or her wisdom-teeth on the newspaper,—young men and women and their elders, publish an account of a prize-fight? I leave that question hanging in the air.

I think no one can deny that the mentality of a people is largely influenced by a press that has a universal circulation. It is the newspaper that the factory-girl and the motor-man snatch at on their way to work; it is the journal boasting the largest circulation and the greatest enterprise and the most exclusive sources of news that the office-boy surreptitiously reads when he can escape the vigilant eye of his chief, and the haughty young lady who presides over the ribbon counter assimilates with her lunch; it is the comic supplement that children are allowed to revel in. The majority of those persons whom I have mentioned read the newspaper and nothing else; they sincerely believe that they are keeping up with "current news" because of their devotion to the daily newspaper. What must be their impression of life? Must their minds not become warped? To a

man who should spend all his life in a cellar, sunlight and fresh air would be meaningless words.

What the newspaper says is implicitly believed in by the very class that is most injuriously affected by false statement or exaggeration. It is one of the most extraordinary phases of the development of the modern press and the importance exercised by the written word as compared with the little weight attached to the spoken word, that a message is supposed to gain authority because it is transmitted through type and not by word of mouth; and it is further curious that it is not alone the ignorant or the half-educated who are thus imposed upon. If Jones tells Brown something that is palpably exaggerated or on the face of it is untrue, Brown treats it lightly, and his judgment is further confirmed by the manner and the appearance of his informant, who inspires confidence neither in his reliability nor responsibility. But if Jones shields himself behind the anonymity of the newspaper, while Brown may not believe all that he reads, he is convinced that it must contain at least a measure of truth; and if the other Joneses of the press continue to repeat the same thing, whatever lingering doubts Brown may have are swept away.

It is the defense often offered by the champions of the modern press that whatever harm it does—and naturally that harm is always denied—is more than compensated by the good it accomplishes, so that in casting up the account the balance is on the side of good. It is contended that it is better a people shall read even a bad newspaper than not read at all, for reading leads to a desire to acquire knowledge, and as soon as knowledge is gained there is a demand for something more worthy; the bad newspaper is cast aside and one with greater intelligence and a higher standard takes its place.

In an article I read recently on the American press this language was used: "It is another and more philosophical question to ask whether the masses are more helped by

exhorting from the top of the stairs or by going down to the bottom and taking their hands, hauling them up one step or perchance two. The old method of philosophers, saints, and reformers, was to climb painfully to the top, to sanctify themselves for their sakes, and then teach. The modern method is to grub at the bottom with the least and the lowest, in the hope of making perhaps a single step up, all in a bunch. It is on this principle of democracy that our press is kept, not without effort and struggle, let it be said, at the level of the lowest intelligence. It is on this principle that our publishing-houses turn out yearly masses of machine-made novels and perfectly empty, ill-written, but glaringly colored books for children. It is on this principle that whenever a book which has a moderate success—and by success one refers to sales—is published, a hundred cheap imitations follow on all sides. The writer in our land studies his public and produces as nearly as he knows how what that public wants. His vocation is not an educative one. The hope of raising the level of the press must lie in the general and gradual raising of the level of intelligence and taste, and this task lies with the schools and colleges.”

Parenthetically, I am glad to note that the writer quoted recognizes that the hope of a better and more worthy press lies with the schools and colleges. But this defense, similar to a great many others I have read and heard, while ingenious cannot stand the test of examination. It is the same tribute that vice always pays to virtue, for even the greatest sinner must find some justification and extenuation for his crimes. It is seldom indeed that out of corruption comes purity. One cannot rake over the ashes of bad taste and expect to find there the jewel of aestheticism. Taste, like nearly everything else, is a habit, and habits are acquired early in life and become a part of our very nature; they soon cease to be habits and make us what we are. Instead of a bad newspaper creating a demand for something better, it destroys that desire, for it has created the appetite for

a particular form of reading which nothing else satisfies; a man who must have strong meat finds less highly seasoned food without savor. The newspaper I have described—and it is familiar enough to my audience—does not lead the reader by easy steps to a higher level but continually drags him down to its own level of dishonesty and baseness until morally, intellectually, and ethically, he is the worse for having fed on that which has been his sole diet.

We hear very much nowadays of the bad manners of the rising generation. My philosophy leads me to believe that the present is a much better age than the past, but I am not, I hope, foolish enough to think we have improved on everything that the past offered us; and one of the things I regret is the decline of manners. Is it surprising that the manners of our children should be bad, and that having formed the habit of bad manners in their childhood, they should retain it in their adolescence? There is nothing, I think, quite so degrading, or with an influence so pernicious or so far reaching, or so injurious to youthful morals and manners as certain of the so-called comic supplements, supposed to be issued for the amusement and edification of children, which they are permitted to have without restriction. There are some newspapers whose idea of fun is healthy and innocent and they furnish children with a great deal of rational pleasure. These, of course, are not the ones I have in mind, but those of a grosser kind, and they constitute the majority, I regret to say. In nothing are they good; in everything are they bad. It is the nature of the growing boy to be mischievous, to have the more or less elemental cunning of the savage, to resent and try to circumvent authority, to play a practical joke without thinking of the injury or discomfort he may cause. None of the things done by a healthy boy, full of life and spirit, are serious, as they are simply the expression of his natural instincts; but parents and teachers try to inculcate respect for authority, self-control, courtesy. The comic supplement, on the other

hand, of the class unfortunately too familiar to most newspaper readers, encourages the very qualities most in need of repression. The witless point of every alleged joke and picture is like the small boy's bent pin in his seat-mate's place—there is always a sting to it; the comic editor's idea of fun is vulgarity. These supplements are not only morally bad but they destroy the child's taste for the beautiful and the artistic. The pictures are hideous, the coloring is an offense to good taste, everything is distorted. A child who might readily be encouraged to develop a love for the beautiful and the artistic has the sense of the aesthetic corrupted at an age when impressions are most vivid and most lasting.

I see plainly enough the faults of the modern newspaper—and let me add that I make no pretense to believing that the American press is any different from that of Europe. There are some excellent newspapers in the United States just as there are some excellent journals in Europe; if America has its yellow journals, then Europe has its gutter rags, and between them there is little to choose. European editors will tell you that the press is no longer what it was in the palmy days when men took their work seriously and readers their journals with equal seriousness; that the passion for universal education and the desire to keep pace with "current news"—for in Europe the messenger-boy and the shop-girl are just as keen to read about the goings-on of duchesses and variety actresses as on this side of the Atlantic they insist upon a full report of the latest fashionable marriage or sensational divorce suit—has changed not only the whole relation of the press to the public but a new public has come on the scene that requires something very different from what satisfied a former generation. And there are editors who will mournfully shake their heads and tell you with a mixture of despair and wounded vanity that the decline of the press from its former high estate is due to American influence. That is as it may be, but it is undoubtedly true

that American journalistic methods have had a great effect on European journalism, especially in England, whose modern newspapers are frankly modelled on American, and many of whose editors are Americans brought to England to put in force American ideas. The influence of American journalism on the English press must be admitted, but perhaps the real reason why England now borrows from America is that the world has grown smaller in the last quarter of a century. Space no longer exists; the brotherhood of man may not have come, but man touches hand with man. If Americans want to keep pace with the "current news," you may be sure that it will not be long before Englishmen imitate their example; if American newspaper proprietors have made the discovery of what interests the great public, it is a secret that English newspaper managers will soon wrest from them. Steam and electricity have made the world a village.

Seeing the faults of the profession to which I belong, I like to dream of the time when those faults will be removed and the newspaper will be what I have always hoped it might be—the greatest force in modern civilization; the one force superior to all others to bring about—if I may use a term that has become so thoroughly discredited and yet is so thoroughly expressive—"the moral uplift." The circulation of newspapers will increase as the years go on; it rests with the newspapers themselves to say whether they shall have merely circulation or circulation plus influence. The two things are not incompatible. It is possible for a newspaper to have a great circulation and an influence proportionately in keeping; or a newspaper may have great circulation and little influence; or a small circulation and still wield great influence. My ideal newspaper would be a paper read by all classes, who would believe in its sincerity and honesty and courage; who might not agree with everything that it said, but who still would be convinced

of its integrity and have faith in its motives. In a word, the newspaper would then really have a mission, and it would endeavor as worthily to do its part as the preacher and the teacher now do theirs.

I should very much like to see the experiment tried of an endowed newspaper. I am aware that I propose nothing new; I am further aware that whenever it has been proposed to establish an endowed newspaper the suggestion has been received with derision, principally on the part of commercial newspapers, who are foolish enough to believe that it would injure their business. It would injure only those papers whose tendency is harmful; the great mass of newspapers striving to reach a higher standard would be the better for the example of and the support given by the endowed paper.

Before saying what the endowed paper might be and the good it could accomplish, let us see what are the objections always brought against a newspaper founded not as a money-making enterprise but as an agency for the public good; and that is the sole difference between the endowed paper and those now in existence. The first and principal objection is that it would not be a newspaper in the proper sense of the word, that it would simply be an organ for the exploitation of the personal views of its owner, who naturally being a crank, for only a crank would put money in any such foolish enterprise, would appeal to a limited class of his fellow cranks, whose crankiness would soon make it impossible for them to accept the cranky notions of the owner, who would in the end have no readers and consequently no influence. This is a logical conclusion if we admit the soundness of the premise, but I deny that the premise is correct. There is no more reason to regard a man as unbalanced because he gives money to establish a newspaper than there is because the same man gives money to build a hospital. He might in one case as in the other

make himself ridiculous and defeat his own ends if he attempts that for which he has neither the professional training nor the experience. A man who should donate a million dollars to establish a hospital and claim that the gift carried with it the right to cut off a man's leg instead of having it done by a trained surgeon, would soon find that he had a hospital but neither medical staff nor patients. It would be equally foolish for a man who has made his money by selling iron or stove-polish to think that because he has been successful in trade he is possessed of the requisite ability to edit a newspaper. The difference between a wise man and a fool is that the wise man knows his limitations and the fool does not. Our patron of journalism, being a wise man, would know his limitations and be content with that knowledge.

It is further raised as an objection to a paper of the character I have indicated that it would be engaged in a perpetual crusade; that its mission would be not only to reform its community but all creation; that, to put it bluntly, it would be like a nagging, fault-finding housewife who is never satisfied with anything done by her servants and who is always complaining of her hard luck in not being able to keep her "help"; and that the paper like the woman would disgust everyone, for no one will put up with a chronic shrew, whether the shrew be female or neuter. How much truth there is in the objection we shall consider later.

And finally it is said a newspaper that is an "ideal" and not established to make money is destined to failure, for without the stimulus that comes from the hope of success—and success is measured by the balance-sheet—there is no encouragement to men to put forth their best efforts. "Your newspaper would be a nice lady-like affair as long as it lasted," said a newspaper proprietor to me with ill-concealed sarcasm on one occasion, "but it would be read by the kid-glove element and the 'highbrows,' and it wouldn't be a newspaper in the real sense of the word."

Now having considered some of the objections to a paper founded not as a commercial institution but to render the highest public service, let us see whether these objections are valid and if the object desired is capable of accomplishment.

I assume as the founder a man who has no axes to grind, no theories to ventilate, no hobbies to ride, no personal ends to serve, no object to reach except one—and that one is to do good. I assume that personal considerations no more enter into his calculations than into those of a man who builds a library—who does not build it so as to exploit a particular author or because he foolishly imagines he can destroy the reputation of an author by not permitting his books to be admitted to the library's shelves,—or the man who endows a hospital not because it will give him an opportunity to use a certain manufacturer's preparations to the exclusion of all others. When a man gives money to the church, to the cause of education, to alleviate suffering, to the cure of the sick, or the care of the destitute, we take it for granted that he has no ulterior motive. Why may we not believe that a man who gives in the cause of journalism can be equally disinterested?

Having furnished the money, our patron would be satisfied and would permit the professional work to be done by professional men. He would necessarily have to select the editor, who would be a man of high character, great knowledge, wide experience—no man learned in the closet, you understand, but a man of the world in the best sense,—fully in sympathy with the purposes of the proprietor, whose ideality would be tempered by the practical. He would be no visionary, neither would his soul have been stifled by the love of the sordid. He would be an all-round, sane, well-balanced man; a man not easy to find, I admit; and yet such there are.

The editor would assemble his staff, who would be men of judgment, education, and character, and who would be

specialists to a certain extent in their various lines of work. He would not permit a man whose knowledge of political economy extends no deeper than the titles of the office library to write on economics, or give over the discussion of foreign affairs to a writer whose acquaintance with his subject is elementary. He would discourage the belief now so prevalent in nearly every newspaper office that any man is competent to write on any subject; and the further belief that, as the public is just a trifle more ignorant than the writer, there is little danger that a mistake will be discovered. The editor would be a stickler for good taste as well as good English. His endeavor would be to issue a newspaper of which he need not be ashamed, and for which he has no apologies to make.

His paper would be neither dull nor void of news, but there would be a fine discrimination in the selection of news; he would always remember that he is publishing a newspaper and that he must cater to persons of varied tastes. Would he, for instance, permit reports of crimes to appear in his columns? Unquestionably he would, but here he would show that fine discrimination which justifies the trust reposed in him by the founder. Many very excellent persons think that a newspaper should never publish a criminal item, that its publication is contrary to good policy and opposed to public morals, but this is too hasty an assumption. It is not the publication of a crime *per se* that does harm; it is the manner in which the report of that crime is published and the way in which it is exploited; it is the exaggeration of statement and the magnification of sensationalism and the belief created in the mind of the public that a very ordinary and sordid crime has unusual features, that does injury. It is no more difficult for a conscientious and well-balanced editor to determine what criminal act shall be published and what shall be omitted than it is for him to reach the same judgment in regard to any other piece of news.

To abandon generalities and come to specific instances. If a drunken laborer goes to his tenement and in a fit of frenzy cuts his wife's throat, every newspaper in the city where the tragedy occurs will give space to it, the amount of space depending on the character of the paper; and the matter will even be considered of sufficient importance to be telegraphed to other cities. If the woman murdered is not the man's wife, then there is supposed to be "a heart interest" in the tragedy; the "story," in newspaper terminology, becomes a "feature"; a keen city-editor will have a picture of the man or woman, and preferably both, and if that is impossible, he will at least have a picture of the house in which the couple lived and the room where the murder was committed. With pictures, staring headlines, and the "heart interest" properly worked in by the reporter, you have the common enough column report of a murder familiar to every newspaper reader.

Is that news in any sense of the word? Is that news worth publishing? Both questions I answer without hesitation in the negative. It is not news in the sense that it is novel or unusual because, unfortunately, the murder of a woman by a drunken laborer is an occurrence all too frequent. The element of personality is missing. The circle of the man's or woman's acquaintances is too small for any considerable number of people to have more than an indirect concern in the affair. As a matter of record, and in the interest of the student of sociology, a paper *might* be justified in recording the fact of the murder in two lines, and even that is doubtful. The sociological investigator will go to the coroner's office and the courts rather than to the newspaper for his data.

But while a crime of this character would find no place in our newspaper, there are other crimes that are not only proper to publish but which, in the interest of society, must be published. The murder of a woman in London a year or so ago attracted the attention of the civilized world.

After the murderer had endeavored to dispose of the body of his victim by burying her in the cellar of his house, he sought safety in flight with his companion disguised as a boy, and they would in all probability have escaped the long arm of the law, if it had not been that the arm of the law was able to stretch across the fathomless void. A keen-eyed and alert ship's officer saw in the boy something that aroused his suspicions, the wireless confirmed those suspicions, and the man and the woman were arrested, the man to pay the penalty for his crime. Here then a distinct public service was rendered by the publication of all the details connected with the crime; for their publication led to the detection of the criminal. The average criminal, the educated criminal especially, calculates his chances, and if he knows that the chances are heavily in favor of his detection, he will hesitate long before he becomes a criminal. Even more is the imagination of the ignorant worked upon. He sees in flight no safety anywhere, for he is as much within the grasp of the law on mid-ocean as he is in the city street. No fear of punishment will prevent some crimes, but the knowledge of certain detection is one of the great safeguards of society against the malefactor.

I need not elaborate my point; I think I have said enough to show that it is not difficult for an editor of good taste and correct principles to be able to decide what crime he shall publish because its publication will be in the interest of public morality, and what he shall suppress because it is destructive to morality and serves no useful purpose.

It will of course be said, and by none others so loudly as by the newspapers themselves, that every crime has some interest, which is the reason no newspaper can afford not to publish criminal news, as the first purpose of a newspaper is to interest its readers. But this I deny. It is one of those newspaper traditions for which there is no warrant. A crime may or may not be interesting; that will depend upon the circumstances, just as a play may be interesting

or dull, or a book entertaining or vapid. Not all plays are worth criticism nor all books worth reviewing.

One aspect of the subject I think no one will question. There may be some excuse for publishing a crime, but can there be any excuse for making a hero of the criminal? A longing for publicity is a very common vanity; few of us are so modest that we refuse to furnish our photographs to the newspapers when they ask for them after we have done something of sufficient importance to justify their publication. Consider the psychological effect on a criminal and his associates when his picture is printed. Unknown, an atom in the macrocosm of society, he is suddenly transformed into a person of importance; he has the satisfaction of knowing that instead of a nobody he has now become a personage and takes his place among the criminal great. Who cares to look upon the picture of a brute who has slashed his wife? And yet the newspaper will contend that it is simply catering to a legitimate public interest when it publishes the murderer's portrait.

The ideal newspaper would use pictures as it would make use of italics and capitals, that is, judiciously. Should a public man, for instance, be convicted of accepting a bribe, it is well that his photograph be published; for the newspaper is the modern pillory, and it is fitting punishment that the thief stand exposed to public scorn. If a man does a praiseworthy or heroic deed, by all means let his picture be published, for that is part of his reward. Here as elsewhere, good judgment and a proper realization of editorial responsibility will make it easy for the line to be drawn with discrimination.

The ideal newspaper would not be given over to fads; it would not ride a hobby to the weary disgust of its readers; it would not tilt at windmills for the mere pleasure of keeping lance in rest. It would indulge in no senseless crusades. I have tried to emphasize my conviction that the newspaper to succeed must be sane and well-balanced, that it must be

in the hands of men of equable poise who are uninfluenced by popular clamor or hysteria, who can keep their heads even if their readers have lost their self-control. It would be easier for such a newspaper to be sane than for any newspaper now in existence, for it would not have to consider public opinion. By that I do not mean that the newspaper should flaunt public opinion, or for sheer pride deliberately go out of its way to antagonize the public, but it would not have to consider popularity. The ordinary newspaper cannot afford to be unpopular, for that is to risk the loss of subscribers and very probably the loss of advertisers, which are the backbone of the paper; so the newspaper must swim with the current of the popular majority instead of breasting it; which is the reason it is always easy to get a newspaper to champion a popular cause—even if it is wrong—and very difficult to get it to lend support to an unpopular movement, even if it is right.

The duty of a newspaper is to be independent; not merely to call itself independent, but to be free and untrammelled in thought and action, and to do what it knows to be right without regard to consequences; but few newspapers can afford to live up to that high standard. A newspaper can be independent and yet have very positive views and convictions; it may be independent and yet support a party or a policy; it cannot be independent, no matter how often or how loudly it asserts its freedom from control, so long as it is subservient to readers or advertisers or the balance-sheet. It would be as refreshing as an east wind in mid-summer to see a newspaper squarely challenging public opinion and telling the majority of a community that they are wrong; but that we may not expect to see until we have a newspaper that does not keep its ear to the ground to be able to detect what the people say or think. Is it of great consequence what a volatile people say or think? For what they say is generally without thought, and what they think is not usually worth while saying. We have

raised the cult of the worship of the majority to a fetish—as if numbers made wisdom. No one pays attention to what a fool says or thinks; but if a hundred fools, each one with greater folly than the others, get together, their folly passes into wisdom because they are supposed to represent the voice of the people.

It is within the power of the press to do as much good negatively as it does positively; its silence can often be more efficacious than its clamor. When public opinion is so delicately balanced that it is impossible for even the keenest eye to discover on which side the scale leans, an editor seeks safety by a graceful straddle, or at least as graceful as the circumstances will permit. Editors who are under suspicion of having a personal leaning toward the unpopular side, frequently to avert suspicion endeavor to convince the public of their impartiality by giving undue space to their opponents, which is supposed to remove all dissatisfaction and to show that the newspaper is fair. An independent journal would not be guilty of this cowardice. The principle of fair play requires that both sides of a question shall be stated; every man is entitled to a hearing and to be allowed to submit his cause to the great jury; but that is as far as the newspaper need go. It should not, for instance, exploit a man who is a disturbing element, but who would soon drop out of sight if he were not kept alive by the press. Should a newspaper opposed to anarchy publish the report of an incendiary speech? Many editors will say, yes, it is their duty to do so as it is news, and that they would not be serving the public faithfully unless they published it, offensive as it is to them personally, and conscious even as they are of the harm it does. "Our news columns and our editorial page are separate and apart," the editor will say. "The news columns mirror the world of the past twenty-four hours—not the world of our making or the world as we should like to make it, but the world as it is; the good, the bad; the grave, the gay; life and

death; the big and the little. The editorial page is the expression of our ideal. We print the speech of the incendiary, and then we write an editorial telling what a vicious speech it is, and the harm done by speeches of that character." The editor is all unconscious of the injury he does. He very often is able to convince himself that his editorial is an antidote to the speech, which is as sound as if a physician were to permit a patient to over-eat himself and tell him he can relieve his pain by reading a treatise on the digestive tract. It has already been said that it is not the spoken word that counts but the printed; it is not the personal audience a speaker addresses but the far greater audience which only the printing-press can reach. For one person who hears the speech hundreds read it; for one person who reads the editorial thousands read the news column.

The independent newspaper would no more publish the speech of an incendiary than it would anything else that was disgusting, disgraceful, or degrading. It would give as little encouragement to the anarchist as it would to the mountebank in politics or society; it would show its contempt of the dishonest by silence. There are many newspapers that will not knowingly publish a fraudulent advertisement because of the injury it does to the public; yet the theft of a man's purse is a trifle compared with the corruption of his morals. If a newspaper feels it is required to censor its advertising columns so as to limit the opportunities for fraud, is not a higher duty imposed upon it to exercise the same strict supervision over its news columns and prevent a greater injury being done by permitting the dishonest to exploit themselves for personal profit at the cost of the public?

I do not believe I shall be accused of being a visionary or of sacrificing the practical for the ideal, if I say that the time is not distant when the daily newspaper, such as I have described, will come into existence.

RESULTS OF ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION

By BURNSIDE FOSTER

THROUGHOUT the entire biological cycle we observe the same struggle for existence to decide which individuals of a certain class or species are fittest to survive, and often to decide the fate of certain more or less closely allied classes or species on the same basis. We see that those individuals having some natural or acquired superiority of form or function, whereby they are rendered more able to thrive, more fitted to their surroundings, survive where others perish. We cannot study closely any form of life without having this truth constantly forced upon us. If we trace the different kinds of life from the lowest to the highest, we find that, roughly speaking, the higher forms must depend for their support and sustenance upon some lower and usually some weaker forms; but when we come to man, the highest type which nature has yet produced, we see him turning to his use, in some way or other, all the other forms of life of which he has any need. I suppose no one will dispute the right of man to use his intellect and his knowledge for the purpose of directing the forces of nature, animate or inanimate, into such channels as his needs may indicate, any more than we can dispute the right of an herbivorous animal to feed upon the grass of the fields, or of a carnivorous animal to kill and devour such other animals as come in its way and are suited to its tastes and digestion. That animals of many kinds experience suffering of a higher than the mere physical sort, must be evident to everyone, and that animals are subject to sickness, akin in many cases to human disease, is undoubted.

Let us then review some of the many ways in which man's necessities and comforts are served by animals, and see in how many cases the benefit derived is unassociated with some pain or injury to the animal. First, and most evident, is the matter of our daily food. There is scarcely need for comment here. Where does there exist a human community which does not depend largely for its food upon animal life? True, our knowledge might readily suggest methods by which the animals needed for our food might be killed without pain to them; but who claims that such euthanasia would be practicable? We likewise kill animals to obtain the materials with which we cover and protect our bodies. In our most civilized communities we are not so dependent upon the skins of beasts for clothing as were our more primitive ancestors, but we could hardly get along without them; and it is not to be supposed that those great industries whose object it is to kill animals for their skins and to furnish us with such necessities and luxuries as they provide, are carried on without inflicting much pain.

Consider again the innumerable uses to which we put the lives of animals which we have trained and domesticated. True, we endeavor so far as possible not to inflict unnecessary pain upon such animals, from humane motives and also because they serve our purpose better if we treat them well. In return for being well fed and well housed and cared for, they do such work as we have trained them to do; and many of these animals have become so dependent upon man through long generations of domestic slavery that they would perhaps be unable at first to live and thrive, were they to be suddenly replaced in the original freedom of their ancestors. Has there not been much pain inflicted during this long process of changing their surroundings? Does any humane philosopher or philanthropist maintain that because the capturing, domesticating, and training of wild animals could not have been accomplished without the infliction of more or less suffering, it is wrong for us to use their

strength and to profit by their sagacity and their other qualities, some natural and some acquired through long generations of training and breeding; and that we ought to issue a proclamation of emancipation, setting free all our horses, cattle, and other domestic animals? Probably not. Undoubtedly there is much to be desired in our treatment of those faithful beasts whose lives are spent in working for us; and in our large cities we daily witness acts of cruelty inflicted by ignorant and cowardly men upon dumb creatures which long years of subjection have rendered incapable of resistance or defense. Aside from the details of our treatment of the beasts which serve us, I think I may assume that we are not doing wrong in using our power over them to our own advantage and comfort.

It is not for his necessities only that man destroys in various ways the lives of animals. Has he not the right to protect himself against animals which would destroy his life or interfere with his peace and comfort if he did not destroy them? Presumably there is a reason, whether conceived in the mind of a Creator, or whether but a part of a general and logical scheme of evolution, for the existence of every form of life—for the poisonous snake which threatens man, the vermin which annoy him, the most offensive parasite which infests him, as well as for man himself. We destroy such animals when we can that we may not be injured or destroyed by them; and we think that we do right in this, although we must inflict much pain and injury. In my opinion there is far less justification for the torture and death which we inflict upon animals merely for the pleasure it gives us to pursue and capture them, than for any other death which they meet with at the hands of man; and yet the most cruel of field sports have been openly defended by the very individuals who have opposed animal experimentation and have charged cruelty against the physiologist. It has been said that to hound a fox to death is manly, noble, and health-giving, but that to kill or inflict pain upon an

animal for the purpose of adding something to human knowledge, of finding out something about normal functions that we may the better understand disease, is useless, cruel, and inhuman. We may assert positively and without fear of contradiction, I think, that it is eminently in the interests of humanity that man should use the lives of animals, and should when necessary destroy the lives of animals, if by so doing he accomplishes some useful purpose of his own; whether it be to supply him with food or clothing, to assist him in his labor, to protect himself from injury or discomfort, or to add in some way to the sum of the happiness of his life.

Bentham and the utilitarian moralists of the eighteenth century, in discussing man's treatment of animals, came to the conclusion that no suffering could be rightly inflicted upon brutes which does not produce a larger amount of happiness to man; that there must be a net result of happiness. I shall attempt to show that animal experimentation does produce a net result of happiness to mankind and should therefore be permitted and encouraged in the interests of humanity.

It is possible that somewhere in the early history of life there may have existed some forms of living matter not subject to disease; but so far as we know, disease, decay, and death have always coexisted with life. The history of every age and community of which we have any record shows that in some rude way the study of diseases and their cause and treatment must have been almost contemporaneous with the dawn of human intellect; and medicine or the healing art, at first encompassed and shrouded as it was by ignorance, mystery, and superstition, has been slowly advancing through the centuries of the world's history, receiving, digesting, assimilating, or rejecting contributions from every department of human knowledge and experience, until it seems to give us fair promise of eventually deserving a place among the exact sciences. Has

this evolution of medicine, this transformation from chaos to some sort of form, been only an accidental development depending upon natural laws and influences; or has it been accomplished by the combined observation, experience, reason, and investigation of many generations of human intellect? The great truths and facts in medicine have doubtless always existed; pathological processes have always been the same. At the same time, scientific truths and natural laws do not usually force themselves nakedly upon us; they are hidden, like jewels and precious metals, only to be discovered after long and patient search. In the days of myths and theurgy, when a divine origin was ascribed to disease and to healing in general, little or no progress was made towards actual knowledge. Nor was there much advance at a later period when pure philosophy and abstract reasoning were made the basis for medical theories. The true basis of all scientific knowledge must of course be observation, and the deductions of philosophy can only be accurate when based upon observed facts.

It is not my purpose to trace in detail the development of physiological research and its influence upon modern medicine, nor does it seem to me necessary to record the thousands of individual facts which have been discovered through the study of the vital processes of living animals; the textbooks of physiology are made up of these facts, which no other means of investigation could have revealed to us. Great, indeed, has been the transition from the pioneer investigations of Galen, working blindly in an unexplored field, to the modern experimental laboratories that teem with earnest, enthusiastic workers, teaching and demonstrating facts, which it took centuries to discover and prove, to those who in their turn may carry on the work and perhaps discover new truths for the benefit of future generations. Does someone ask how humanity has been benefited by this knowledge of physiology and by the kindred knowledge of therapeutics which all this experimental work has

developed? Let the answer come from some human sufferer who has gained relief and perhaps regained health as the result of treatment based upon the intelligent application of some physiological principle to his complaint. Is it difficult to believe that an accurate knowledge of the processes of normal digestion, of the digestive fluids and ferments, has helped many a physician to restore comfort and happiness to patients whose misery, caused by some chronic derangement of these functions, has made life a burden and a curse? Ask some unfortunate sufferer from valvular disease of the heart whether the intelligent use of digitalis or convallaria has made his life more endurable. Have any of my readers ever suffered from, or seen others suffer from the tortures of neuralgia? The relief following section of the diseased nerve is sometimes little short of marvellous. How did we learn the chemistry and physiology of digestion? How did we learn that certain drugs exercise a powerful and positive action on the heart? How did we learn that pain is transmitted along the nerves, and that section of a nerve deprives a certain area of sensation? By the study of the normal functions of living animals.

It is by no means through physiology alone that medicine gains assistance from experiments upon living animals. The greatest advance in our knowledge of the causes of disease, in fact the very corner stone of what we call prophylactic medicine—that department of medicine which promises more than any other to be of benefit to humanity—we owe to the germ theory. In spite of the enormous number of laborers in this direction, in spite of all the work that is being done, the germ theory of disease is still in its infancy. It will take years, perhaps centuries, of thought and investigation to place the germ theory positively where it belongs in medical science, to banish the extravagant ideas of the enthusiasts and demonstrate its truths; but humanity in its gratitude will give to Pasteur, Lister, and

Koch an immortality such as it has given to Hippocrates, Galen, and Harvey. Does anyone, be he ever so ignorant of the science of medicine, doubt that an efficient and well-equipped municipal, state, or national board of health is a valuable safeguard to life and health and to the welfare of a community? Think of the millions of lives that have been swept away by those frightful epidemics of cholera, yellow fever, and the plague, which, thanks to our increasing knowledge of their causes, are now so rare. More familiar to us—alas! too familiar—is typhoid fever, epidemics of which we can, happily, often control, and which prophylactic medicine may ultimately destroy. Consumption, that most insidious and fatal enemy of the human race, causes, it is said, about one seventh of all the deaths which occur, and its mortality has not very greatly decreased since our discovery of the bacillus tuberculosis; but there is reason to hope that we shall sometime find a suitable weapon against it.

Let us see what our knowledge of germs has done for obstetrical science and surgery. Puerperal fever, septicæmia, and pyæmia are to-day classed among the preventable diseases; and the conscientious obstetrician or surgeon reproaches himself for every case which occurs in his practice. Forty years ago, blood poisoning was the horrid spectre which stared the surgeon in the face and made the simplest operation a source of terrible anxiety; and every woman about to become a mother approached her confinement with the awful fear of child-bed fever. It is now more than sixty years since Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his essay on the contagiousness of puerperal fever, appealed to the medical profession to consider the terrible loss of life which was caused by this disease, and maintained, what our present knowledge only confirms, that millions of mothers have been sacrificed through ignorance of asepsis, which to-day we teach as the first and greatest principle of obstetrics.

The knowledge of the microorganisms of disease has been

gained, and could only have been gained, by sacrificing the lives of hundreds of animals. It is not at all remarkable that to a humane individual not familiar with the details of scientific medicine, the modern bacteriological or biological laboratory should seem a veritable chamber of horrors, just as it is a terrible shock to a delicate and sensitive nature to witness a surgical operation or to see the often repulsive sights in a hospital ward; and yet all these are valuable and necessary agencies for the advancement of our knowledge of disease, and through this increasing knowledge, for the welfare of mankind. Pasteur, to whom our science owes so much, once said: "I never had the courage to kill a bird in sport, but when it is a question of experiment, I am deterred by no scruple. Science has the right to assert the sovereignty of its aims."

Most persons have read descriptions of hydrophobia, though few have witnessed the horrible agonies of that fearful and mysterious disease, the investigation of which Pasteur pursued so rigorously for many years. During those years, thousands of animals perished in his laboratory and at his hands as the result of inoculation and other experiments to discover the cause of this one disease. I do not propose to pass judgment upon the results of antirabic inoculations; the time is not yet come to say that hydrophobia can or cannot be cured. But I should like to ask one of those who have argued against animal experimentation from the point of view of humanity, whether he would allow his wife or child to suffer and die miserably of this hideous disease rather than accept a remedy from the hands of one who had obtained it as the result of painful experiments upon living animals.

Let us turn now to that department of modern medicine which achieves the greatest and most evident triumphs over disease and impending death. Where would surgery be to-day were it not for the skill and knowledge it has gained

by proving its theories and testing its powers and demonstrating its possibilities upon living animals? Although the art of surgery, next to that of midwifery, is the oldest of the medical arts, visceral surgery, the surgery of the cavities of the body, has grown up during the memory of living man. It was born of animal experimentation.

Volumes have been written, recording the progress of experimental research and the ever-increasing additions it is making to the resources of medicine and surgery. Does humanity acknowledge no debt of gratitude to the healing art and to those who have labored to make it what it is? Perhaps it will not be out of place, if we stop for a moment to consider what it is that humanity demands, and has a right to demand, of its physician. To be brief, it demands that he shall possess the accumulated knowledge of his masters and contemporaries in the art of the diagnosis and treatment of diseased conditions, and that he shall possess, at least to a reasonable extent, the ability to apply this knowledge intelligently and skilfully for the relief of the sufferings of those who entrust themselves to his care. The problems which present themselves to the physician for solution, dealing as they do with the delicate and intricate phenomena of life, are surely more profound, more subtle, and more difficult than those of any other department of human knowledge. It is not sufficient that he bring to his task a mind filled with dry facts which he has gained from a study of his text-books and from listening to lectures, and a knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body, however accurate, gained only in the dissecting room.

It is conceivable that an intelligent man, who has had no previous mechanical knowledge and who has never seen a steam engine in motion, might be instructed by the aid of books and drawings alone, so that with ordinary luck he could run a locomotive and pull a train safely for a certain distance. But now the engine which at first ran along

smoothly and easily begins to labor and to strain, and presently comes to a standstill. Something is broken or out of order. Our book-made engineer is powerless. He cannot even tell where the trouble is, much less repair it. How different with the experienced and practical engineer, who has been trained and educated in the shops and who knows every screw and lever and wheel of his machine; so that he can take it apart and put it together again as readily as a watchmaker takes apart the works of a watch. Every sound and quiver of his engine is to him what the pulse and breathing of his patient are to the physician, and he could perhaps have told without leaving his cab why the engine stopped; while his mechanical knowledge, his trained ingenuity and manual dexterity, with his special knowledge of the machine he is running, enables him to repair the trouble and start his train again. Not unlike this is the education of the physician. I do not mean to undervalue the importance of a knowledge of the history of medicine and medical theories, of anatomy and therapeutics and pathology, and of all that he can learn from books and from the mouths of his teachers; but however extensive such knowledge may be, it is entirely insufficient in itself to enable him to appreciate and to deal practically with the problems of life and the disturbances of vital function with which he will be confronted. Actual contact and practical intercourse with living nature, personal observation and thoughtful contemplation of the intricacies and complexities of the normal processes of life, can alone give to the senses and the intellect that manual cunning and dexterity, that delicacy of touch, that acuteness of mind, which combine in the true physician to assist him in his varied dealings with human nature and human disease.

Some of those who have condemned the practice of animal experimentation have admitted that for purposes of occasional original research it is valuable and necessary to the development of human knowledge; but I have attempted to maintain that the study of the vital processes of living

animals is also necessary to the education of every student of medicine, unless humanity is to condemn human beings to become the laboratory where he shall take his first lessons in dealing with life.

A favorite argument of the opponents of animal experimentation is that it hardens the nature and degrades the moral sense of those who are continually in the habit of inflicting pain and death, an argument which appeals strongly to those who consider this question superficially, though it is really empty and illogical. In the first place, experiments upon living animals, in the majority of cases, are absolutely painless; for whenever practicable the animals are brought under the influence of chloroform or ether. It is undeniable, however, that often the nature of the experiment makes it impracticable to use an anæsthetic, and in these cases much pain is necessarily inflicted. I admit and believe it to be true, that ordinarily the habit of inflicting pain and death upon men or animals, as in the occupations of butchers, and public executioners, has a brutalizing tendency and undoubtedly degrades human nature; the more so, because the human nature of the individuals who voluntarily engage in such work is usually of a low type. But one does not need to be a very profound student of psychology to understand why this should not be the case with experiments practised for the advancement of medical knowledge.

In studying the human intellect and the evolution of the moral sense in man, it becomes apparent that motive exercises a most important influence over the effect which repeated actions of a certain kind have upon the individual. Thus, to take two extreme instances, it would undoubtedly have a demoralizing and degrading influence upon the benevolence of an individual, were he in the habit of torturing and destroying animals for the mere sake of the pleasure it gave him to contemplate their sufferings; whereas the same could hardly be said of a man who, for

example, in establishing a home for himself in the midst of a wild country, should find it necessary to kill great numbers of wild beasts or poisonous snakes for the protection of himself and his family. Similarly, the sternest moralist must admit that motive and principle have at times justified the enormous sacrifice of human life caused by war; but no one can read the shocking accounts of the gladiatorial games of the Roman emperors without a shudder of disgust and horror. What grander or more human motive can there be than that which prompted the labors and investigations of the late Robert Koch, the results of which, if successful, will add infinitely more to the sum of human happiness than has been added by the combined knowledge and discoveries of the philosophers and seekers after truth of all ages. If there be given to the world a cure for consumption, or something which will protect humanity from this disease, in some such way as vaccination protects from smallpox, no one can place this in the balance against the lives of the thousands of animals which have been sacrificed in searching for it, and say that it is not worth the price.

One of the most recent and most important discoveries in scientific medicine, which is a direct result of experiments upon living animals and which could not have been brought about in any other way, is that of Salvarsan, commonly spoken of as "606." It has long been known that arsenic is destructive to the germ of syphilis; but arsenic is also a powerful poison, and a sufficient dose to destroy the organism of syphilis was, until recently, believed to be sure to destroy the life of the patient as well. Professor Ehrlich, by a long series of experiments upon animals, finally hit upon a synthetical preparation of arsenic capable of destroying the organisms which cause one of the most dreadful of human diseases, without in any way injuring the individual. It is not right as yet to speak of this new treatment as a cure for syphilis, but it is certainly the most powerful weapon we possess against its horrible manifesta-

tions, and the experiments upon animals which resulted in its discovery are amply justified.

Benevolence is a distinguishing characteristic of a high order of intellectual refinement. It is a mark of culture, for it is by no means innate in primitive man and we note its absence in the child, and the idiot. Cruelty, on the other hand, a natural quality of the mind causing a disposition to inflict pain for its own sake and to enjoy the sufferings it produces, marks an inferior or degraded intellect. We must be cautious, however, in judging of the benevolence of an individual, or of the lack of that quality, that we judge not by the act alone, without considering the motive which prompts it.

Man's treatment of animals has often been discussed by moralists and philosophers, and while all admit that we are obligated by a moral duty to them, the first duty of humanity is of course to man. In our most refined and cultivated communities, men have formed societies for the protection of animals and have done much and will do more towards preventing the cruelty and abuse which individuals of a lower type are too prone to inflict. The purpose of these societies is not to prevent man from making such use of animals as his needs and comforts may demand, but rather to protect them from abuse and from purposeless and unnecessary injury.

Some years ago, a volume was issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, entitled: "Hog Cholera: Its History, Nature and Treatment." It is an account of the investigation of a disease which annually destroys the lives of some millions of hogs, and which for some years has caused annual losses of between ten and twenty-five millions of dollars in the United States alone. In this book will be found descriptions of many thousands of experiments upon living animals, which have resulted in giving us knowledge whereby we are able to save the lives of millions of hogs which would otherwise perish. I mention this instance, and

might mention other similar ones, to show that knowledge gained in this way is of direct benefit to animals as well as to man, although the philosopher might with reason doubt if it were any great benefit to the hogs to preserve them from dying of cholera, only to meet at a later period another and perhaps a more painful death in the slaughter house. Veterinary medicine and surgery owe enormous debts to experimental study; and I think no one will dispute their claim to being a truly benevolent science, even though most of the animals which are protected and preserved by it are afterwards sacrificed in some way to human needs.

In order to maintain that experiments on animals should not be permitted in the interests of humanity, it must be shown that humanity is in no way benefited by them. That this is not true must be apparent to everyone. There can be no doubt that most of those who have sought to abolish the practice of animal experimentation have been sincere in their arguments and humane in their motives; but ignorance of such undisputed facts as I have mentioned has rendered them absolutely incapable of appreciating the subject in its true light, and has therefore caused them to reach conclusions which, like all conclusions drawn from false logic, must themselves be false. My purpose has been to show that experiment on animals has advanced and is advancing medical and surgical knowledge; that such advancement can be accomplished in no other way; that such advancement is directly beneficial to humanity and that therefore, in the interests of humanity, animal experimentation should not only be permitted but that it should be encouraged by every individual who has human welfare earnestly at heart.

THE FAME OF CROMWELL

By WILBUR C. ABBOTT

WHEN I lived in England I used to wonder a great deal why it was that to many of my friends the period of the Civil Wars was so real and so alive; that Cavalier and Roundhead were not merely historical allusions but living realities; that Charles the First and Cromwell still evoked emotions as intense as the feeling towards living political leaders. The answer was long in coming to me, but the events of the past few years have made it clear. It is that, say what we may to the contrary, the Civil War was a struggle not alone between Crown and Parliament, between Anglican and Dissenter, but between class and mass. The instinctive dislike for Cromwell which so many of that element in England known as Society have always shown, the equally instinctive liking for him among most of those outside the precincts of that social pale, are apparent; and the great events of the past decade in English politics, which have marked the entry of real democracy into public affairs, have brought out this significance of the seventeenth century struggle and its hero clearly enough. It is, then, not unfitting at this time to review the evolution of the historic Cromwell, for in it are bound up not alone the changes of knowledge and of opinion, but the deeper sentiments and motives of a political transformation at once far-reaching and profound.

What happens to the reputation of a great man when he is dead? The answer seems simplicity itself:—first the panegyrics of his friends and followers, the dispraise of the enemies he made, then the slow, final judgment of the historian. There is a feeling common among men that this

is the end of it, that, once placed among the immortals, his position is as unchanging as that of Jupiter or of Hercules. But it requires no profound consideration to perceive that the case is not so simple as it seems and that such a view is only true in part. Scarcely less than his career itself, his fame is influenced by currents of changing circumstance, often wholly apart from his own worth, achievement, or ability. The fortunes of the nation, party, or movement with which he was identified in life, the shifting balance of opinion or event, later knowledge or experience which illuminates the deeper meaning of his time, some accidental circumstance which elevates or obscures his memory, even the genius or stupidity of a biographer, may alter his place in the hall of fame. So far from being fixed, it is as shifting as his fortunes while alive. This is especially true of the man of deeds. An author's words remain; preserved, forgotten, revived, re-edited, they are essentially the same. Though succeeding generations may neglect it, the printed page can scarcely suffer the same fate as the less tangible memory of past action, motive, character, which, not crystallized perpetually before us like works of literature, are seen for the most part through other minds, and taken on the word of other men for what they were and meant. For them we must rely, not on our own judgment, but on that of the historian and biographer. And it is a significant commentary on the instability of human affairs to see how from generation to generation those judgments change.

Of this there is to-day no better case than Oliver Cromwell. It is now a little more than two hundred and fifty years since he died. No great space of time to those who deal in the immensities and eternities, a quarter of a millenium is none the less a substantial period in human affairs. There is in it opportunity for hurrying generations to do and to forget much; and during the last two centuries and a half, in politics, men have travelled far. They have come from monarchy to democracy, and seem well on the way to

extensions of popular sovereignty which not long since were reckoned Utopian fancies. In so doing they have forgotten much. Among the rulers of the Protector's day few, even of the greatest, are still numbered in our memories. But from his time to our own a stream of biographies has kept Cromwell's memory alive. The tale of them is not told; they still appear; no collection of them is complete; nor can be till the subject ceases to interest mankind—and then it will no longer be worth while. But that day seems now more distant than ever. "Bewildered, interminable rubbish heaps," Carlyle declared, "the dreariest perhaps that anywhere exist still visited by human curiosity," stupid, "worthy of oblivion—of charitable Christian burial," they represent no less the permanence than the changing fortunes of Cromwell's memory. They not only contain his life, they form the biography of his fame. And as miners nowadays are able to extract gold in paying quantities from what their forerunners cast aside, so, braving the curses of Carlyle, we may find, even in his rubbish heaps, material he did not consider worth his while, for in their pages we may trace the development of the conception of Cromwell and his rule.

First of all, these despised biographies help to answer the question of how and why the great Protector's memory has been preserved. Chiefly, and naturally enough, we find that it was for what he did. "What," said his contemporary Cowley, "can be more extraordinary than that a person of private birth and education, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, nor shining qualities of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt and the abilities to execute so great a design as the subverting one of the most ancient and best established monarchies in the world?" Cromwell had, in fact, accomplished the impossible. He had been granted "the marvellous distinction of breaking through that charmed circle which among European nations hems in the private man." In the heyday of

the doctrine of divine right this English squire became the ruler of three kingdoms, wielding an authority which had no precedent and no appropriate name. For such an achievement modern times offered no parallel. Pretenders had based their claims on royal blood; Italian despots exercised at best a petty tyranny. Cromwell thus seemed a prodigy of superhuman if not supernatural powers, so great that no merely mortal explanation seemed credible, and the superstitious declared he made a compact with the devil who came to take his soul in the great tempest which accompanied his death.

His achievement, then, was, and remained, a principal reason for the permanence of his fame. Later, beside his deeds and the vituperation of his enemies, three forces successively made for his immortality. The first was the re-emergence of that Puritanism whose champion he had been. The second was historical scholarship, filled with inquiring skepticism, the foe of the miraculous, which sought to explain Cromwell on rational grounds. The third was democracy, which, finding a popular hero in the figure which scholarship restored, blazoned his memory on its advancing banners, and ensured new lease of life to his reputation and his influence. Yet, like the development of liberalism with which it is bound up, this evolution of the historical Cromwell is no well-ordered progress. It resembles less the steady accretion of silting streams than the emergence of land from sea—now an upheaval, now a subsidence, and at the end, not an unbroken plain but diverse and diversified continents with oceans between. In this process these biographies are guides to the event. The changes of conception they record express the fluctuation of movements and ideas of which that conception itself is not infrequently a part. Like fossils in the rocks, they reveal something of the life that once was there. For as each age in some sort shapes its own present, scarcely less it reconstructs its own past by its new light and learning. From its

conception of that past, only less than from its own deeds, we may determine what it was and what it thought.

The first stage in the evolving of a historic personality is that of the man's own lifetime. There, from his first unheralded entry on affairs to a death full of place and honors, his fame and the opinion of his fellows grows with his deeds. John Forster has acclaimed that rector who, recording the death of Cromwell's son, notes the father, then a simple gentleman, as "vir honorandus," a man to be honored; and we may perceive from this something of the impression made on those about him even in the early undistinguished days. To the Royalist, Sir Philip Warwick, he first appeared speaking in Parliament as "a gentleman ordinarily apparelled in a plain cloth suit which seemed to be made by an ill country tailor, with plain and not very clean linen, a speck or two of blood upon his band, no hat-band, a man large in stature, of swollen and reddish countenance, sharp and untuneable voice, and fervid eloquence." This was the man he lived to see, he tells us, "by multiplied escapes and a real but usurped power, having had a better tailor and more converse among good company, appear of great and majestic deportment and of comely presence."

Those intervening years, as Cromwell grew to heroic size, brought with them a literature relating to his deeds and character. From its first peculiar product, the satirical "Panegyrick" published two years before the execution of the king, while the future Protector was still but lieutenant-general, to the elegies and histories which followed on his death, the list of thirty thousand pamphlets which the Revolution is said to have produced was notably swelled by those relating to this new Star of the North. Strange words were invented to describe him, like "Tyranipocrit"; strange titles were devised for tracts concerning him, like "A Sad Sigh with some Heart-Cracking Groans," and "Jonah's Cry out of the Whale's Belly." The literary Cromwell invaded other lands where the "Dutch Student

beseeking the English Professor in the Great School at London" shared honors with denunciations of the "great triumvirate of rascals," Cromwell, Mazarin, and Gustavus or de Haro, as the author's predilections dictated; while a splendid German folk-song, a symbolic dialogue between Cromwell and Charles, sounded democracy's challenge to divine right. Through this whole period panegyric vied with libel, till, at the Protector's death, the elegists burst into song and the historians began to commemorate his deeds. The poems of Waller and Dryden were rivalled by Slater's "Rhetorical Rapture"; and the "Narrative" of Wright was soon followed by Carrington's biography, which compared Cromwell to Alexander, and Dawbeney's, which likened him to Moses.

Grown to such stature, it was evident he was admired rather than loved by his own followers, hated and feared even when most respected by his enemies. What his soldiers thought of him, what those voiceless thousands whose political banner he bore, believed, we can surmise from their actions. What those most closely associated with him thought, his cofferer Maidston may perhaps express. To him the Protector's head "seemed a storehouse and a shop of a vast treasury of natural parts, his temper fiery but kept down . . . compassionate, fearless; a larger soul hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay; religious, yet his temptations were such as it appeared frequently that he who had grace enough for many men might have too little for himself, the treasure that he had being but an earthen vessel and that equally defiled with original sin as any other man's is":—an appreciation which the Protector might well have read with mingled amusement and humility.

Of whole-hearted literary defense by writers of first rank he had, indeed, little enough in his own time, save that the greatest pen in Christendom was on his side. That counted, indeed, for much, for more perhaps in our day than his.

To Milton at the outset of the great constitutional experiment of the Commonwealth he was

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed.

Yet even here the warning does not fail, already fear—or is it doubt?—

. . . much remains
To conquer still: Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war; new foes arise—

Two years later when that experiment had failed, Milton's prose appeal to Cromwell to take the supreme power touched the highest level of English eloquence. Yet when Commonwealth and Protectorate alike were over and the Protector dead, the great Puritan poet's pen was still. Not so that splendid sycophant, Dryden, who sang at the Protector's funeral—

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great, ere fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow—

and even when royalty was restored was driven to speak of him as that "bold Typhœus" who had "scaled the sky"

And forced great Jove from his own heaven to fly.

But, in the main, the recorded judgments of his contemporaries, when not mere libels or panegyrics or, as in Milton's case, the identification of the Protector with the greatest of all causes, were hostile or extremely critical. Nor is this to be wondered at. His enemies were numerous, able, and exceptionally gifted in their tongues; while, occupying as he did, in later years, the middle ground, he was assailed by them from every side. Among them three schools of

thought gradually emerged. First the Presbyterians, like Baxter, damned him with faint praise. "He meant," said that great controversialist, "honestly in the main and was pious and conscionable in the main course of his life till prosperity and success corrupted him. Then his general religious zeal gave way to ambition, which increased as success increased"; though, he adds, with what seems somewhat labored fairness, "It was his design to do good in the main, and to promote the interest of God more than any had done before him."

Second and fiercest of all, were the Republicans who felt themselves betrayed by this worst apostate to the Commonwealth, who led them to the borders of the Promised Land only to seize it for himself. To Ludlow "in all his changes he designed nothing but to advance himself, sacrificing the public cause to the idol of his ambition." To such men England seemed about to enjoy a millennium, "the nation likely to attain in a short time that measure of happiness which human beings are capable of, when, by the ambitions of one man, the hopes and expectations of all good men were disappointed." The Royalists, however bitter, entertained no such fond imaginings of the perfectibility of human nature. "Had his cause been good," said Reresby, Cromwell would have ranked as "one of the greatest and bravest men the world ever produced." To their incomparable literary champion, Clarendon, whose writings for a century and a half remained the almost unchallenged authority for the period, he had, it is true, "all the wickedness against which damnation is pronounced and for which hell-fire is prepared." Yet he had, too, "some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated." He was a tyrant, but he was not "a man of blood." He had "a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men," "a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution"; he was, in short, "a brave, bad man." Such were the four schools of

English thought with their respective judgments of the great Protector. And if it may seem strange that of the three opposed to him, the Royalists, whom he harmed the most, held him in higher esteem than the Republicans,—we must remember that though he had destroyed their power he had at worst not taken away their dreams.

Meanwhile to Continental minds he loomed huge, portentous, threatening, “the boldest enemy Europe ever had.” Little loved even by those Protestants he championed, least of all by Mazarin who sought the useful if unholy aid of the heretic regicide, he was hated and feared scarcely less by Calvinistic Holland than by her recent mistress and antagonist, Catholic Spain, since on each, for trade or empire or religion, or all three, his blows had fallen impartially. To each of these he wore a different guise, to none of them the same he took to friend or enemy at home. The Dutch represented him as an ogre, the French as a bravo, the Spaniards as a fiend. But for the most part, while England sought parallels for his career in Warbeck and Simnel at the best, and Wat Tyler and Jack Straw at the worst, the Continent found apter analogies in the ancient world, or, where men dared voice the comparison, in those tyrannies for which the Italian Sforzas, Borgias, and Medici furnished more recent and striking examples. To them he seemed less a popular champion or a fanatical enthusiast than an aspiring regicide, a tyrant in the older sense, who, by his arts, ambition, and ability, raised himself to power on the ruins of the monarchy, and ruled his country, not perhaps to its great harm, in some measure for its good, certainly for its glory, by surpassing skill in statesmanship. To them, especially to their rulers, his power rather than his character or circumstances appealed. Such different personages as Condé and Queen Christina of Sweden expressed their admiration and regard for him. And to the boy Louis the Fourteenth, dreaming of the despotism he was to build and wield, he seemed “the greatest

and the happiest prince in Europe." Thus, under such widely varying auspices, the first stage of Cromwell's reputation came to an end with his death; and his fame, under such different aspects, set forth upon its long and chequered pilgrimage.

Its first adventure was with the returned royalism of the Restoration period. Scarcely had church and crown come to their own again, when the long-pent flood of execration burst on the tyrant's head. The first life of any worth, Fletcher's "Perfect Politician," whose motto might well have been the pungent line of the "Iter Boreale"—"That meteor Cromwell, though he scared, gave light"—was soon followed and superseded in large part by Heath's "Flagellum," "chief fountain of lies concerning Cromwell," as Carlyle declares, with aptness and unusual truth. This famous, or infamous work, long the most widely read and printed Cromwellian biography, copied, in part, even by Clarendon, allowed its subject no qualities save those of evil; vilified his family; accused him and his whole connection of all the basest vice and crime; pictured the Protector as a monster no less despicable in private life than damnable in public action; and stripped him of every shred not merely of virtue and ability but even of common decency. It found echo abroad; for there, no less than in England, the chief and fully gratified demand was for unlimited invective. At home such books as Cowley's "Vision concerning His late Pretended Highness," and Perrinchief's "Agathocles, or the Sicilian Tyrant," its frontispiece a caricature of Cromwell crowned with twisted snakes instead of laurel; abroad the Latin "Comparison of Cromwell and Tiberius" and the German "Narrative of the meeting of Cromwell and Master Peter in Hell,"—strike the same note. Of this school one voice may speak for all, that of Winstanley's "Loyal Martyrology," which pictures Cromwell as "the *English* Monster, the Center of Mischief, a shame to the British Chronicle, a pattern for Tyranny, Murther and

Hypocrisie, . . . whose bloody Tyranny will quite drown the names of *Nero*, *Caligula*, *Domitian*; . . . having at last attained to the height of his *Ambition*, . . . for Five years space . . . he wallowed in the blood of many Gallant and *Heroick* Persons."

Now that reviling had become not only safe but profitable, it was small wonder that lesser spirits were so inspired when, less by "divine vengeance," as the Royalists declared, than by the unworthy revenge of those unable to stand before him while he lived, his body was dragged from its grave and unspeakably dishonored. While the lighter minded of the Royalists vented their feelings in a famous ballad which commemorated his fabled origin as a brewer, and the splendid copper color of his nose, we may judge the hatred he inspired when even sober gentlemen like John Evelyn could record: "Died that arch-rebel called Protector, . . . the joyfulest funeral I ever saw for there were none that cried but dogs. . . . This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those Arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshawe . . . and Ireton . . . dragged from their superb tombs. Look back and be astonished! and fear God and honour the King! but meddle not with them who are given to change!" "And yet," said Pepys, himself no Commonwealth man, but with that sound common sense which makes him not merely a good mouthpiece of his time, but the first of a new school of Cromwellian thought, "it do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough."

This period of unchallenged invective was destined to last but a short six years. Then the first change occurred. The Dutch had fought England on nearly equal terms; the English government, by maladministration and extravagance, war, plague, and fire, was brought close to bankruptcy. Peace negotiations had begun when suddenly the Dutch sailed up the Thames. The unprotected English

men-of-war were sunk or burned. London heard the thunder of Dutch guns, every English port felt their insulting presence. "It is strange," wrote Pepys, "how everybody do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbours fear him, while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people . . . hath lost all so soon." Thus with the comparison of his courage and ability with royal incompetence, the tide began to turn, and the next year saw in print the first defense of his rule since the Restoration. With it the stream of Cromwellian biography in England was checked for a quarter of a century.

Meanwhile, however, a Cromwell legend arose upon the Continent, where for a dozen years translations of English lives had thus far sufficed. It is significant that the most considerable writers who first essayed the task were all from Italy, and while English pens were idle, Cromwell's fame underwent a new transformation in Italian hands. The spirit in which they wrote is best expressed by the title of a later German work, "*Arcana Dominationis*," the secrets of governing as revealed in Cromwell's deeds and character.

To Machiavelli's countrymen this was the chief appeal of the English Puritan, his mastery of men and the "mysteries of state." Dear to the mind of earlier, empiric statesmanship, versed in the art of managing men, the means by which the individual fortune was advanced and subjects kept submissive to their ruler's will, these were the lessons to be learned from his career, and in this light they presented him to the Continent. In such spirit Galardi wrote his "*Tyrannie Heureuse, ou Cromwell Politique—avec ses Artifices et Intrigues*," largely compiled from Heath, much reprinted and widely read. Thus Modena's secretary of state, Gratiani, composed his most popular play, "*Il Cromwele Tragedia*," of even greater vogue. It was reflected in Paioli's "*Cromwell et Mazarin*"; and in reply to the Abbé Raguenet's "*Life of Cromwell*," it was summed up

in the most famous of this group, Gregorio Leti's biography, the longest life of the Protector which had yet appeared, and the one which did most to determine the Continental conception of him for a century. The author was no less notable than his book. A bishop's nephew, bred to the church, but turning Calvinist, he lived successively in Rome, Switzerland, England (where he became royal historiographer), and Amsterdam. The historian of Geneva, the foe of the Papacy and of Louis the Fourteenth, he would have seemed the ideal biographer. But he was obsessed by Cromwell's regicide and tyranny, and his book partakes in equal measure of the character of picaresque romance, Machiavellian statecraft, and Royalist-Republican vituperation. Cromwell, in his view, was a prodigy, conceiving and executing the subversion of royalty with courage, ambition, and prudence, compelling fortune by his marvellous conduct. He dominated the most fiery, subdued the most obstinate. None ever knew better how to assume the mask of hypocrisy, and to conceal ambition behind that mask, to make the barbarous, unjust, and violent maxims of his rule recognized, respected, and loved, for no prince ever had such great talents or understood so well the art of governing. Now assuming the fox's skin, now that of the lion, no friend was ever so false, no foe of Europe ever so bold. He gave usurpation the appearance of public good, kindled rebellion under pretense of public safety, roused others to drive out royalty and free the nation, only to seize tyranny for himself. He reversed the order of government and even replaced the laws of religion with others better fitted to his absolute rule. Like all tyrants, faithless and suspicious, vindictive, bloodthirsty, a hypocritical demagogue, he abused Parliament, destroyed the Upper House, drove out the bishops, overawed the Council, and sustained himself only by a powerful and well-paid army wholly under his control. But Leti was not content with depriving Cromwell of all virtues. He was that rare thing

in the world, a tyrant without vice save those of state—ambition and hypocrisy. He gave example to the subjects of his tyranny, and under his rule men lived in England as in a cloister. He hated learned and literary men, destroyed the Oxford libraries, sacked her colleges, discouraged philanthropy, religion, and education, let public edifices decay, and distributed contributions for the persecuted Vaudois among his "red brethren." Such was the Character of an English Tyrant which did duty for Cromwell's portrait on the Continent for more than a hundred years, and with which Catholic Europe, "seeing in him a scourge and anti-Christ," rested for the most part content. Nowhere matched for comprehensive detraction, two hundred years of scholarship barely availed to disprove its charges.

Leti's book appeared three years after the Revolution of 1688. Whether the publishers are right in their contention that popular interest runs in cycles of about thirty years, so that each generation sees a "revival" of historic characters, or whether, as Chasles declares, the Revolution gave rein again to "Nonconformist and Republican" sentiments (though the last would certainly not have helped Cromwell's cause), this much is true, that the most astute of English author-publishers took this occasion to bring out a little life whose success in England rivalled that of Leti's abroad, and ushered in a new period and school of Cromwellian biography, destined to last a half century. "Robert Burton," born Nathaniel Crouch, was a tailor's son. Early apprenticed to a famous publisher, Livewell Chapman, whose name and books proclaimed his Puritan proclivities, he became the most prolific and popular book-maker of his day. Being a publisher, nothing human was alien to his pen. The works he wrote as Robert Burton and published as Nathaniel Crouch range from "A Devout Soul's Daily Exercise in Prayer" to "A Winter Evening Entertainment of Relations and Riddles." Twenty-second in the list of forty-five volumes credited to his industry, his "His-

tory of Oliver Cromwell" appeared two years after Leti's book. With it we enter an era of Cromwellian biography which, for want of a better name, we may call the Nonconformist period. Burton's life was not, indeed, a defense of the Protector's memory, but it challenged those who invaded "the Almighty's province of judging the Hearts and thoughts of Men, attributing all to Hypocrisie and Ambition." He gave no credit to the calumnies of Heath regarding Cromwell's private life. Leaving "every Man to his own Opinion," he "thought it not unacceptable to his Country men to give a plain and impartial Account of Matters of Fact." He quoted documents, Cromwell's own words, including his pathetic death-bed prayer, and an elegy of him "whose Valour mounted him to that height by which he raised . . . the Nation to that Glory that Forreign Princes feared and envied him." The numerous editions testify to Burton's knowledge of his public and his times. And, for further evidence, we observe within three years one writer reckoning the advantages of Cromwell's rule; and presently, upon the appearance of Ludlow's memoirs, another publishing a "Modest Vindication" of Cromwell's character against the great Republican's aspersions.

Four years after the publication of Ludlow's memoirs, Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion" first saw the light in print; and with the appearance of these champions of opposing causes in the historical, as they once had been in the political field, the stream of opinion concerning Cromwell perceptibly divides. While one school followed Ludlow, another and a larger body took Clarendon for their guide. To both, in Pope's words, the Protector was "damned to everlasting fame." Rejected by the Tories who condemned him, on Royalist grounds, as a usurper of authority; and by the Whigs, on Republican grounds, as having exercised a tyranny, he seemed equally obnoxious to the champions of power and to the upholders of liberty. "Like a Mahomet," wrote the Tory historian, Echard,

anticipating a later comparison, with "transports of Fancy . . . a crafty understanding, . . . deep Thought, resolute, aspiring Temper, ready to head any Faction, . . . a radical, original Hypocrisy, mighty Genius, prodigious Address, having usurped three Kingdoms, governed by councils of Rapine and courts of Murder . . . by the severest Vengeance of Heaven, he died impenitent, hardened, and raving mad, with the Curses of the present and the Detestation of future Ages." Where Echard quotes Cowley, his Whig rival, Oldmixon, repeats Baxter, adds a collection of descriptive adjectives and nouns, "hypocrisy, treason to Parliament, eloquent, arbitrary, care for trade, glorious," concluding with a translation of a French epigram, "A Tyrant without Vice, a Prince without Virtue." When historians took such ground it is small wonder that public men were far from eager to pronounce upon a character and a career so bitterly assailed, and upon policies they could not wholly condemn, nor, much less, wholly praise. In spite of this some forces were working for Cromwell's rehabilitation. The contrast between his rule and that of Charles and James, followed by the Revolution of 1688, gave a basis of comparison. Historical perspective had now been improved. The generation which had felt his power was gone; men were now freer to express their thoughts; and the Dissenters, in particular, were prepared to frame their opinion into a third and powerful school. On the Continent, however, the case was different. There no revolution had taken place; the ideals of the Grand Monarque, Louis the Fourteenth, remained supreme. Save for the advance of eighteenth century skepticism and common sense, Leti's portrait remained unchallenged. Though the lofty spirit of Bossuet rejected it, even Voltaire's mocking cynicism found it not incredible. To him Cromwell remained a tyrant, assassin, parricide, and hypocrite, "the most terrible of charlatans," who "under Elizabeth would have been hanged, under Charles the Second, ridiculed." That was

partly explained by the fact that to the men of the old régime there was small conception of sincere religious enthusiasm apart from mere fanaticism, and as yet no "people" in the English sense. No political convulsion had disturbed the divine right of king, aristocracy, and church. Till that time came it was not to be expected that they would understand the English Puritan.

It remained, then, to Nonconformist hands to write his biography. Thirty years after Burton, one Isaac Kimber, a General Baptist minister, issued a larger and no less popular life, widely read for half a century. "Impartially collecting" his material "from the best *Historians* and several Original *Manuscripts*," he produced for the first time a frankly favorable biography. Recognizing in larger measure than did Burton the value of contemporary evidence, especially Cromwell's own words, he enumerates sources and examples of the Protector's greatness with documents and witnesses to support his case. Above all, he replaces the repulsive effigy of a tyrant with the image of a man among his fellows. He records the human traits, the humor, tenderness, clemency, the strength and weakness of Cromwell's character, restoring, not without skill, those qualities which, denied by the earlier biographers, cut the Protector off from human sympathy. On the Continent, indeed, this creature of flesh and blood could not compete with Leti's caricature, and Kimber's French translation had no vogue. But in England it evoked response. Fifteen years later it was followed by a vigorous biography on the same lines, whose author, John Banks, introduced two innovations of his own. The one was a defense of the doctrine that a private man might legally hold the sovereignty; the other was an attack on those who had denied to Cromwell the very qualities by which alone he might have risen to eminence. It is absurd, he says, to try "to persuade us that a man without the capacity requisite in a common justice of the peace should be, not only too hard for the royal

family but even for his own masters and all the ministers and crowned heads with whom he had anything to do." There echoes not alone the doctrine of eighteenth century common sense, but the logical result of Locke and Montesquieu, the prophecy of democracy. Yet with it, strangely enough, so far as Cromwellian biography is concerned, we come not to the beginning but to the end of an era. Banks closes the fifty years of the Nonconformist school; for three-quarters of a century after him no life of Cromwell of any note was to appear.

This curious result was by no means due to a loss of interest in the great Protector; on the contrary, men were never so busy investigating his character and career. It merely means that his fame, as its next adventure, fell among another kind of folk, the antiquarians. The year after Banks's book appeared, one of the most famous of that school, Francis Peck, issued his "Memoirs of the Protector," reprinting three contemporary panegyrics, with elaborate prefaces and notes. Three years later, that great storehouse of Cromwellian material, Secretary Thurloe's "Correspondence" first saw the light; Milton's invaluable collection of state papers found a publisher; Sidney's memoirs and those of Ludlow were reprinted; the magazines published Cromwellian letters; and, to controvert the calumnies against Cromwell which Papodopolous inserted in his history of the University of Pavia, Burrow issued a volume of Cromwellian anecdotes; while Green ventured the first of English plays based on the Protectoral career. Midway in this antiquarian period, William Harris published a life of Cromwell in his Stuart series, written "after the manner of Bayle." A curious manner it was, ancestor of a later and pretentious school of scholarship, whose soul, even to-day, it might well fill with envy not unmixed with awe. Its first hundred pages contain less than two hundred lines of text, the rest is fine print notes. Page after page has but a single line, some—triumph of editorial art—have

no text at all. Characteristically his opinion is contained in the last lines of his final note. "Time," he says, "the great friend of truth, has, in some measure, cleared up his character and done justice to his abilities—if he cannot be ranked among the best, he undoubtedly is to be placed among the greatest princes."

As climax of this eighteenth century school, in the year after the American Revolution came to an end, Mark Noble issued his "Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell," which contributed a vast array of facts. Wholly uncritical as it was, it did no small service in clearing up that "cloud of detractions rude" by which the Restoration writers a century before had hidden the real Cromwell from the world. His reward was small. Few writers have been more used and more abused. "Devoid of imagination, style, philosophy, good sense, and sagacity," "imperfectly educated, vulgar-minded, puerile, silly," as he had been described by later writers, Carlyle's "reverend, imbecile friend" has certainly had his share of contumely at the critics' hands. For, though truth and error were often confounded in his pages, though he regarded Cromwell as "an exercise in archæology" and pursued his career with an industry which did not even overlook the shape of the windows in his house, he brought together a huge and largely useful mass of material. But withal, judgment was not the worthy parson's strongest point, he records the wildest fables as seriously as the most accepted facts and takes, lamely enough, Smollett's character of the subject of his research: "An amazing conjunction of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition, courage and resolution, penetration and dissimulation, the strangest compound of virtue and villainy, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, we find in the annals of mankind."

There spoke the priest of the prerogative, and we must admit that later eighteenth century opinion scarcely kept pace with its scholarship. The issues of seventeenth century

politics were still too much alive for men to view with open mind him whose usurpation Bolingbroke regarded as the first cause of all following catastrophes. Between the liberal Huguenot refugee historian, Rapin, who wrote in the first quarter and the skeptical Scotch Jacobite Hume who wrote in the last half of the eighteenth century, there is less difference than might be argued from the difference in time and predilection. The former regarded Cromwell's foreign policy as glorious, himself personally moral and tolerant and, though one of the greatest men of his time, blamable for faithlessness, regicide, and usurpation. The latter, striving to remove the marvellous, admitted his courage, military talents, dexterity, and address, but, once in command of the army, saw nothing remarkable in his career. "A frantic enthusiast at bottom," he says, "an unequal and irregular genius, defective in no talent save elocution, praiseworthy for his private character, he tempered absurdity with penetration, ambition and fanaticism with justice and humanity, his home administration showed ability, partook neither of liberty nor arbitrary power, his foreign policy was harmful to English interests, while his usurpation was probably necessary and unavoidable."

It is hard to see why later writers have resented such a character so much. For Hume's day and school it was curiously fair. When one compares it with the portrait drawn by the female Republican historian, Mrs. Macaulay, compounded, as it is, of the worst of Heath and Leti, Holles and Ludlow, mingled with her own invective gifts, it rises almost to the dispassionate dignity of Thucydides. Even Goldsmith was not so severe as she; while Dr. Johnson, who gave up his project of writing a biography of Cromwell because "everything worth saying about him had been said," seems to have disliked him as a fanatical tyrant less than he admired him as a great Englishman. It would have been well for one's opinion of Murphy, his editor, had he followed the Doctor's example. For, a splendid speci-

men of a certain school of Cromwellian thought, he says, in the highest-priced piece of literary mediocrity of the eighteenth century, that the Protector, "guilty of deserting every honest principle, acted the tyrant, and with vile hypocrisy told the people he had consulted the Lord and the Lord would have it so." But even Horace Walpole declared that Cromwell had been no more despotic than Pitt at the height of his power and that he had no thought at the time he raised his regiment of rising to the headship of the state when "the King lost his head and the Colonel his rest."

It was not to be supposed that political leaders meanwhile would lightly commit themselves to opinions of Cromwell's character and career. We scan the Parliamentary debates almost in vain for reference to his name. It was not till the century was far advanced, till scholarship and revolution had done their work, that we find much trace of his influence. Shelburne, indeed, under whose patronage Noble worked, spoke highly of him, declared "justice had not been done his career, that he was not always a hypocrite, and that, though he had not been able to settle government at home, England had never been so respected abroad, nor ever revealed so many talents, that he had, in short, set more things forward than any English king," including the Whig idol, William the Third. Such sentiments may at least help to explain why Shelburne was so unpopular in his own generation. His dictum fitly sums up this mid-eighteenth century school. Half way between the Protector's day and our own, it marks the advance from the days of Leti and of Heath, and ushers in the next great period.

The development of Cromwell's fame in the first century and a quarter after his death had been affected but twice by the vicissitudes of politics, and had, for the most part, grown at the hands of scholars and partisans. Save for the weakness of Charles the Second's government, and for the Revolution of 1688, events did little to depress or elevate his

status in the world. Now, having traversed half its pilgrimage, it came of a sudden upon a new experience which was to affect profoundly its whole future, for it fell in with a group of revolutionaries in Europe and America, among whose activities it met with a series of strange and surprising adventures.

Even while Mark Noble and his patron, Shelburne, wrote a new chapter in Cromwellian opinion and biography, great changes were on foot in politics which did far more to alter the Protector's status in men's minds than all the work of scholarship and controversy. The English colonies in America threw off the suzerainty of England, the French people overturned their royal government, the new world and the old were convulsed with war, a new race of revolutionary and republican leaders rose to the conduct of affairs, great popular movements made way in the world, and for the first time an adequate basis of comparison with Cromwell and his period was available.

Amid such great convulsions it might be supposed that, with the revolutions in Europe and America, the Protector's character and career would find eloquent championship in each place. First of the fresh surprises in store for us, we find this was so far from the fact that the estimate of Cromwell seemed rather to lose than gain, for the time at least, on every hand. When Patrick Henry strove to rouse his countrymen to resist English power he invoked, indeed, the spirit of Cromwell. But when, the Revolution over, the Americans turned to form a Constitution, proposals to increase the power of the executive brought a prompt protest from those who feared the dangers of "a Cromwell or a Catiline." And even in France, however the early agitators appealed to the example of classical protests against tyranny and instanced Cromwell's great career, once the movement neared success, the fear of the usurper replaced the inspiration of the revolutionary hero. The most deadly charge that could be urged against a popular tribune was

that he aimed at emulating Cromwell's career. Against Marat, bent on Girondin overthrow, their "fighting orator," Guadet, cited the dissolution of the Long Parliament "whose crimes served the pretext of the usurper." To Brissot, pleading for respect to the king, the Jacobin St. Just retorted that "Cromwell respected royalty but conspired against Charles." Robespierre, who adduced him as an example of "tyrants who sacrifice their equals not for the people but for their own ambition," was taunted with attempting to use Cromwell's methods to bring himself to power. And Danton, in a famous burst of eloquence, denounced those scoundrels who interrupted him with cries of "Cromwell" and indignantly denied his resemblance to the English Puritan. Cromwell, indeed, ran through their fiery eloquence as a type of the menace of a usurper. Across the conflicts of the assembly, in this guise, lowered the advancing shadow of a Napoleon.

Yet withal, this very fact produced a champion, of all men that great apostle of the establishment, Edmund Burke. However great his reverence for social order, his hatred of the French was greater still; and against the destructive forces of the early revolution oversea, he drew a famous parallel between its leaders and those of the Puritan period who, Cromwell chief among them, were no mere iconoclasts but "men of great civil and military talents, at once the terror and the ornament of their age, [who] advanced the fortunes of their country no less than their own, not so much usurping power as asserting their natural place in society."

Despite all this, though the situation thus produced suggested to all minds the English Revolution and its master, though on one side the Channel French leaders disavowed resemblance to Cromwell, and on the other side Burke disavowed with equal vehemence Cromwell's likeness to them, we look through this whole period almost in vain for a Cromwellian biography. Some few there were, of little

note, chiefly in French and German. The year the States General first met, we find a summary of his career published, prophetically perhaps, in Marseilles. The first year of the Directory saw the appearance of Jeudy-Dugour's "History of Cromwell." Germany was more prolific. Leti was republished in Berlin, with two histories of the English Revolution there and one in Vienna. England was still silent. Men were too busy living and watching war and revolution, still too much in doubt of the outcome, still too fearful possibly of the result, to hark back to the days when their own land was torn with civil strife. Thus, for the time, the fame of Cromwell languished among his countrymen.

From its retirement a new force presently was to summon it again. If the French Revolution brought it evil days, with the next period came a revival. What neither Girondin nor Jacobin could do, Napoleon accomplished. Not till he was Emperor did the trickling drops of Cromwellian biography broaden to a stream. The year of his accession was marked by Sebald's "Life of Cromwell," fair, appreciative, not ill-informed, and popular with its German public, which absorbed at least three editions in the dozen troubled years which followed its appearance. And though English authors did not venture yet upon biography, they gave some thought to the military and the antiquarian side. A study of his Scotch campaigns appeared and Caulfield compiled from the contemporary newspapers an invaluable collection of source material which he called "Cromwelliana." Meanwhile, too, whether the Continental wars roused English national spirit to revive the glories of its past, or whether different causes contributed to the result, this was a fruitful period for the publication of historical material. Cobbett compiled the "Debates" in his "Parliamentary History" and began the collection of "State Trials," which go under Howell's name. The great official collection of "Statutes of the Realm" got under way with the "Journals" of the

Lords and of the Commons. With these, with memoirs, with letters, and material of like sort, as a basis for new knowledge and conception of Cromwell and his period, compelled by forces far outside the range of historical literature, the age of rehabilitation began to dawn.

It was but natural that its first rays touched the Continent. Among the incidental results of Napoleon's career, doubtless none would have surprised him more, had he known of it, than his effect on Cromwell's posthumous fame. For the first time Europe had felt a tremendous popular convulsion. The fears of the revolutionary leaders had been more than fulfilled, and they had seen a private man rise on the ruins of their work to imperial dignity and power. There was now a basis of comparison and comprehension of Cromwell and the English revolutions of his day. Napoleon explained Cromwell to the Continental mind. The parallel was too obvious to be missed. As early as the first year of Napoleon's accession to the Consulship, Bonafont published anonymously such a parallel. It was translated at once into German and had considerable vogue. The year before Waterloo, the Italian Sinceri issued another of many similar comparisons. Then, with Napoleon's fall, the world being at leisure to reflect on his career and at liberty to voice its thoughts, within five years appeared Villemain's life of the Protector, the first Romance biography of any consequence since Leti, revealing Cromwell to the Continent. But in what a different light! Inspired by the experience of the preceding thirty years, informed by the scholarship of the preceding century, Banks's views, Harris's and Noble's notes, Hume's "inexact eloquence," Thurloe's and Milton's papers, the memoirs of Ludlow, Whitelocke, Newport, Hutchinson, the official documents, even the opinions of Voltaire and Bossuet on fanaticism,—all contributed to his pages. And if his work echoes much of "the apprehension of truth by the penetration of genius" as well as by exact research, the "sagacity of a high intelligence

supplementing minute investigation of facts," this contributed at least to its popularity. It had tremendous vogue. It ran through many editions in several languages; it revealed a new Cromwell to a new Europe, where for a quarter of a century it reigned supreme; and it inspired, among other things, Victor Hugo's drama of Cromwell, whose difference from that of Gratiani marks the alteration of a whole world of thought.

It was, indeed, popular enough in England. There Byron in another spirit had already written his powerful lines:

Sylla was first of victors; but our own
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; he
Too swept off senates while he hewed the throne
Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
What crimes it costs to be a moment free
And famous through all ages.

But in the historical field the antiquarian school still held its ground, receiving reinforcements year by year. After a century and a half the house of Cromwell broke its silence. A descendant and namesake of the Protector issued a volume of memoirs with much new material from the family archives; a member of the Cromwell connection published a "Life." With these began a new era of Cromwelliana. During the reign of Villemain on the Continent, some seven biographies contended in the new English heptarchy. Salisbury, Edinburgh, Manchester, Glasgow, and London published lives, and, for the first time since Hume, Scotland contributed its share. Of these but one, John Forster's, is of much consequence; and that, like Godwin's "History of the Commonwealth," took the Republican view. It was too much to expect of the first Age of Reform that this should not be so. Still less could it be supposed that the most industrious of English literary men-of-all-work, Southey, could be restrained from helping cultivate this

now fruitful field. Least of all could it be hoped that we might escape him without some pious platitudes. Yet, even so, when summing up the career of "the most fortunate and least flagitious of usurpers," he might have spared us the quotation from the Litany against sedition and schism, and his conclusion that "in the world to come—but it is not for us to anticipate the judgments still less to limit the mercy of the Almighty."

This marks the early Victorian at its worst. Yet, despite Republican bias and Tory prejudice, it is apparent, even in Southey's courteous refusal to influence the Almighty, that opinion under the pressure of the wave of liberalism was changing rapidly. Though Landor said that Cromwell lived a hypocrite and died a traitor, though the Tory Lodge declared that "not even a flowery Whig pen had yet tried to varnish his name with eulogy nor the fierceness of democracy furnish a champion to bedaub with coarse, plain-spoken praise the career of a subtle, treacherous, blood-thirsty, ambitious, tyrant," though Hallam drew his parallel between Cromwell and Napoleon, even Godwin and Forster allowed him a measure of goodness as well as greatness; while Brougham ventured to speak of his administration as brilliant, commended, like Bright, his projects for law reform, and, like Bright and Russell both, adduced his projects for revised Parliamentary representation as a model for later times. Last of all, Macaulay with his usual sturdy common sense summed up the average view. "No sovereign," he declared, "ever carried to the throne so large a portion of the best qualities of the middling orders, so strong a sympathy with the feelings and interests of his people; . . . he had a high, stout, honest English heart; . . . though his memory has not been taken under the patronage of any party . . . truth and merit at last prevail."

The hour and the book were now at hand. Planning for years to write a biography of Cromwell, Thomas Carlyle finally and no doubt wisely gave up his plan and joined the

antiquarians, reprinting in 1845 Cromwell's own words with elaborate editorial comment to make a connected narrative. For this there was long precedent. He undertook his task in the spirit of Banks, he carried it out in the spirit of Harris and Noble. It was received by nineteenth century England in the same spirit which eighteenth century Europe received Leti. The old men of the generation for which Carlyle wrote had seen two revolutions and a reform. Within three years a third revolution had broken out. Europe had experienced Napoleon the First, it was about to experience Napoleon the Third. It had felt the impulse of democracy, it was beginning to reach for its fruits. It was in a ferment of social, political, intellectual, religious activity. It hoped all things, believed all things. To it Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell" came like the revelation it professed to be. It contained no great amount of new material, save the editor's volcanic comment, and that was by no means all good, but it did much to explode many fallacies and set many falsehoods at rest. It is apparent now that Carlyle claimed and received more credit than he deserved. This, perhaps, was not especially blamable. But his treatment of his predecessors, to give it the lightest name, was ungenerous. He used them and abused them. He condemned as worthless some books which it is charity to assume he had not read. He misquoted Noble and villified him for his incredible stupidity. And he did it all in that strident Carlylese combining "the singularities of Richter, the caprice of Hoffmann, the obscurities of Swedenborg" into a commentary which is "a series of hymns and apotheoses" mixed with billingsgate. But withal he did two things. He collected a heap of valuable material in one place. He blew away much of the chaff and dust which had obscured it, purified the rest, and danced and sang, shouted and objurgated over the result till the world came to see. Having seen they believed. This was the service he rendered to Cromwell's memory. It was a great service

and brought reward to both. One may not even venture to compute how many editions Carlyle's book ran through, nor reckon their influence. Carlyle did not, as Acton said, invent Cromwell, still less did he discover him, but thenceforth the Protector's personality stood forth clear of extraneous matter. Called to the bar of history, his own words won for him the favorable verdict of democracy; and when Sanford and Forster had quieted forever the libels of Heath, Leti, and Dugdale, the age of rehabilitation was at hand.

Whatever else it did, Carlyle's "Cromwell" inspired a small host of followers. First of all in France, reinforced by Villemain and presently by the Revolution of 1848, some of her ablest writers entered the Cromwellian field. The Academician Chasles produced a notable bibliographical and philosophical appreciation of this "successor of Luther," the "Mahomet of the North," the "militant head of Teutonic liberty." Next Merle d'Aubigné, historian of the Reformation, despairing of his first design of translating Carlylese into French, published his brilliant if superficial "Vindication" of the Protector. Presently Louis Philippe's fallen minister, Guizot, followed with his "History of the English Revolution and of Oliver Cromwell"—a contribution of first rate importance, illuminated not alone by the fruits of earlier scholarship, but by profound knowledge of affairs and revolutionary experience, and supplemented by elaborate reprints of memoirs of the seventeenth century. Widely read in many languages, these two latter works affected opinion on divergent lines. The former saw in Cromwell above all a great religious force, the latter a revolutionary despot "whose prudent genius, despite his destruction of legal order and liberty, commanded admiration, full of contradiction and mystery and paradox."

Beyond these three books a long line of Continental and American biographies, French, German, Dutch, Norse,

inspired by Carlyle, Guizot, and Merle d'Aubigné, but themselves making no great contribution, fill the ensuing years. England followed the same course for a decade or more. Then a fresh flood of biography burst forth. Forster, influenced by Carlyle's material, and roused to controversy by Guizot, replaced his earlier estimate with one less Republican and more favorable. "It is clear," he said, "after large allowance for human passion and frailty, that Cromwell was as far removed from fanaticism as from hypocrisy; from a depth of true piety proceeded that larger personal charity" ready to hear and to help any honest belief. Despite all this, to the old school of statesmanship his image was not greatly changed. Where Talleyrand had once seen a fanatical military genius, Napoleon the Third now beheld only a skillful pilot of a revolutionary storm, and Disraeli ranked him even lower in the scale. But other forces made rapidly for his fame. The distinguished Dissenter, Tulloch, defended him as "the most characteristic and distinguished of English Puritans." And Goldwin Smith, voicing the spirit of democracy, pressing on to new reforms, hailed him as a hero of popular liberties. With this begins the last march of the long pilgrimage.

The biographers of the eighteenth century did much to reverse the verdict of the Restoration period. The antiquarian school cleared away the Royalist and Republican débris and restored the figure of Cromwell to something like its original form. More recently a new school of historical scholarship, largely led by Germany, had begun to transform what had long been an art into a science. One thing remained, to give the Protector appropriate background and setting in his period in the light and by the methods of this new school. This the earlier historians, hampered by lack of knowledge and insight into the circumstances of the revolutionary period, had done imperfectly if at all. In the nineteenth century first Godwin, then Dahlmann, then

Guizot had striven to reconstruct that portion of the past. Finally two forces now combined to complete the task. The one was the triumph of democracy. The other was the work of Professor Gardiner and his co-workers. The first volumes of Gardiner's "History of England from the Accession of James the First" appeared in 1863 and, steadily progressing through the next thirty years or more, the patient genius of his scholarship gradually made clear the greater secrets of that much vexed period. Before it even the talents of Carlyle gave way; before it the old Royalist conception of the brave, bad, ambitious tyrant disappeared. In what light he regarded the hero of his period appears in an utterance of his later years explaining Cromwell's altered place in English minds. "It is mainly this combination of interests" [in social and religious reform and commercialism], he says, "which has raised Cromwell to the position of the national hero of the nineteenth century. Like him, modern Britain has waged wars, annexed territory, extended trade, and raised her head among the nations. Like him, her sons have been unable to find satisfaction in their achievements unless they could persuade themselves that the general result was beneficial to others beside themselves. It is inevitable that now as then such an attitude should draw upon itself the charge of hypocrisy, inevitable, too, that in the eyes of foreign nations the benefits accruing to ourselves have been more conspicuous than those we have conferred upon the world at large."

Here again we have that third great force which made for Cromwell's rehabilitation in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which found expression in men as different as Samuel Johnson and Macaulay, the feeling that, good or ill, he stood somehow consciously or unconsciously for the English people, that like the frontispiece of Hobbes's "Leviathan," which represents the state as a huge man made up of many smaller men, he was in a sense the symbol and type of the race from which he sprung.

But there was another force upon whose strength Gardiner did not reckon perhaps sufficiently. It was the development of popular sovereignty. Among the ironies of such a career as that of Cromwell's reputation, none seems more profound than that the man who was anathema to the Republicans of his own day, should become the idol of the same party two centuries thereafter. They felt, rightly or wrongly, to adopt Pitt's phrase, that Cromwell had saved himself by his courage and would in some way save them by his example, since to them he was perhaps less the foe of royalty than of class privilege, more the champion of the masses than of the Puritans. For, as Professor Gardiner's work went on, England became a democracy, ready to grasp the full significance of the seventeenth century.

The effect was immediate and profound. The long search for a formula was at an end. The result was, indeed, no formula but an appreciation of great underlying forces long ignored: Cromwell rose to view no longer the strange, isolated figure of an earlier day, the ambitious, earth-compelling prodigy, but a product of his time, the expression of a force, moved often by powers that seemed outside himself towards ends which he and his fellows saw dimly if at all. Once this was fully grasped, the conclusion was obvious. The work of other great scholars from Ranke to Firth contributed material scarcely less important to this view. And with the concurrent advance of knowledge and democracy, the stature of the Protector grew. Matthew Arnold took him as the subject of his prize poem at Oxford; the German Pauli and the Englishman Harrison, writing almost simultaneously just before 1890, quoted approvingly Milton's splendid panegyric at the outset of the Protectorate: "You alone remain, the sum total of affairs has come back to you, and hangs on you alone. . . . In human society there is nothing more pleasing to God, more agreeable to reason, nothing fairer and more useful to the State than that the worthiest should bear rule. . . . To you

our country owes its liberties; . . . you have not only eclipsed the achievements of our kings but even those which have been fabled of our heroes."

The ensuing decade and a half saw the culmination of the apotheosis thus begun. In England and America scarcely a year failed to produce an increasingly favorable biography. German monographists investigated the minuter points of his career; military critics lent their aid. An American President and a great English statesman published lives, at opposite ends of the scale of biographical value but alike extolling his virtues and his policies. The great scholar who did most to make him understandable, by restoring the background of his times, determined his place in history, in such terms as these: "With all his conscientious and spiritual yearnings, in the world of action, he was what Shakespeare was in the world of art, the greatest and most powerful Englishman of all time." Gladstone indeed declared he could not love him but admitted he was "a mighty big fellow," though intolerant, which, rightly considered, is perhaps not so much a contribution to our knowledge of Cromwell as to that of Gladstone. An English government voted money for a statue of him in Westminster Hall; and when the bitter hatred of the Irish for his memory prevented its being placed there, the generosity of another Liberal prime-minister provided for its erection in Palace Yard, so that though he was not, as the wittiest American said, to be counted among the sovereigns, he was at least to be reckoned among the half crowns. As once none dared praise him, so, as the ter-centenary of his birth approached, no voice save that of Ireland dared blame. And it is a striking circumstance that Cromwell reached the height of his posthumous fame just three centuries after he was born. The fifteen years preceding the celebration of that event were as full of laudation as the fifteen years following his death were full of anathema. Republican opposition was transformed to democratic praise, Royalist

opposition was as feeble as the royal power, only a few sparks of it remained to reinforce the long smouldering Irish hate.

Yet it is a consideration not without some interest whether those popular leaders who have so lauded his memory at the safe distance of two centuries and a half, would have been equally well satisfied had they lived in his time. When one considers John Morley and his strongly held opinions, it is hardly conceivable that he would have been; and if one ventures to reflect on what the probable attitude of his biographer, a former President of the United States, would have been under Cromwellian rule, he stands aghast. Perhaps their praise has gone too far in each case. Certainly the stream of biography has lessened perceptibly. We are unquestionably nearing the limit of our knowledge of the period. Scholarship can do but little more, and from it no change is likely to occur. Yet it is not too much to anticipate that with a further shifting of political ideals and practices, the popular opinion of the Protector will be again revised. Now he appeals to democracy, as he did two centuries ago to royalty, and as he must, in all ages, to masters of statecraft. But there may come another age; and fame, like times, may change with it. We have had hostile Royalist biographies in an age of monarchy; friendly democratic biographies in an age of democracy; should the newest of popular political schools triumph we shall have again, no doubt, at least a less favorable appreciation from the intellectual heirs of those Levellers and Diggers whose projects, which seemed so visionary to him, the Protector so unsparingly repressed. For, however heroic the "undemocratic hero of democracy" has appeared to the democrat, it is too much to hope that we shall not have a new Cromwell from the hand of the Socialist.

But for the present the high eloquence of democratic statesmen fills our ears with his praises. "He was," said Lord Rosebery, "a practical mystic, the most formidable

and terrible of all combinations, uniting an inspiration derived from the celestial and supernatural with the energy of a mighty man of action, a great captain, but off the field, seeming, like a thunderbolt, the agent of greater forces than himself, no hypocrite but a defender of the faith, the raiser and maintainer of the Empire of England." In as lofty eloquence Morley concludes: "Political ends miscarry, and the revolutionary leader treads a path of fire. It is our true wisdom to learn how to combine sane and equitable historic verdicts with a just value for those eternal qualities of high endeavor, on which amid all changes of fashion, formula, direction, fortune, in all times and places the world's best hopes depend." And, latest of all, Firth, in completing Gardiner's work, quotes Henry the Fourth's words to his son which might well apply, not alone to Richard Cromwell, but to those schools and spirits who have inherited the fruits of the Protector's work:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth.

He might have gone on in that son's words:

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword
And I do wish your honors may increase.
.
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best governed nation.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Life of George Borrow. By Herbert Jenkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1912. \$3.50 net.

Letters of George Borrow to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Published by Direction of the Committee. Edited by T. H. Darlow. Hodder & Stoughton. New York. 1911. \$3.00 net.

The books of George Borrow need no defense, but they are still in need of advertising. Borrowians do not doubt that they contain the finest prose narrative of the nineteenth century; less partial admirers do not hesitate to place them beside "Moll Flanders," or "Robinson Crusoe"; and yet they continue to be known by extracts chiefly; and to be spoken of as the kind of writing that literary people like. Borrow would have spat upon praise of that kind. His subject was life; and his books transmuted his own picturesque career and strange personality into words. "The Bible in Spain" is a truthful account of his adventures upon a Protestant crusade; "Lavengro," with its continuation, "Romany Rye," is an autobiography.

"The Bible in Spain" has always been popular, but it suffers from the limitations common to all travel books. "Lavengro" was a failure in its author's lifetime; even now it lacks due appreciation and for reasons which, as Borrow's new biographer points out, were partly responsible for its first ill success. Actually, as has now been proved, it is a fragmentary autobiography, colored, it is true, by the imagination, and perhaps somewhat adjusted to the higher truth of what ought to have happened. But its high picturesqueness suggests fiction, and the reader, finding neither the plot of a novel, nor the guarantee of historical truth which he expects in a biography, may be irritated, and is often confused.

"The Bible in Spain" needed no explanation, but until the life of Borrow had been written, "Lavengro" was thus bound to be a puzzle for all those whose curiosity was stronger than their imagination. In 1899, Dr. Knapp performed this service with admirable thoroughness. Borrow's new biographer, Mr. Jenkins, pays tribute to Dr. Knapp in his preface, and in his constant, though well-acknowledged, use of the materials of the earlier book. He excuses the publication of a new biography by the profit he has made out of the letters which Borrow

wrote from Russia and Spain to the Bible Society, now for the first time accessible; asserting, and quite rightly, that much light has been thrown upon the most vital part of an interesting career.

He might have made another defense, equally valid, of his work. Dr. Knapp's books are a mine of Borrow anecdote, and of facts. But this material is neither well-digested nor well-arranged. Much of it is in the form of notes, mingled with personal comment, often irrelevant. For the general reader, to whom Borrow is neither Shakespeare nor Sir Walter Scott, but just a perplexing writer with the marks of genius strong upon him, these earlier volumes can render only a labored service. Their author is the best of the Borrowians; but not skilled in what might be called the technique of biography. Every student, and all lovers of Borrow, will go back of Mr. Jenkins to Dr. Knapp's rich collections; but the later book, which is compact, discriminating, and carefully planned, is one that we have needed in our libraries.

No one, however, will ever do a great life of Borrow, because that has been done once and for all in "Lavengro" and "The Bible in Spain." The mere biographer is working against tremendous odds when he attempts to fill up the gaps in these narratives; and the rest of his task must necessarily be a soulless verification of Lavengro's wonderful story. This work has now been twice done and well done. The book most needed for the future is a critical study and estimate of George Borrow, such a study as Mr. Jenkins occasionally approaches. Here is an author who clearly belongs among the greatest of the Victorians; among the simplest, strongest, most virile writers of them all. And yet he remains caviare, the pet of the special reader, known chiefly to a cult. Perhaps this may be inevitable, though I for one do not believe it; perhaps it is due to a failure to provide the kind of criticism which Arnold gave Wordsworth, or which many among the devoted have given to Chaucer, that earlier master of the vagabond life.

The "Letters," now edited by Mr. Darlow, require little comment. They are not, as Dr. Knapp supposed, merely another and earlier version of "The Bible in Spain." Only a small part of them appears in that work, and this part consists of description and narrative. They were very well worth publishing, if only because in many places they present a new Borrow, the eager, controversial agent of the great mission of enlightenment in Spain and the East, who has dropped his reflectiveness, *almost* closed his eye to the picturesque, and become an earnest fighter for the cause. Carlyle would have found an argument among them for the efficiency of the man of letters. In one day this hero can see and describe the melancholy beauties of ruined Spain, in words filled with conscious art, risk death in the attempt to sell a handful of Bibles to

an impoverished peasantry, and write home a business-like letter containing a shrewd and diplomatic analysis of the situation into which his loyalty, his daring, and the folly of others have brought him. Yet these are not the letters of a Stevenson, or a Cowper. They do not rank with the acknowledged literary work of the author, except where they coincide with it. Borrow's personality is to be sought in his books, and the best that these new volumes can do is to supply a context for that series beginning with "Lavengro" and ending with "Wild Wales," which is, after Boswell's "Dr. Johnson," perhaps the greatest of English biographies.

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The Reform of Legal Procedure. By Moorfield Storey. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1911. \$1.85 net.

This book will not cause any tumult or any shouting. A careful perusal fails to disclose a single silly notion or slashing remedy. The recall of judicial decisions is not even mentioned; and no one of the remedies proposed by the learned author possesses the human interest, the dramatic appeal of the direct action advised, according to Shakespeare, by Jack Cade's ingenuous lieutenant: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

In every generation there are numerous disappointed litigants that approve heartily of the sentiment so expressed by the fifteenth century reformer. From the time that Absalom sat in the gate at Jerusalem and won the favor of the disgruntled by charging that the King's courts were wholly incompetent and inadequate, and proposed the obvious and simple remedy that he himself should become judge over Israel, there have always been persons of equal unwisdom to bring the same charges against the courts, and to propose equally fatuous remedies. At the present time they fill the papers and magazines until we are weary and sad. But Mr. Storey and his comments upon law and lawyers are of a different sort. He shows the failures and shortcomings of both with the merciless precision and particularity possible only to one who knows. In fact the reader lays down this little book—it may be read at a sitting—with a sense of sadness and heaviness of heart over the state of our legal procedure as Mr. Storey pictures it, and the enormous difficulties that stand in the way of any adequate and comprehensive reformation. He then realizes that in the calmly precise and even stately language of this great lawyer—for Mr. Storey is one of the greatest of American

lawyers—is found the severest arraignment yet made of the American bar and bench. But the very fact that the author, with his retrospect of forty years at the bar, writes with such completeness of knowledge, and with such a thorough comprehension of the inherent difficulties in the administration of any system of law—which must be as complex as the social system which it governs—makes it impossible for him to propose any single simple remedy, or to throw out any ringing slogan of the kind so dear to those reformers who neither know nor think. In short, he thinks that efficiency in our administration of law can be better promoted by reforming the educational and sociological conditions that make for inefficiency than by hanging the lawyers or recalling the judges.

The author shows that the crying defect of our legal system is not in the law itself, although in some respects the law is shown to be sadly in need of mending, but in the intolerable delays that attend its administration. After explaining that time is always required for any careful investigation of truth, and that therefore a certain amount of time must always be consumed in the legal investigation called a lawsuit, he ascribes the needless delays which excite such just complaint to the failings of both bar and bench. Lawyers frequently institute baseless suits and interpose groundless and dishonest defenses to just claims. Through the grace of professional courtesy any proceeding may be delayed because of the laziness, carelessness, or conflicting engagements of any of the counsel engaged in the cause, so that members of the bar thus fall into the habit of delay. They overcrowd the court dockets with personal injury suits, and in the trial of causes they waste time in protracted and often needless examination of witnesses, with the worthless hypothetical question to venal experts, and in unnecessarily prolonged addresses to the jury. To this trying list of causes of delay, Mr. Storey adds the practice of many judges of reserving decisions upon causes or even upon motions, sometimes for many months, instead of rendering judgment at the conclusion of the argument in accordance with the prevailing English rule, and in needlessly referring chancery causes to a master who is apt to delay his report indefinitely.

But Mr. Storey's sharpest criticism of the appellate courts is aimed at their tendency to reverse judgments on merely technical grounds not affecting the merits of the cause, thus sending the parties back to begin anew the weary struggle in the lower court. This process is repeated in some cases four or five times. He cites as a horrible example a case in New York, brought to test the right of a Borough President to remove a subordinate, in which were held forty-seven hearings at special terms of the Supreme Court, twenty-one hearings at trial terms, eight

appeals to the Appellate Division, and two in the Court of Appeals, with the final determination of the original question not yet in sight.

Mr. Storey thinks that the evil of dishonest actions and dishonest defenses may largely be abated by certain changes in the rules of procedure. The congestion in the courts due to the great number of personal injury cases he would relieve by doing away with such actions, by means of legislation providing for compensation and insurance for workmen. He shows so clearly the wastefulness, both to employer and employee, and to the public, of the existing methods of fixing compensation for personal injuries to employees of public service and industrial corporations by the cumbersome and expensive trial by jury, that his contention seems well-nigh incontrovertible.

He would check the practice of bringing frivolous appeals by taxing the costs of appeals shown to be groundless upon the lawyer bringing them, as is now done in England, and he would prohibit by statute the reversal on appeal of judgments for mere technical errors not affecting the real merits of the cause, as has already been done in some of the States. He also argues strongly for the special verdict, as likely to rob the technical reversal of much of its harmfulness, in that the appellate court, upon reversing the judgment of the lower court, could enter upon a special verdict such judgment as should have been rendered by the lower court, thus obviating the heartbreaking necessity of a second trial. He also advocates restricting the parties to any cause to a single appeal, a rule, by the way, which has been incorporated in the recently adopted constitution of Ohio. The intermediate appellate court, such as now exists in many states, is strongly condemned, the author pertinently asking: "Why not have one such [appellate] court and make it as good as the lot of humanity will permit, rather than establish a poor court to make errors for the good court to correct?"

But it appears that the specific remedies proposed, while important, are really but incidental. Mr. Storey's hope of fundamental improvement in our administration of justice lies in the education of the members of the bar to a clearer sense of social responsibility and a more conscientious regard for the public welfare, but more especially in the selection of more efficient judges. He urges that we follow the example of the English, who have managed to outrun us far in the race for justice, in making judicial positions the prizes sought by and awarded to leaders of the bar. To accomplish this end, such positions must be made attractive with respect to salary, tenure, and authority. Our judges, being thus selected from the class of lawyers possessing the greatest ability and highest character, should no longer be regarded as mere referees of contests waged between two or more lawyers, but should be given power

to control and direct all judicial proceedings, with sole reference to securing speedy justice for litigants and promoting the interests of the public, which is now unduly burdened by the expense of our judicial establishment.

It is interesting to note that this keen and experienced analyst of our judicial system ultimately places the chief responsibility for its low efficiency in the same place where the ignorant and noisy political reformer does; namely, with the judges on the bench. But the proposed remedies for the evils shown are widely different. The man who leads the shouting crowd cries out for a club to hold over the judge lest he should go wrong. The great lawyer quietly demonstrates the need of procuring judges of such ability and character that they may safely be trusted to go right. It is proper to add that Mr. Storey, in his severe arraignment of our judicial system as a whole, has generous praise for the excellence of the many able, learned, and public-spirited judges who have adorned the American bench.

The book must be read with due regard for the purpose of its composition, to serve as a course of lectures before the students of the Yale Law School. As a consequence, many of the important and interesting questions raised are discussed only in the merest outline. Yet, taken as a whole, it is unquestionably the most important and valuable contribution to the cause of law reform yet made in this country. It should tend to bring to the public discussion of the question some measure of knowledge and to secure a more temperate popular judgment.

W. R. VANCE.

University of Minnesota.

English Lyrical Poetry from its Origins to the Present Time. By Edward Bliss Reed, Assistant Professor of English at Yale College. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1912. \$2.25 net.

Professor Reed undertakes his task not only with adequate knowledge of the subject, but also with the courage of orthodox convictions. The passion for heterodoxy, for negation, for inversion, the ridicule of all doctrine, the hatred of beaten tracks, the love of novelty which springs from the horror of hard work demanded by the claim of the classics, have no place in this history of English Lyrical Poetry. Unlike certain writers about the Orient, who were once accused of thinking that their chief object was to bring in a new way of spelling "Mahomet" and "Koran," our author thinks it no part of his duty to upset the accepted meaning of the three words which make the title of his book. By this

course, indeed, he takes fresh fuel to the fire of an indignant newspaper critic who, not long ago, assured the present reviewer that "it is easier for a cable to go through the eye of a needle than for an idea less than half a century old to thread the academic mind." But the critic ought to know that in most cases the academic mind is inaccessible to such ideas simply because it recognizes them as friends or foes of the past, under thin disguise. In a current English magazine, for example, the author of an article on poetry brings forward what he thinks to be a new meaning and a wider scope for that much debated term. But his Short Way with Conformers fairly repeats John Stuart Mill's "Thoughts on Poetry," written in 1838. Again, in the "English Review," Mr. Ernest Newman declares that it is useless to lay any stress whatever upon environment as a factor in musical and lyrical creation. He says there is nothing specifically English in the music of English folk song, and implies the same negation for English lyric itself. He would prove his thesis by grouping incongruous songs, incongruous singers, who belong to one nation or one district. But years ago, though not fifty years, this argument was brilliantly set forth by Hennequin, and as brilliantly opposed by Texte. To Hennequin's "on ne sait qui de Châteaubriand ou de Renan est le Breton," and all that keenly argued chapter on Sociological Analysis, came Texte's answering plea in the cases of Dante, Ibsen, and Burns, and the vindication of the better part of Taine's original thesis. Professor Reed need not, therefore, be disturbed in his belief that there is a "geography" in poetry, a belief which he implies in his remarks on Crashaw's un-English mysticism, and states directly in his estimate of Tennyson as representative of the English race. As for the lyric itself, our author moves no landmarks. For him, lyric includes "all songs, all poems following classic lyric forms, all short poems expressing the writer's moods and feelings in a rhythm that suggests music"; and he gives, to the same effect, a charming description of "the art of the lyric poet." He knows the values of this art; and he refuses to hear Tolstoi's new gospel, about which such pother has been made, with its ridiculous assertion that the works of the Greek tragedians, "of Dante, Tasso, Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe," and more, are "brain-spun, invented," and "false art." Professor Reed gives the *curiosa felicitas* its due; and in his critical estimates, he brings into deserved notice a number of lyrics, as yet unknown to the anthologies, which show "all the charm of all the muses" resulting from this artistic skill.

It might seem, to be sure, that in one part of his task our author could back Tolstoi's demand for the purely personal, spontaneous, and "infectious" lyric, free from any trace of professionalism and art.

Popular lyric, or folk song, is supposed to satisfy such a demand. But what is the folk song? Barring choruses, songs and refrains of the dance, catches "to rouse the night owl," and the like, the poems that pass as folk songs are nearly all personal, individual. The two fragments in Middle English lyric, "Blow Northern Wind," and "Ever and oo," which Professor Reed thinks to be "taken from a folk song," are personal even in their choral form. Chaucer's pardoner is said to sing a folk song with his "Com hider, love, to me." But folk song of this personal sort gives no specific value to the popular part of the title. "Favorite" would be as good a word. Moreover, these personal songs nearly always show, in whatever degree of success, the *curiosa felicitas*, the conscious effort of art. How, in this respect, does "Insbruck, ich muss dich lassen," the pearl of German folk song, differ from songs of Eichendorff and of Wilhelm Müller? Strictly speaking, one should limit popular lyric with this personal note to such songs as one knows to be improvised in the throng. The "Schnaderhüpf!" is a modern instance:

My heart is a clock,
And it stops now and then;
But a look from my lassie
Can start it again.

Tradition fails to remove this personal and more or less artistic note from folk song, while the popular ballad, choral and dramatic in its origins as a genre, epic in its tendency, is not disturbed by tradition, but rather is confirmed, in its impersonal and artless habit. John Meier forgot this difference when he argued for the artistic origins of all popular poetry. For the folk song, such as one finds it, is imitable; the popular ballad is inimitable. The ballads, hard, if not impossible to counterfeit, are fairly easy to set apart; folk songs, having little besides the anonymous stamp to mark them, are easy to copy and very hard to set apart. It is not surprising, therefore, that so few English folk songs have been spared at the hands of time, and that, as Professor Reed puts the case, Middle English folk lyric "has disappeared."

The fact is that all genuine lyric may be called folk song, for the reason that under "folk" are subsumed the sincere, spontaneous, human, and sympathetic, qualities which were known once as "natural" or "primitive," and opposed to artifice, if not to art. Only such lyric, one says, is real; and it is with a folk song that Alceste puts down the sonneteer. In a private letter written eight years ago to impart some minor differences of opinion about popular ballads, the late Andrew Lang, after insisting that Elspeth's song in "The Antiquary" shows

Scott "in the genuine manner, quite unlike his other imitations," and after making humorous allusion to an effort nearer home, added this interesting word. "Mr. ——— and I," he wrote, naming a poet whose verse has much of the effect, though not the quality, of ballads,—“Mr. ——— and I once made pedigrees of modern writers, and we both came back to the Folk about the fifth generation.”

It is not the fault of Professor Reed that he has made very scanty gleanings in another and earlier field of English lyric. Yet it is probable that Anglo-Saxon sacred lyric poetry was as abundant as it was fervent and sincere. One hears the echo of it at every turn in the recorded verse of that day; fragments of it are imbedded in the epic, hints of it abound in history and legend; and the whole spirit of English serious poetry, with its eternal overword of death and sorrow, as surely found a singer to voice it in the eighth century as it found a singer to make the great Elegy in the eighteenth. The temper of this lyric, so far as it is racial and independent of the religious influence, is best betrayed by the side lights of a remarkable passage in "Beowulf." The hero is telling Hygelac about the banquet given in honor of Beowulf's first victory, and how the monarch himself told tales of wonder at the board, and chanted lays of battles long ago:

Or for years of his youth he would yearn at times, . . .
The hoary hero: *his heart surged full,*
When, wise with winters, he wailed their flight.

That is the lyric formula.

There is little fault to find with the main story of English lyric as it is told in Professor Reed's book. Something ought to have been said about Dunbar, whom Scott rightly called the greatest poet of all Caledonia, barring only Burns. Dunbar's lyric triumph is missed by the anthologies; his humor is not rated aright; and his influence and his standing as the first of the moderns in English verse, analogous to the influence and standing of Villon in French lyric, should be set plainly in view. Dunbar, scholar of Chaucer, cannot be cut adrift from English lyric. What our author says of Burns, of his "genius" and "his effect on Wordsworth," would essentially apply to Dunbar and his great significance. Another omission, not made however for the national reason, is that of Thomas Hardy, who appears only as the editor of Barnes. A reviewer in the "Athenæum," speaking of "The Dynasts," said that among all living English poets Mr. Hardy alone put real matter into his verse; and this praise applies even better to the poet's lyric. The Wessex poems, with their overemphasized rhythm—readers of the novels well know the author's habit of accenting the popular verses which his

rustics are made to chant—their often crude phrase, their lack of grace, their starkness, nevertheless answer the demand of the best critics that genuine poetry shall speak the speech of its poet's own hills and skies, his own people, his own time. One may like, or may dislike, a poet who talks of life that "dares dead-reckoning on"; but one must not neglect him. One may deplore the pessimism of Mr. Hardy's lyrics, and may, with good reason, point out the inadequacy of human dialect when it is trying to tell of cosmic purpose, the inadequacy of a human voice singing in mere space; but these personative poems, as Mr. Hardy calls them, are true to the spirit of the day. Here and there, moreover, as in "The Darkling Thrush" and in "Friends Beyond," to give very dissimilar instances, something is achieved that is close to lyric perfection.

The reviewer is tempted to linger over this volume. He would like to ask questions—what, for example, is the connection between George Meredith's "Love in the Valley" and George Darley's shorter and older poem in the same rhythm, phrase, and spirit:

Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers.

One would also like to discuss some of the critical estimates. But what one does, in any case, is to applaud a scholarly and well-rounded piece of work. For particular praise might be instanced, in great, the treatment of Middle English lyric, and, in little, the summary of the sonnet question with reference to Shakespeare and Ronsard.

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

Haverford College.

Robert E. Lee: Man and Soldier. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1911. \$2.50.

Lee the American. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$2.50 net.

The discovery of the soul of Robert E. Lee by Northern writers must be accounted not only a notable achievement of recent biography, but also a signal mark of the abatement of sectional prejudice. Mr. James Ford Rhodes and Mr. Charles Francis Adams have done much to eradicate the misconceptions which lurk in the ugly epithet, "traitor"; but it has been reserved to a son of New England, in the rôle of "psychographer," to disclose the soul life of Lee as no previous writer, North or South, has ventured to do. There has been no lack of eulogistic

biographies from Southern sources, to be sure; but the cold Northern reading public has inevitably taken these estimates of Lee with a grain of salt. To nine out of ten men, Robert E. Lee is still simply a talented soldier of noble lineage and amiable qualities who led a lost cause. And the limitations of Northern appreciation are not broken down by the perfervid rhapsodies of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his recent amplified biography of Lee. We recoil from such superlative estimates as "the greatest soldier of his time," "the greatest captain of the English-speaking race," "the loftiest character of his generation," commanding "the most redoubtable body of fighting men of the century" than whom "not Cromwell's army was more religious." Perhaps Mr. Page is right; but as a layman, unfamiliar with the art of war, I hesitate to follow a civilian in the rôle of military historian. I have an unconquerable suspicion that his military observations are the outcome of his emotions. Mr. Bradford is on surer ground when he intimates that the definitive biography of Lee must be written by a competent military specialist. Mr. Page's way of writing biography has, too, this unhappy consequence—that it rouses in the wayward reader much the same homicidal instincts which mastered the Athenian when he heard Aristides forever called "the Just." Lee was a good man—no one may gainsay that—but his goodness seems just a bit tiresome when one has read some six hundred pages descriptive of his unalloyed virtuousness. Lee's father, gallant, impetuous "Light Horse Harry," in his last illness throwing a boot at his colored nurse, whom he really loved, seems much nearer to the heart of our own crooked and perverse generation.

Our New England biographer does much to rectify the balance. With scarcely less admiration for his hero, he has written with a much keener sense of proportion; and he has allowed certain limitations in Lee's nature to appear, which—paradoxical as it may seem—make him not less but more lovable. Although Mr. Bradford tells us that he would portray a soul, following the art of Sainte-Beuve, "that prince of all psychographers," he falls somewhat short of his ideal, largely because, I fancy, he cannot shake off the Puritan conscience which is his birth-right. In the concluding paragraph of his entertaining book, he confesses to an ethical purpose. In an age which worships success, he would portray a soul great in defeat, that it may be an example for future Americans. Now this is a laudable motive; but it puts him at some distance from his model. I doubt if Sainte-Beuve portrayed souls with any serious concern for the moral betterment of his contemporaries. The author of "Lee the American" is really not content to be "a naturalist of souls." The hortatory at times overbears the historical instinct.

The reader of these biographies will be puzzled by a query which both writers suggest but which neither answers. Why did Lee choose a soldier's career? "The great decision" of 1861 no one can now fail to understand. That Lee was impelled by the highest sense of duty to follow his State may not hereafter be called in question. That the Southern cause assumed almost a religious aspect in his mind, is equally incontestable. The main query does not touch these matters. It goes deeper. Why was it that Lee, with his innate gentleness and goodness, his broad humanity, and his deeply religious nature, chose the profession of arms? How could the man who, with shot and shell falling around him, would stop to put a fledgling in a place of safety—how could such a man deliberately choose a career which, in the last analysis, involves the destruction of life? Mr. Bradford puts two sayings of Lee in juxtaposition, but he does not attempt to reconcile them: "What a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world." And then a single sentence, uttered during the battle at Fredericksburg: "It is well that war is so terrible or else we might grow too fond of it."

The most characteristic act of Lee's life was his self-effacement when he chose to become the president of an obscure college, rather than to assume conspicuous offices of public trust. As ever, his governing motive was a sense of duty. "I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life." There we have the simple nature of the man, the key to his life, and the true measure of his greatness. If Robert E. Lee becomes a *national* hero, I venture to think it will be not because he ranks with the world's great generals, but because he lent the great force of his example to the restoration of the Union. "Madame," he said to a Southern matron after the war, "don't bring up your sons to detest the United States Government. Recollect that we form one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans." And if anyone will read Mr. Page's biography, remembering that the writer was himself one of those undergraduates at Washington College, he will recognize that the book is itself a document bearing eloquent witness to the work which Lee wrought with the younger generation of Southerners after the war.

ALLEN JOHNSON.

Yale University.

The Jonathan Papers. By Elisabeth Woodbridge. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$1.25 net.

"The Jonathan Papers" were already familiar to magazine readers before they appeared in the present delightful volume, and those who had shared the whims and idiosyncracies of the two young people in an occasional excursion, might well question what an uninterrupted sojourn with them would be like. Now it should be said at the outset that these papers, while not intended for steady reading, meet this most exacting test; they can be read in immediate succession and lose little of their charm.

If one be asked what these papers are, they will be found hard to classify. Nature sketches smack so of the specialist's analysis that one hesitates to apply the term to them, although they deal with nature in some of its most alluring aspects; character sketches they certainly are not, although Jonathan and the persistently anonymous "I" are so well drawn and so full of personality that one comes to regard them as familiar friends; still less are they literary essays, although they have a style that charms by its simplicity and fluency. Perhaps it would be best to borrow a term from the author and call this a "comfortable" book. It may be that its very lack of striking and salient features is the secret of its comfortableness. In these days, the trail of the specialist is over all our reading and thinking, and even in a summer vacation, one is pursued by the ontologist and the entomologist and all the others of their ilk, until one is afraid to admire a fern or a butterfly lest a Latin name be hurled at one, or a lecture on adaptation to environment be precipitated. These papers recall the familiar converse of two friends, learned women and specialists in their own lines, who accounted for the exclusiveness with which they chose each other for walking companions by the easy explanation, "Oh, we like to walk together because neither of us knows anything." The author of these papers, Miss Woodbridge—as she prefers to print her name on the title page—is a specialist, as many will admit who know her admirable study of the "Technique of the Drama"; but in the sense in which the learned lady of the anecdote used the words she knows nothing—at least she has a deceptive air of knowing no more than the rest of us. Flowers and birds, the shy, furry things of the wood, wind and rain, duck shooting, and trout fishing—all these, and many another pleasing aspect of nature and the enjoyment of nature are treated in these papers, but always from the point of view of one who loves the thing for itself primarily and not as an addition to her knowledge or an exploit of note. It is not easy to make this clear; perhaps one must read the book at first-

hand to understand it. But if one gains this impression, the next idea must be one of admiration for the author who has so exquisitely produced the appearance of ease and simplicity. It is really a very fine form of art that rouses in the reader the feeling that all that he is reading he has himself experienced.

As with the treatment of nature and character, so with the gentle philosophy that appears on many pages and peeps out of nearly every line, a philosophy shot through and through with an equally pervasive and gentle humor, and so quick in its appeal as to deceive the reader at times into believing that this is the way he usually thinks himself. After all it is the naturalness of the book that constitutes its charm; one feels that the author has no thesis to expound, no cause to plead, no knowledge to display, truly a "comfortable" book—one which it is good to read, which it must have been good to write. It would be invidious to point out ways in which it might be better or to suggest comparisons with books of its class which are better; that would be to take the book at a disadvantage, to read in a carping spirit and to lose the secret of the pages. Perhaps the best thing in the whole book, the best of the whole book, let us say, is the sense of comradeship that it gives, from the dedicatory page, "To Jonathan and to all perfect comradeship wherever that joyous spirit is found," to the last delightful picture of the two sitting by the glowing fire. "How good is man's life, the mere living" might well be the motto of these papers; and this may be the final service of the book, its final word to the reader, a sense of the goodness of life as it is in common places, under ordinary conditions, by the wayside and field, on lonely farms and in old gardens, wherever a man takes time to find his soul and to lay it beside the great heart of nature.

ELIZABETH DEERING HANSCOM.

Smith College.

The Life of John Ruskin. By E. T. Cook. The Macmillan Company.
New York. 1912. 2 volumes. \$7.00 net.

Few authors have less to gain by the publication of an intimate biography than John Ruskin. All that was best in himself, much that was only second-best, and something of what was weakest, he put into his works. Raised to a position of eminence at the age of twenty-four by the publication of his first book, he so deepened and extended his personal influence by later volumes that he came to feel, long before middle age, that his private opinions were matters of public importance. They therefore received full and free expression in his

writings. If he disapproved of a new theory of glaciers, he would denounce a Tyndall with the same confident invective that he had used in describing a Teniers; he interpreted a Greek myth as confidently as he analyzed a Gothic minster; and sat in judgment upon both Darwin and Dante. "I do not believe," he wrote in "*Fors Clavigera*," "there is another man in England able to organize our elementary lessons in Natural History and Art." His disciples came to realize that the acquisition of a new opinion by their master was only the first step towards the publication and teaching of that opinion as pure dogma. As a result, we find in Ruskin's works, if not a consistent philosophy of life, a thorough revelation of his character. A biographer has but little to reveal, for Ruskin's books are the best record of him. For such tasks as there are Mr. E. T. Cook, the present biographer, is fully qualified: he was for a number of years acquainted with the author; he heard Ruskin's lectures at Oxford; with Mr. Wedderburn, he has edited the great Library Edition of Ruskin's works; he has at his command a mass of unpublished letters, diaries, and reminiscences; above all, he combines a genuinely critical temper with an affectionate faith in his old master. His book will, therefore, long be the standard biography of Ruskin.

But despite the vast amount of fresh material here gathered, it must be admitted that the impression of Ruskin left by it is not new. Here and there it is evident that Mr. Cook has deliberately declined to add to the public stock of information. There is, for instance, a suspicion of mollification in the account of Ruskin's relations with his father; and, as in all former biographies, the author's relations with his wife are conspicuously avoided. The most amazing event in Ruskin's life is dismissed in six frigid lines, with the statement that the biographer does not care to "engage in the chatter" about it; and so another opportunity to stop the chatter and to do justice is lost in the interests of a false decorum. Surely it is a strange sense of propriety which conceals the facts of Ruskin's divorce, but narrates at length the story of his sad passion for Rose La Touche.

The general impression of Ruskin's life given by this elaborate study is one of singular disorder and inconsistency. One is here confronted by facts which show as never before the sheer luxury of the man's life. He travelled about Europe with valet and guide in search of new raptures, lodging at the fashionable inns, "the Hotel de Bellevue at Thun or the Cascade at the Giessbach," with "comfortable rooms always ordered, and a three-course dinner ready by four o'clock." He was for ever at work, yet his labor is never discipline. His fretfulness suggests that of the pampered traveller; and his melancholy combines

the gloom of Calvinism with the acute misery of the Epicurean. Even in his personal appearance there is a touch of the æsthete—the dark blue coat with velvet collar and sky-blue stock, the crimson waistcoat, white trousers, and patent slippers. This gorgeous creature, with the halo of a prophet about his brows, passes from Venice to Chamonix, from Turner's studio to Carlyle's parlor, from lecture-hall to young ladies' seminary, preaching at all the men, and petting all the little girls, as indignant as Dean Swift and as whimsical as Mr. Yorick. Nor is his mind less wayward. He finds Sophocles "dismal and in subject disgusting"; Macready "wretched beyond all I had conceived possible"; "Aurora Leigh" the "greatest poem in the English language"; "Utopia" the "most mischievous book ever written except 'Don Quixote'." He preaches against the mutilation of pictures, and himself cuts illuminated pages from a large missal; he inveighs against usury, and receives interest regularly from his bank stock.

Now in the midst of all this welter of inconsistency, Mr. Cook, with genuine skill, examines evidence and weighs results. He attacks the difficult subject of Ruskin's influence on his times with more success than any previous critic. Again and again he shows us how the commonplaces of art or political economy to-day represent the application of theories which, when formulated by Ruskin, met with resentment and with ridicule. We are reminded that we still see Venice through the eyes of Ruskin; that he first brought Carpaccio and Botticelli to our attention; that the "mad governess" who formulated the economic heresies of "Unto this Last," has "governed after all." It is indeed true. Among the crusaders against the cheapness, the self-satisfaction, the insularity of the Victorian era, Ruskin was an acknowledged leader. Every Gothic arch reminds us of him; every Tintoretto, every Turner, shouts his name. And yet when all is admitted (and much more than what I have here been able to hint must be admitted), we must not find too much in our superlatives. Much of Ruskin's influence has passed away because the public has absorbed much of his teachings; and it would appear that yet more of it is destined to pass in the same way. For it is the fate of an author whose chief concern is with the peculiar problems of his own age, that he must go from less to less as those problems disappear. It is only those authors who have a constantly recuperative power within themselves, by virtue of a certain mastery of life, who may be counted on to resist the slow obscuration of time.

Did Ruskin have such force? He was himself wont to assert that he went mad, not because of his work, but because nothing came of it. Once, in a fit of melancholy, he amused himself by throwing stones

at the icicles in a ravine. "It had all the delight of being allowed to throw stones in the vastest glass and china shop that was ever 'established,' and was very typical, to my mind, of my work in general." Elsewhere he speaks of himself as an "old lady in a houseful of wicked children"—a sentiment calculated to please the irreverent. Even the disciple must feel that there are times when Ruskin scolds from the mere love of scolding, and, like a bewildered child with an irritable parent, speculates as to what his master can possibly want. What *did* Ruskin want? I do not think that he himself quite knew. He "wanted everything beautiful," and wanted "everybody happy"; but the exact means by which this was to be brought about he never discovered. He was often the first to condemn methods which he had himself proposed. He spent, for example, a considerable portion of his time in urging people to achieve happiness by looking at clouds; but in his age he writes: "Oh, that someone had told me in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me." So also he lost his faith in Carlyle; he lost his faith in Dante; he lost his faith in the Guild of St. George; at last he lost his faith in God. The progress of his life was from the positive to the negative, from faith in one thing (art), to doubt in everything. He could find no central, guiding principle. And it is this lack of any central, definitive philosophy of things which has caused the dismay among his followers, and which will ever be the most serious menace to his fame. He is a force that stimulates but does not nourish. He is, indeed, as he loved to say, "a voice crying in the wilderness,"—a ringing voice of power and of beauty; but it is the voice of one who is himself lost and who cannot lead us out of the wilderness into the Promised Land.

CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER.

Yale University.

The President's Cabinet: Studies in the Origin, Formation, and Structure of an American Institution. By Henry Barrett Learned. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1912. \$2.50 net.

The appearance of this volume is a significant recognition of an important political institution, hitherto little studied and less understood. Mr. Learned makes it clear, however, at the outset, that the present work does not aim to be a complete history of the Cabinet; it is rather, as indicated in the subtitle, a series of studies in the "origin, formation,

and structure" of this institution. These terms are used in a comprehensive sense; and in tracing the development of the membership of the Cabinet, approximately half the text is devoted to chapters on the origin of the executive departments whose heads have been added to the Cabinet as first organized. A second series of studies, on Cabinet practices and personnel, may be expected to follow.

Within the limited field that he has chosen, Mr. Learned's studies have been intensive, and show a wide range of investigation in the sources, which include not only official publications such as the records of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, the messages of the Presidents, and Congressional debates and reports, but also diaries, memoirs, and writings of public men, special treatises and forgotten pamphlets, and a considerable number of newspapers. He does not, however, refer to any manuscript sources, and at the same time apparently avoids the use of standard histories, biographies, and other secondary authorities.

The origin and development of the idea of a council to the President are traced from anonymous suggestions in 1781, and a more definite proposal by Peletiah Webster two years later, through the discussions in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 on various projects for a constitutional council. Evidence is given that when the latter plan was abandoned, some members foresaw the probability of a voluntary council of the heads of the executive departments. Mr. Learned goes on to outline the Congressional organization of the executive offices in 1789, and the steps which led to the practice, during Washington's administration, of meetings of the heads of these offices with the President. But while noting that the first meeting of this kind occurred in April 1791, and that such gatherings became more frequent in 1792 and 1793, he makes no mention of several consultations in 1791 and 1792, referred to in Jefferson's writings and noted in Miss Hinsdale's "History of the President's Cabinet."

An interesting chapter traces the use of the term "Cabinet" in this country. Suggested by Charles Pinckney in 1787, the term was used by both Madison and Jefferson as early as 1793. It appears in Congressional debates in 1793, and was referred to, in 1803, by Chief Justice Marshall in the Supreme Court decision of *Marbury vs. Madison*. Thereafter, it is mentioned occasionally in Presidents' messages, beginning with Jackson's, but only finally received statutory recognition in the Appropriation Act of 1907.

Six chapters discuss in some detail the development of the office of Attorney-General, the steps which led to the admission of the Postmaster-General to the Cabinet, and the establishment of the later executive departments,—namely, those of the Navy, the Interior, Agriculture,

Commerce, and Labor, the heads of which have been added to the Cabinet.

Not the least valuable service of this series of studies is the new light thrown on a number of men active in public affairs. Whatever their influence on the formation of the Constitution, Peletiah Webster and Charles Pinckney clearly anticipated the need for such an institution as the Cabinet. Another conspicuous name is that of Judge Augustus B. Woodward, who should always be included among the students and interpreters of American government. Others, whose influence will be more widely remembered and appreciated, are Postmaster-General John McLean, Attorneys-General William Wirt and Caleb Cushing, and Charles B. Calvert of Maryland, who performed an important service in the establishment of the Department of Agriculture.

It is to be hoped that the second series of studies promised by Mr. Learned, will be prosecuted, and that they will add as much to our knowledge of the procedure and functions of the Cabinet, and its influence in the operation of the government, as does the present volume to our knowledge of its origin and structure.

JOHN A. FAIRLIE.

University of Illinois.

Dictionary of French and English, English and French. Compiled by John Bellows. Revised and Enlarged by William Bellows. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1911. \$1.50.

Dictionary of German and English, English and German. By Max Bellows. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1912. \$1.75.

The Bellows French and German dictionaries can fairly claim to be among the best in their field. The old Bellows pocket-dictionary of French and English, though its typographical tones sounded no louder than those of the Gnat whom Alice met in Looking-Glass Country, was yet "a friend, a dear friend, and an old friend" to thousands of students and travellers. On the shelf of a famous Oxford lexicographer the reviewer has seen this tiny volume standing bravely up among ponderous neighbors, not less highly regarded than they.

The late John Bellows, of Gloucester, England, whose work it was, was a remarkable compiler. Under his wise guidance his son William prepared in 1911 the enlarged French dictionary, while another son, Max, has now issued a German dictionary in companion form. In compactness, lucidity, and completeness, these volumes may soon outrival all others as table and desk-helps in modern languages.

The compression of a selective yet admirably full English-German and

German-English glossary into 800 pages, and of its French counterpart into 700 pages, of good type, has been effected by a series of devices tending to eliminate all useless repetition and other waste. These devices include the arrangement of both vocabularies—as the German-English and English-German—concurrently on the same pages, the representation of gender by different types, the omission of words in the English list which appear in the other language, the use of dashes and vertical strokes to avoid repetition of words and compound-parts, and the reference by numbers to verb-lists, and the like, in the introductions. In spite of the confusion which such elaborate coöperation on the part of readers would seem to threaten, a few moments' perusal of the introductory matter is sufficient to set all clear.

So far as examination has been made, the volumes appear to have been prepared with great care, and reflect high credit upon the editors, their assistants in Germany and France, and especially upon the compositors, who are, with rare courtesy, publicly thanked in the prefaces, and by name. Occasionally slips may occur; we note the ghost-word "rogue" in the English-French list,—given also as translation of "coquin." As a guide to the eye, in the rapid tracing down of words, it might have been better to give more than the first three letters of words at the head of the page-column, particularly when, as sometimes occurs, a whole page is taken up with the word-list of a single form, such as "zu—" in the German-English. This exasperating method, which appears on the covers of the new "Encyclopædia Britannica" and other English works of reference, involves a real loss of time. It may also be objected that economy has been pushed too far, when a reader, seeking the German word for "congress," and not finding this word in his English-German list, must turn to the head column of the C's in the German-English, and from there be directed to search under K for German "Kongresz," before he learns its identity with the English correlative.

These, however, are blemishes scarcely deserving record. On the other hand, we know of no other dictionaries so likely to be of immediate and lasting value to the modern reader. While the total number of terms seems at first sight considerably less than that in, for example, the tri-lingual "Brockhaus," yet the omission of unimportant compounds has permitted the conclusion of full word-lists for colloquial speech, which are a necessity to the student of modern Continental fiction and drama. The admirable "set" of the page, finally, as compared with that of the old pocket-dictionary, gives surprising evidence of the progress of the lexicon-maker's art in recent years.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Yale University.

The Montessori Method. By Maria Montessori. Translated from the Italian by Anna E. George. With an Introduction by Professor Henry W. Holmes of Harvard University. Frederick A. Stokes Company. New York. 1912. \$1.75 net.

The appearance of this English edition of Dr. Montessori's work has been greeted with mingled expressions of surprise and commendation. Here is a system that means a decided break with our recognized pedagogical development, and introduces ideas that are somewhat novel to the educational world. Our practices have followed the direct line of Comenius, Pestalozzi, Herbart, and Froebel, with occasional digressions into the fields of the *Philanthropisten* and into the realm of Rousseau. Hence the surprise that is shown by some at this breaking away from canonised principles and at the establishment of a system of education based upon the work of Itard and Séguin, whose labors, in general, were confined to the development of defectives.

The educator who does not care to weigh too minutely the pros and cons of the philosophical—or physiological—ancestry of Dr. Montessori's system, is especially pleased with the results in some of the schools at Rome. In one conducted by the Franciscan nuns, and in some organized by a building association for the benefit of the children of tenants, one sees remarkable accomplishment on the part of boys and girls of from three to seven years of age. A well-organized activity has led to such progress in elementary studies that teachers are compelled to applaud the work, even if they criticise details of the system. When one visits the schools in Rome, he raises no question about results.

The system is essentially a work system as distinguished from a play system; and is based upon the principle—reminiscent of John Locke—that the elements of human knowledge are received through the senses. The organs of sense are perfected by the constant use of didactic material, that in its skillful design and classification meets the hourly needs of the child. Auto-education and not imposed education is the aim. The teacher is not so much a leader of a group as she is an observer. Spontaneous, natural action on the part of the child—in a word, liberty—gives the teacher the position, not of a servant attending to the wants of the child, but of a revealer of his own capacity and power.

The apparatus, cleverly devised to teach sight, hearing, and touch, does more than this. The teaching of children, four or five years old, to read and write is in itself an educational feat; but that is not all. The use of this material carries with it the acquirement of dexterity, order, self-reliance, the beginnings of individual responsibility, and the

awakening of sound minds in sound bodies. The day's work is a real thing to the child, a fitting beginning of the realities that follow.

Concerning the spread of the Montessori idea, it may be stated that lectures upon this system were given during the past summer in half a dozen leading American universities; that a vigorous American Montessori Society has been established; and that England and France have followed Italy and Switzerland in the development of these schools.

JOHN P. CUSHING.

New Haven, Conn.

The Origin of the English Constitution. By George Burton Adams, Professor of History in Yale College. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1912. \$2.00 net.

The problem which Professor Adams has set himself in this volume is to account historically for the most distinctive feature of the English constitution. The contrast between the government of England and such a monarchy as the French, became the subject of comment as early as the fifteenth century, and has remained a favorite topic for the political philosopher and the sociologist; yet only recently has it been recognized that the two states started from similar conditions and for a long time developed upon parallel lines.

The moment of divergence Professor Adams places in the thirteenth century, and, more definitely, in the Great Charter, which thus becomes his central theme. The starting-point in the development of the English central government is its complete feudalization during the century following the Norman Conquest. Then comes a period when the royal prerogative advances with such rapidity as to create under Henry the Second and his sons the strongest government of its time in western Europe, yet without destroying the feudal basis of government and society. "The existence together, during a long period of time, of the most highly centralized monarchy and the most logically developed feudalism of contemporary Europe" thus becomes "the most fundamental fact in English constitutional history, that from which all else proceeds." The rivalry of feudalism and prerogative, "their struggle for a supremacy, which neither in the end gains," is, in one sense, that which gives rise to the limited monarchy, which arose in the reign of John, and expressed itself in the Great Charter. By the Charter, for the first time, the king was placed beneath the law. The Charter is, however, a thoroughly feudal document, and simply carries out the fundamental

principle of the feudal contract, according to which the lord is bound to observe a body of recognized custom. The function of the Charter "was to effect the transition of the fundamental principle of feudalism into the fundamental principle of the modern constitution." It is in the enforcement of the right of coercion there laid down, rather than in the formation of Parliament, that the real line of early constitutional development lies.

Such is the barest outline of an argument to which no summary can do justice. It is developed with learning, with skill, and, in all essential points, with conclusiveness. It is accompanied by notes, and appendices, and *obiter dicta* which are full of meat for the student of English history, and always keep before him the background of continental conditions so neglected by other writers. The ripe fruit of long studies in mediæval institutions, this volume is a work of thought, as well as of erudition, and it is a credit to American historical scholarship.

CHARLES H. HASKINS.

Harvard University.

George the Third and Charles Fox. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan.
Vol. I. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.

To many readers of Trevelyan's earlier volumes on the American Revolution it will be interesting to discover that the author has chosen to conclude his work by dwelling—perhaps at a length somewhat disproportionate to its true merits—on the career of Charles James Fox. It may be recalled in this connection that "The Early History of Charles James Fox" by the same author, a book published in 1880, was quite as much a history of the times before 1774 as it was an account of Fox's life up to that year. In that brilliant and now famous study, the functions of biographer and historian were frequently merged. Indeed, there were whole chapters in which Fox scarcely appeared at all. Clearly the desire for a broader range and understanding of the succeeding epoch directed Trevelyan until, securing leisure after an active political life, he was ready to project his later work on the American war. That he has already completed the story through the incident of the French alliance, a host of readers are well aware, for this new book is really the fifth volume in the series. One other volume, already announced as in preparation, will complete the work. The author has reached the period (1778-1788) when he rightly considers that Fox, head of the Opposition, was the chief protagonist of the Americans on the English side of the drama. Accepting this point of view, the historian carries his readers

into the very vortex of parliamentary and English administrative affairs from 1778 onwards. In fact, the new volume is so definitely concerned with the English phases of the struggle, the author is so determined to characterize vividly English party leaders on both sides of the controversy, that many details in the American situation, which would have rounded out a complete study of the Revolution, have been touched upon only lightly, or are wholly ignored.

Opening his narrative with a sketch of George the Third's ideal of personal government, as that ideal had been developed up to 1778, Trevelyan passes on naturally to an illuminating consideration of the significance of Chatham's death. Thence the way becomes clear for a careful exposition of Fox's place in public life at that time, an exposition that presents at once the main thesis of the book, and helps at the same time to explain its title. Early in 1778 Fox, already leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, was the most conspicuous figure in public life. It is Trevelyan's view that Fox, unlike George the Third and his Ministers, had a policy. Asserting this policy in his speeches with vigor and rare intelligence, Fox was able to convert two successive parliaments to his own way of thinking, and thus extricated his country from a dangerous combination of circumstances—a veritable whirlpool, in which it was being fast engulfed. This was Fox's policy: to deter the Ministry from wasting English resources on ill-advised and fruitless efforts to subjugate America; to urge upon them the necessity of hurrying forward the equipment of fleets and armies; and, as a private member of Parliament, to see that the forces were employed with unflagging vigor against the multitude of European foes. "His comprehensive glance," writes Trevelyan, "embraced the entire military and political situation . . . Never, since the days of Demosthenes and his Olynthiac and Philippic orations, did any public speaker, not endued with the power and authority of office, exert so commanding an influence over the conduct of a war" (pp. 86-45, *passim*). After this, one cannot help wondering if the historian, when he has completed another volume, will succeed in justifying this view of a statesman who has always remained something of an enigma. While it is true that this view gives a trend to the new book and serves in some ways to limit its range, nevertheless Trevelyan is primarily concerned with a narrative of the Revolution. British commerce, English society and its mode of spending time, together with the larger and the smaller doings of Parliament, afford a few of the themes. Seldom has a historian, not a technical expert on naval affairs, paid closer attention to the naval programme over the two years from 1778 to 1780; the account of the battle of Ushant and the story of the sensational trial of Admiral Keppel are

vivid and memorable. Occasional comparisons of Burke and Fox are very informing; and the studied chapter on Burke is one of the best in the book. Usually fair-minded on matters of controversy, Trevelyan remains at heart a Whig and writes with a pronounced sympathy for the American cause.

Rather less than a third of the book is directly devoted to an exposition of incidents in America. The train of military and naval events following close upon the French alliance, notably d'Estaing's futile effort to capture Newport from the British forces in the summer of 1778, the capture of Charleston, South Carolina, by Sir Henry Clinton, the bearings of the battle of Camden, August 16, 1780, in the southern campaigns, and the story of Arnold's treason in September, 1780 (which concludes the volume)—these are the chief matters of careful narration to indicate that the war was actively in progress on American soil. Little enough is said about the doings of the American Congress. The reader will catch only casual glimpses of the more conspicuous military leaders such as Lord Howe, Washington, Greene, and Rochambeau; and almost no glimpses at all of American civilians. If smaller facts are ignored, the larger generalizations are usually well-founded and impressive as coming from a mature and well-read student of the epoch. A fondness for the figurative in phrase sometimes misleads both the author and the reader, as, for instance, when Trevelyan remarks of d'Estaing's failure in Rhode Island that it "had taken the heart out of the cordial understanding between France and the United States" (p. 128). Contemporary newspapers in the United States as well as the later evidence of such a work as Chastellux's "Travels" should quickly correct that statement.

H. B. LEARNED.

New Haven, Conn.

Tennyson and his Friends. Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1911. \$8.00 net.

"When men, such as these two men [Tennyson and Thackeray], appreciate each other's work, they know, with their great instinct for truth and directness, what to admire—smaller men are apt to admire the men rather than the work."

These words, taken from Lady Ritchie's contribution to the present volume, an article in which she gossips pleasantly of her father's friendship for Tennyson, cannot but arrest attention, coming as they do in the midst of a stout volume devoted to the man Tennyson rather

than to his work. Both Tennyson and Thackeray shuddered at the thought of the long, formal biography for which the modern public is sure to clamor. Lady Ritchie yielded to the clamor to the extent of supplying the prefaces to the "Biographical Edition" of her father's works; and the present Lord Tennyson has already interpreted his father's permission that "if I deemed it better, the incidents of his life should be given as shortly as might be without comment, but that my notes should be final and full enough to preclude the chance of further and unauthentic biographies," as warranting the thousand-odd pages of "Tennyson: A Memoir";—which have not, however, "precluded the chance" of the five hundred pages of further biographical miscellany which constitute the supplemental volume now before us.

Lord Tennyson has asked his father's friends to contribute their recollections of the poet and of his intimates and associates, and has arranged their contributions "as far as possible according to the sequence of his life." Among the contributors are men of such distinction as Professor Butcher, Sir Henry Craik, Sir Norman Lockyer, Canon Rawnsley, and the Bishop of Ripon. The result is a volume of kindly gossip, sometimes entertaining, sometimes dull, which adds nothing essential to the already familiar portrait of the poet, and only very rarely serves to illuminate anything important in his work. From Tennyson's friends, writing at the invitation of his son, discriminating criticism is hardly possible. The principle of *nil de mortuis* must needs apply with double force. Among the contributors are several whose only claim upon our hearing is that they were of the poet's circle, and with them the note of panegyric takes on the character of effusive hero-worship. Their recollections of Tennyson become, in large measure, recollections of their own thrills of proud satisfaction at the opportunity which was theirs to worship within the inner shrine of Farringford or Aldworth.

Those who share the present-day love of literary gossip will find the volume a pleasant one to browse in. They may learn among other matters of equal moment that Tennyson "usually dined rather early, at 7 or 7.30 o'clock, and Mrs. Tennyson would generally carve," that after dinner "he would begin his bottle (pint) of port, and with the exception of a glass or so, would finish it, talking all the time with entire geniality and abandon." Or they may learn that Tennyson regarded Burns as "a great genius, but dreadfully coarse sometimes." There are other matters of greater importance, such as the interesting notes on Tennyson's favorite passages in the Greek and Latin poets, or the delightful letters which passed between Tennyson and "Old Fitz"; but for the student of Tennyson's poetry, who, like Thackeray

and Tennyson himself, admires the work rather than the man, the volume has very little to offer,—so little indeed that there is no need to regret very seriously the total absence of any index. Even the “smaller people” who are “apt to admire the man” will find little that is not already illustrated in the two volumes of the “Memoir.”

ROBERT K. ROOT.

Princeton University.

Thomas Love Peacock: A Critical Study. By A. Martin Freeman.
Mitchell Kennerley. New York. 1911. \$2.50 net.

Mr. Freeman has adhered closely to the purpose suggested by his title. In order to make the book a critical study he has resisted the temptation to include amusing biographical details, intrinsically picturesque but unrelated. He states at the beginning that there is little material for a work of that sort in the quiet and uneventful life of Peacock, the cultured man of affairs who wrote books. This is perhaps just as well, for Peacock to most of us is of more interest because of the people he knew and the time he lived in, than for himself. Mr. Freeman, keeping his critical aim always in view, has been so careful to exclude all but the essential that, for example, after discussing the works of Peacock's period of maturity, he ruthlessly skips forty years of routine and proceeds without further remark to the productions of his old age.

The most interesting as well as the most valuable part of the work is that which gives us an impression of the literary life of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Through Peacock, we are brought intimately in touch with the chief names of the period, for he was either a personal friend or a literary foe of Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Jeffrey, Southey, Hogg, and others prominent in the letters or politics of that generation. We see them all from points of view forgotten to-day, except when revived by such books as Mr. Freeman's. The greater part of the volume gives us the atmosphere of the bloody skirmishes and bitter attacks *ad hominem*—sometimes clever, but always sharp—of the wars of romanticism and classicism, and of realism and romance. We get glimpses of these controversies, or the personalities involved in them, through Peacock's practice of characterizing his contemporaries and satirizing their views in his novels. This habit of using the wit and weaknesses of his friends as literary material, though doubtless it was annoying to them, adds greatly to the interest of the novels to-day. Mr. Freeman, by his thorough knowledge of the

literature and personalities of the period, his careful research and keen critical judgment, has done us a valuable service in interpreting these contemporary portraits. This makes the book, for the student, an important gloss to the novels, and for the general reader a help to a more adequate appreciation. The task was a difficult one, for the hints for the identifications are often slight. Shelley, for instance, appears in four novels, but with a different phase put forward every time. In "Melancourt" he appears combined with Peacock himself in the character of Forester, and in "Gryll Grange" he is drawn as Peacock imagined he would have been had he lived on and become disillusioned.

The view of the close intimacy of Peacock with Shelley, is one of the most significant interests of the book. The two chapters devoted chiefly to this relation show the two friends in their correspondence and conversation, talking politics and vegetarianism, reading Greek, and sailing paper boats. Peacock's assistance of Shelley in his financial troubles, his protecting him from the ungentle demands of the shiftless Leigh Hunt, and his championing of Harriet, are hints of a most interesting literary friendship.

However, Mr. Freeman thinks that we should not care about Peacock only because he saw Shelley plain, and forget the rest. He estimates for us the work of Peacock himself as a novelist and satirist. He maintains that an appreciation of the novels should not be limited to the political or literary specialist, and shows this by a careful analysis of Peacock's character, his literary methods, and the autobiographic elements of his work. But the reader is not made to share the author's appreciation. Mr. Freeman, to show that he has no illusions about the importance of his subject, coldly and critically estimates him, and restrains the enthusiasm which one suspects he feels.

The work is eminently the product of critical ability and sane judgment which avoids all special pleading. There is evidence of much research among the reviews of the period, and a knowledge of the political situations, as well as of the fads and theories of the earlier part of the last century. The chapter called "The Author of Headlong Hall," a discussion of the Peacockian type of novel, is a piece of very keen analysis and careful criticism. Mr. Freeman's style, clear and accurate, with occasionally a happy phrase, makes the book distinctly readable and interesting, but it will take more than well-written criticism to rescue Peacock from the limbo of forgotten mediocrity.

C. E. ANDREWS.

Amherst College.

Chapters from Modern Psychology. By James Rowland Angell. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1912. \$1.85 net.

It is now scarcely more than a generation since psychology began to detach itself from the *a priori* methods then prevalent in philosophy and to yield to those of critical observation, analysis, and generalization, already in vogue among the natural sciences. As a result, the "mind" has definitely stepped down from the society of inscrutables and taken its place among the phenomena that may be naturalistically investigated. "I thought," ruefully remarked a student recently, "until I took the 'psych' course, that the imagination was something mysteriously creative: but I am now told that it consists of mechanically shifting combinations of thoughts and images already stowed away." Indeed, the layman generally, in approaching psychology, expects to have his native sense of the wonder and mystery of the mind's operations deepened, instead of seeing these operations reduced to the level of a mechanism. Hence his feeling of resentment and perhaps of derision towards the apparently uninspired psychologist. This sense of disillusion arises, however, from a mistaken idea of the issue. Mysterious the presence of imagination may well be—to recur to the sorrowful student,—but the familiar falling of the apple to the earth is, in spite of its equally familiar Newtonian explanation, quite as instinct with mystery as the loftiest flights of imaginative genius. In fine, the issue does not concern the riddle of existence, the ultimate "how" and "why" of things, but simply the machinery of their inter-relationships. The processes of consciousness are interlinked in ways as observable and describable as those of a windmill. That it takes a rare Don Quixote to see the secret romance of the windmill, while few willingly take any other attitude than that of romantic wonder towards the operations of the mind, is chiefly due to the obtrusiveness of the mechanism of physical things; whereas in things mental it is the marvel of the finished achievement, rather than the more hidden machinery of the process, that obviously solicits the attention.

The book here under review, by Professor Angell of the University of Chicago, undertakes to give a survey of the present success of modern psychology in submitting the mind to scientific analysis. It is not a text-book, nor a treatise of the detailed results of research. It is rather a very elementary sketch, offered first in the form of lectures to a general audience at Union College, and calculated to give the layman a just picture of psychological achievement and endeavor. The manner is clear and fluent and, while it proceeds with a certain easy grace, it

also outlines firmly the salient features of the picture. At the close are given valuable suggestions for further reading.

The opening chapter treats of "General Psychology"—the study of the normal, adult, human mind. Its first task is, of course, one of analysis and classification. Much of this aims at a discovery of the elements of consciousness. Instead, for instance, of the traditional three-fold classification of mind into thought, feeling, and will, it is now held that doubtless only the second of these is really elemental, i. e., unanalyzable into simpler constituents. Thought and will are conceived as exceedingly complex integrations of the simpler processes; they are *forms* of mental action rather than any elementary mental *stuff*. In addition to feeling, sensation, and, by many, the mental image are regarded as elementary processes. Such sensations as redness, bitterness, heat, cold, pressure, manifestly cannot be further analyzed or described: they may merely be exhibited. Whether, too, the mental image—"that kind of experience which we have when we close our eyes and get a mental picture of the object at which we were looking a few moments ago"—is elemental, is undecided.

In addition to this quest for elements, general psychology has, further, to study the more complex mental processes, such as perception, memory, imagination, emotion, instinct, attention, thought, and will, in an effort to determine not only their *constitution*, their relations to the elementary processes, but also their *functions*, or the part they play in our total mental economy. Professor Angell concludes this chapter with a description of "the general lineaments of the human mind as revealed in the portrait which modern psychology offers us."

As the problems of general psychology grew and multiplied, special interests began to detach themselves from the mother science—interests of method or interests of subject-matter. At times, it is true, the emphasis on these separate dependencies (especially popular emphasis on the abnormal) has obscured the fact, which should never be lost sight of, that the value of all of them lies chiefly in the reflected light which they cast on the nature of the normal human mind. Professor Angell proceeds, then, with this latter purpose well in hand, to consider them in turn. Time will here permit but a glimpse of the features of these auxiliaries to general psychology.

"Physiological Psychology" is the study of the same problems which general psychology also attempts, but viewed now in their relations to the physical body, particularly to the sense-organs and the nervous system. Conformable to the scientific method of attack in modern psychology, the problem here is no longer to speculate on the seat of the "soul"—we can observe mental states but not a soul; the problem

is rather to investigate the actual correlations that are found to exist between mental process on the one hand, and bodily process on the other.

"Experimental Psychology" is, of course, a matter of method, and the peculiarly characteristic hall-mark of modern psychology. Wherever possible, consciousness is submitted to laboratory investigation. This means not, as is so often assumed by the beginning student, the cutting up of animals and brains, the hypnotization of likely subjects, and other vagaries of the "yellow" conception of psychology, but rather the sober attempt to subject the mental processes mentioned under "General Psychology" to exact rather than casual and sporadic observation. "Exact" implies that the conditions surrounding the occurrence of a mental process are under control; and the appliances of the psychological laboratory are either for the purpose of controlling these conditions or of recording the results. For interesting and concrete instances of the use of psychological experiment the reader must be referred to Professor Angell's chapter on this subject.

Other dependencies of normal psychology are "Abnormal Psychology," in which the disordered functioning of conscious processes is treated; "Social and Racial Psychology," where the question is one of mental traits that are socially or racially determined; "Animal Psychology," the study of animal behavior as evidence of mind; "Genetic Psychology," the investigation of the *development* of mental functions in the individual, the race, or lower animal forms. Finally, in "Applied Psychology," we come to perhaps the most recent of the various tendencies. It is a field of immense potential richness. With the ripening of our knowledge of the normal mind, it was inevitable that there should follow the application of this knowledge to insistent human problems as, for instance, education, medicine, law, juvenile courts, advertising, etc. The modern naturalistic methods of psychological investigation have alone made this possible; and substantial results have already been achieved. If the psychologically untrained among teachers, educators, clergymen, and reformers, who, it is true, justly crave the practical results of psychology, can keep themselves from rushing in where the competent tentatively explore, we may hope for still further sound and brilliant work.

ROSWELL P. ANGLIER.

Yale University.

BOOKS RECEIVED

IN ADDITION TO THOSE REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER

POETRY AND DRAMA

- The Poetical Works of George Meredith.* Notes by G. M. Trevelyan. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.
- The Call of Brotherhood, and Other Poems.* By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.25 net.
- The Lure of the Sea.* By J. E. Patterson. George H. Doran Company. New York. 1912. \$1.25 net.
- The Roadside Fire.* By Amelia Josephine Burr. George H. Doran Company. New York. 1912. \$1.00 net.
- The Wind on the Heath.* By May Byron. George H. Doran Company. New York. 1912. \$1.00 net.
- Yale Book of American Verse.* Edited by Thomas R. Lounsbury. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1912. \$2.25 net.
- American Poems (1625-1892).* Edited by Walter C. Bronson. The University of Chicago Press. Chicago. 1912. \$1.50 net.
- The Home Book of Verse, American and English (1580-1912).* Edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1912. \$7.50.
- The Mortal Gods, and Other Plays.* By Olive Tilford Dargan. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.50 net.
- The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays.* By John Masefield. Mitchell Kennerley. New York. 1912. \$1.25 net.
- Plays by August Strindberg (Creditors, Pariah).* Translation by Edwin Björkman. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$0.75 net.

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES

- J. M. Synge, and the Irish Dramatic Movement.* By Francis Bickley. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$0.75 net.
- Wordsworth, Poet of Nature and Poet of Man.* By E. Hershey Sneath. Ginn & Company. Boston. 1912. \$2.00.
- Letters of George Meredith.* Edited by his Son. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. 2 volumes. \$4.00 net.
- The Inn of Tranquillity: Studies and Essays.* By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912.
- A Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers.* By Lord Redesdale. John Lane Company. New York. 1912. \$2.50.
- Books and Bookmen, and Other Essays.* By Ian Maclaren. George H. Doran Company. New York. 1912. \$1.25 net.

- Gateways to Literature, and Other Essays.* By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$1.25 net.
- Some English Story Tellers: A Book of the Younger Novelists.* By Frederic Taber Cooper. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1912. \$1.60 net.
- Modern Italian Literature.* By Lacy Collison-Morley. Little, Brown & Company. Boston. 1912. \$1.75 net.

THE FINE ARTS

- Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art.* By Ernest F. Fenollosa. Frederick A. Stokes Company. New York. 1912. 2 volumes. \$10.00 net.
- Engraved Gems.* By Duffield Osborne. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1912. \$6.00 net.
- Tapestries.* By George Leland Hunter. John Lane Company. New York. 1912. \$5.00 net.
- American Graphic Art.* By F. Weitenkampf. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1912. \$2.75 net.
- The Artist's Point of View.* By Royal Hill Milleson. A. C. McClurg & Company. Chicago. 1912. \$1.00 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE

- Mark Twain: A Biography.* By Albert Bigelow Paine. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1912. 8 volumes. \$6.00 net.
- The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, (1837-1846).* By William Flavelle Monypenny. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1912. Vol. II. \$8.00 net.
- Everybody's St. Francis.* By Maurice Francis Egan. The Century Company. New York. 1912. \$2.50 net.
- The Three Brontës.* By May Sinclair. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$8.00 net.
- Anson Burlingame.* By Frederick Wells Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.
- The Autobiography of an Individualist.* By James O. Fagan. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$1.25 net.
- Life and Letters of John Rickman.* By Orlo Williams. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$8.50.
- Under the Old Flag.* By James Harrison Wilson. D. Appleton & Company. New York. 1912. 2 volumes. \$6.00 net.
- Germany and the German Emperor.* By Herbert Perris. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1912. \$8.00 net.
- The German Emperor and the Peace of the World.* By Alfred H. Fried. Hodder & Stoughton. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.
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IN THE DEFENSES OF WASHINGTON

By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

The article which here follows was written in May, 1864. Two or three times extracts have been read from it at private gatherings; otherwise it has lain undisturbed and practically buried all these years. Only a portion of the original, though distinctly the larger portion, is here printed. As it was written nearly fifty years ago, it naturally expresses views which I do not now entertain and says things which I should not now say. But it seemed best to leave it as it first appeared in order to give a faint conception of the way men, at least some men, thought and felt in the midst of the mighty struggle which was then going on. Accordingly no alteration has been made save what has been rendered necessary to connect sentences where intervening paragraphs have been omitted, or where certain passages have been transposed. One instance only is an exception. In deference to the more amiable feelings which have sprung up since "the late unpleasantness," wherever the word *rebel* occurred in the original—and it occurred pretty often—the word *Confederate* has been substituted when I speak in my own person.

IT was about one o'clock in the afternoon of the third of December, 1862, that we took the cars at Alexandria for Union Mills. The precise situation of the latter place none of us knew, and it was soon evident that our scanty stock of geographical information was not to be largely increased by the answers given to our inquiries by the inhabitants. The Virginia poor white is a man of more

than average intelligence who knows where he lives himself, let alone any acquaintance with points more remote. "A right smart heap of a way, I reckon," was the reply usually made in the genuine native vernacular. This pursuit of knowledge under difficulties was, however, rewarded at last by the information that Union Mills was a station on the Orange and Alexandria Railway, where the track crosses Bull Run, and was the extreme point in that direction of the defenses of Washington. From that city it was about twenty miles distant.

The turn of the road which shut out the view of the place we had left behind, seemed to shut out also at the same time all the sights and sounds of civilized life. Everything bore the marks of decay. A few houses could be seen from the cars as we passed by, but most of these had long been deserted and were fast going to ruin. No ploughed fields, no fences, no landmarks of any kind, existed to show that men cared longer either to own or to cultivate the soil. The smoke of occasional fires, slowly rising from the depths of the pine forests on each side of us, and the scattered tents of the soldiers guarding the road, were almost the only evidences of life that broke the monotony of desolation. The entire region was rapidly returning to the abandonment and waste from which the labor of successive generations had rescued it. The day, too, was a cold and cheerless one, imparting an additional gloom to the scenes through which we passed. Green and gold of the autumn woods had long since departed, while occasional tufts of grass, still struggling to retain their freshness amid the general decay, seemed only to give by contrast a more leaden look to the folds of snow-clouds which hung heavy on the hills.

On we whirled through plains covered by dense thickets and between hills surmounted by impenetrable forests of pine; through Annandale, past Burke and Fairfax and Sangster's stations. The train stopped at last without any particular reason for so doing that could be gathered from

anything visible in the neighborhood. Here, however, was our destination. We had reached the limit of Northern sovereignty. Loyalty stopped short at the little stream which rolled at our feet and only looked beyond. Before us lay the bloody debatable land, on which more than on any other part of the continent had fallen the curse of war in its heaviest form. The few persons who still clung to the soil, bound to it by an iron necessity, had long given up thought or care for the morrow, and lived only the aimless, hopeless life of the inhabitants of the border. The region had become historic ground; but like all historic ground, had become so at the price of tears and blood.

As we got off the cars, I looked for the mills which had given their name to the spot. One glance was enough to show that they were in a far more ruinous condition than the Union, after which they had been called. The building was entirely torn down, and the mill-stones, lying alongside of the stream, were the only evidences of the noisy life which they had survived. The owner had not stayed behind to save the miserable remnants of his property. While ground is getting to be historic, it loses altogether its attractions as a residence for human beings.

The line guarded by our brigade was part of the outer line of the defenses of Washington, and extended from Wolf Run Shoals on the Occoquan to Chantilly. But the whole distance was never at one time picketed by us. The outposts were stationed along the lower course of Bull Run as far up as Mitchell's Ford, at which point they left that stream, which, rising in the Manassas mountains, there turns off to the west. Whence Bull Run received its name, none of the inhabitants seemed to know; but it was probably due to the same taste which called a rivulet emptying into it Cub Run, and gave to one of the most beautiful tributaries of the Potomac the name of Goose Creek. There is, however, some justice in the title, if not much poetry. For though ordinarily a quiet but always swift-moving stream,

Bull Run under the influence of winter rains quickly becomes a roaring torrent, rapidly rising, overflowing its banks wherever it passes through level country, and bearing down to the Occoquan, in its rushing current, large fragments of ice, blocks of wood, and now and then an uprooted tree. Its fall is always as sudden as its rise. Below Union Mills the scenery through which it flows is of a character so romantic as to have made its beauty felt even under the dismal circumstances under which we formed its acquaintance. The stream there rushes on through meadow-land and gorge, by sloping hillsides and under overhanging cliffs, while the path along its eastern bank, trodden by our patrols, wound its way over heights and hollows, through groves of laurel and the desolate ruins of what had once been great forests. On the opposite side overshadowing us, were frowning ramparts of rock, sentinelled by gigantic pines, seemingly as motionless and to mortal eyes as enduring as the hills upon which they stood. These lofty parapets, which nature had built, were at this point the real defenses of the line; for there are few places in which Bull Run is ordinarily too deep to be fordable by infantry.

Our life was in many respects a hard one. The long line of from eight to sixteen miles, guarded by our brigade, required that officers and men should go on duty nearly every other day. The winter, too, was a cold and cheerless one, with storms of rain and snow frequent and severe. One of the heaviest of the latter occurred as late as the fifth of April. If this was the "sunny South," it was quite a general feeling that we had got on the shady side of it. On the fifteenth of March there was a thunder-storm, accompanied by a fall of snow or rather of sleet,—a circumstance to me somewhat surprising, and which left my meteorological ideas, never very clear, in quite a mixed state. In addition to the severe weather, the whole country for three months seemed one complete sea of mud; and much as has been said of it, nothing too mean, nothing too vituperative

ever has been said or ever can be said of Virginia mud. Yet down there they call such soil "sacred."

The constant exposure either killed the men of weaker vitality or rendered their discharge a necessity in consequence of the diseases they contracted. Still it was no harder life than many others were having at the same time and doubtless not so hard as some. We grumbled, of course; we had not been soldiers had we not. Every man in the army is apt to think that the privations he endures are far worse than those endured by anyone else; that the particular ground upon which he sleeps is encumbered with much sharper protuberances, the particular stone he uses for a pillow is much harder, the particular air which surrounds him is much chillier, the particular rain which falls upon his person is much wetter, the particular mud in which he marches is much stickier, and the particular rations served out to him much fuller of animal and vegetable life, than the particular ground, stone, air, rain, mud, and rations which enter into the experience of any other individual. It is the soldier's privilege to grumble; and the deprivation of it could never be counterbalanced by any increase of pay. It is the one thing that binds him to the life he has left behind. He has surrendered his free-will. He sometimes eats, and even relishes, food which at home he would not give to any cat or dog of respectable character. He occasionally drinks water in which there he would not think of washing his hands. He goes to bed at dark, and gets up at ridiculously early hours. On the march he inhabits a dog-kennel, which courtesy and the regulations call a shelter tent—probably because it affords no shelter. Vague memories only linger in his mind of that far-away past, that pre-existent state, in which he ate oysters, and drank wine, and lounged about luxurious apartments. True, occasional delicacies do astonish his pork-oppressed stomach; bottles of wine, surreptitiously procured, do sometimes gladden his heart; and carpeted rooms with sofas and easy

chairs drawn up before cheerful fires, do now and then refresh his frame. But such events are rare. They appeal, moreover, to the outer man only. They enervate while they delight.

Not so with the grumble. That is the natural outgrowth of his condition. Station him on the summit of the Blue Ridge amid cold and sleet and snow, and he grumbles; station him in Fifth Avenue, he will do the same. Grumbling is the safety-valve through which the bitter thoughts, engendered by the manifold discomforts of his life, find their way into the great universe, and there pass into vacancy. He is a fool who regards such utterances as serious; he is a greater fool, as well as a traitor, who would think to act upon them. Our hearts were always loyal, whatever our lips might say. Ours was the fault-finding of that earnest devotion which wished the government to do more, not of that mulish opposition which wished it to do nothing. It cleared our minds for the contemplation of the happy scenes of that good time coming, when the wars would all be over, and we should have gone back from the border. Many a winter night, tired out with long patrols, with feet wet, with bodies chilled, did we sit cowering and shivering over some feeble fire on the outposts, and "indulge our sacred fury" in grumbling at the hardships we suffered, at the courage and capacity of the generals by whom we were commanded, at the inefficiency of the government we served. Then with hearts relieved, our thoughts would wander far away, in the long hours that followed, from the barren hills and relentless skies which encircled us, to cheerful rooms in Northern homes, curtained away from the chill December air, populous with books, radiant with the firelight, more radiant still with the light of love.

All around were visible traces of the Confederate occupation. Our camp was about a mile north of the railroad, in the direction of Centreville, and was also at an equal distance from McLean's Ford, well known as the place where

a body of our troops under General Tyler suffered a severe repulse in the first advance of the army of the Potomac. In front of us was a deserted village, as it might be called, of huts built of pine logs and plastered together with earth. A collection of habitations, similar in construction though much larger in number, existed, and probably now exists, just across Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford; and further back towards Manassas Junction, these former residences of the Southern troops were still more abundant. The telegrams which used to announce, during the winter of 1861-1862, that the rebels were dying off in consequence of exposure and privation, must have lied even more than ordinarily; for no quarters that have anywhere been provided for our troops could have excelled in comfort these huts, when occupied by the enemy. Ruined forts, in all cases made of earth and many doubtless never mounted with cannon, were scattered over the country; while rifle-pits half full of water, stretched for miles in every direction. One, in particular, running along the main road from Union Mills to Centreville, was so completely hidden by the trees and dense undergrowth as to be hardly visible at the distance of a few feet. All through this region—in fact, throughout the borderland between the two armies—the houses, which had been deserted by their occupants, had been pretty generally burned down. Those which had been left standing were as a rule thoroughly dismantled. These last at times gave an almost ghastly look to the landscape.

Of actual fighting, during the months we were in the defenses of Washington, we saw little or nothing. Rumors of wars always abounded; but an occasional shot exchanged with some wandering bushwhacker or prowling guerilla from Mosby's band, made up the sum total of our field operations. If, however, we were not disturbed for ourselves, Washington was for us. That city was always excited, always uneasy, perhaps necessarily so from its comparatively exposed position, and the vast interests involved

in its permanent and unbroken possession by our authorities. But confident as we were in our own safety, the reports that constantly reached us from its streets, in regard to the perils by which we were surrounded, aroused no other feeling than amusement. One could hardly say with truth that the solicitude felt by the city for our safety, was fully returned by us. The great attraction of Washington in our eyes was that, so far as we knew, it was the only accessible place where steamed oysters could be procured. Beyond that, sentiment on our part did not go. There was never any of that regard expressed for it which we should naturally expect would be felt for the capital of the nation. Were it not for the public buildings, it seemed to be a general feeling with us that it would be much better for our cause if the city were six feet under ground. This feeling, of course, did not prevent our being alive to the disgrace, and consequences more direful still, involved in its capture.

If, however, we did not see much fighting, we heard enough of it. The hills which slope down to Bull Run from Centreville to Wolf Run Shoals are a perfect sounding-board, reëchoing the report of any artillery engagement that takes place between them and the Manassas and Kittoctan mountains, and even, when the wind is favorable, between them and the Blue Ridge itself. The bombardment of Harper's Ferry in September, 1862, was distinctly heard at Union Mills, which is more than forty miles distant in an air line. No great movement was made by any portion of the army, of which the artillery did not give early, if not very satisfactory, information. The sound, according as it grew fainter or louder, told usually how the day was going.

Such times were ever with us times of interest and eager expectation. The noise of a cannonade is always exciting, and always pleasant—if a good way off. I remember, in particular, how the report of the artillery, opening the cavalry action at Upperville on the twenty-first of June, 1863, startled all the camps. I could not but think, that

beautiful Sunday morning, that while thousands of mothers and sisters, both North and South, were praying, in the words of the litany, that a good Lord would deliver their sons and brothers "from battle and murder and sudden death," those same sons and brothers were at the very moment furnishing a peculiar commentary upon those petitions by striving to cut one another's throats. Our enforced inactivity, always tiresome, at these periods became hateful. I doubt whether there is any man living who really loves fighting for its own sake. The mystery of death, confronting and overshadowing the spirit, awes at such a time the most boastful and presumptuous. Yet there is a terrible fascination about a battle, in spite of the dread uncertainty and horror that attend it, which cannot be explained by any feeling of duty, of pride, still less of curiosity. These, of course, had their weight with us. We could not expect to feel at ease in our comparative safety, while our fellow-soldiers were falling; and restlessly wandering about the camps, we listened eagerly for the tidings of fierce conflicts, whose far-off sound reached our ears, but in whose mighty passion we could not share.

Nothing occurred during the month of December to disturb the monotonous quiet of our life, except a hostile raid, really insignificant in its proportions, but much magnified at the time by uncertainty and apprehension. Slocum's corps, in marching from Harper's Ferry to reinforce Burnside, passed within the defenses of Washington; and the advance of a portion of that force from Fairfax station, where it had been encamped, separated from the main body a part of Stuart's cavalry, variously estimated at from six hundred to two thousand men. With these were four pieces of artillery. To make good their escape they were forced to go through our lines. This they did successfully, crossing, on the twenty-eighth of December, the Orange and Alexandria Railway at Burke's station, where they captured some of the guard and telegraphed, it is said, various impu-

dent messages to the Quarter-Master General. After cutting the wires and tearing up a small portion of the track, they passed on to the North. The troops in the defenses of Washington south of the Potomac, were everywhere put under arms. Our brigade was ordered out, and detachments from it sent to guard different points and to close, after the most approved fashion of scientific warfare, several military stable-doors, out of which the horses had escaped. The fords on Bull Run were carefully watched. Behind an extempore fortification thrown up at McLean's, a huge saw-log, blackened in the fire, was mounted by some of our officers on a pair of cart-wheels which were found near the place. This piece of artillery, pointed threateningly across the stream, had quite an imposing effect when seen from a distance, and, I doubt not, has done as good service as most of the heavy ordnance in the defenses of Washington. But no enemy ever came to try its strength. Where, indeed, that band of horsemen went to, I never could find out. I fancy they must have lost themselves somewhere in that boundless North, towards which, when last seen, they were heading; for though day after day I read the newspapers with scrupulous care, never a word or hint could be found in them of the fate which befell those bold riders.

But no one could fail to be struck at the time with a feeling which seemed to be universal among our troops, that if these daring raiders would pass on without attacking or injuring us, we would be willing to reciprocate the favor. We would offer no opposition to their escape, provided they behaved themselves properly, and did not put us under that painful necessity. This is not very complimentary to our soldiers; but although it would be far from being true now, it was too true then. A general gloom hung over the army in consequence of the repulse of Burnside at Fredericksburg. But, in particular, the daring and yet successful raids of Stuart on the Peninsula and in Pennsylvania had given, at that time, to the arm of the Confederate service com-

manded by him, a reputation and prestige which subsequent events have failed to confirm. Moreover, it was felt that little or no reliance could be placed upon our cavalry, which alone could properly have any hope of intercepting such flying bodies of the enemy. It was usually worsted by half of its number, or at least believed so to be; and if it chanced to be successful, seemed itself always surprised at the result. Our cavalry, indeed, was at that period an object of contempt with all of the infantry. A remark of one of the soldiers of the Pennsylvania Reserves, while undergoing punishment, expressed a feeling then very common. When he enlisted again, he said, he was going to join the cavalry; for he had been in ten battles, and had never seen a dead cavalryman yet. It is hardly necessary to say that no such feeling prevails now. The rapid rise in conduct, in reputation, and in general morale of that arm of the service, its transformation into the formidable body it has now become, is, to anyone acquainted with its previous condition, one of the most remarkable circumstances of the war.

January, February, and March were naturally the months that tried most severely the endurance of the men. A part of that time it seemed as if one half of the various regiments would be collected every morning at their respective surgeons' quarters at the bugle-call for the sick; while to the air of the same call the other half would be singing the words generally sung to it throughout our command:—

Come all ye sick!

Come all ye sick!

Come and get your quinine,

Come and get your quinine,

Come and get your quinine pills!

Among so large a number there were doubtless some who feigned illness. But the triple volleys that reëchoed at the twilight of so many successive days over new-made graves, proved that exposure and privation were telling fearfully upon the health and lives of the men. Their bodies were

generally sent home—a fact which the soldiers with ghastly facetiousness held out to one another as the great inducement to die at that spot and time. If they fell in the coming battles, whose shadow darkened us ever from out of the future, their fate might possibly be—yes, probably would be the fate of their comrades whose uncovered bones still whitened the plains of Manassas. Boards are always, to any large army, wherever encamped, the greatest of rarities and of luxuries; and at that place and period, scarcely enough of them could be found for the rude coffins of those we buried. Two members of the company to which I belonged, died of smallpox, and of course their remains could not be removed. It is some consolation to know that to them, if not to those who live to lament them, it is no sorrow. I doubt not they sleep as peacefully in their solitary graves on that Virginia hillside, as they would in the crowded churchyards of their Northern home.

The fact of our remaining so long in one encampment saved our men from dying to any extent of any of the United States General Hospitals. Dying to the regiment, I mean. War may slaughter its thousands, but these slaughter their tens of thousands. When a soldier leaves a regiment in active service for one of the United States Hospitals, he practically leaves it forever. At first, if he became well, he was detailed; if he remained ill, he was discharged. Now he is put into the Invalid Corps, which is a slight improvement. But so far as his own regiment is concerned, he may as well be dead. Vainly will he seek to return, vainly will his officers strive to reclaim him. The grip of the surgeon-in-charge upon him has a tenacity alongside of which the connection existing between the Old Man of the Sea and Sindbad was a tie of the most frivolous character. Military authority is far-reaching and mighty; but it is the puniest of powers when it comes face to face with quinine and calomel. One of my own men, able-bodied and thoroughly healthy, was on duty with his company three

weeks; the remaining period of his service he has so far spent in a United States General Hospital. Several times he made efforts to return to his regiment, but all to no effect; and at last I sent him word, if he knew when he was well off, he would stay where he was.

During the latter part of February and the beginning of March, the emigration from the South began to approach to the dignity of an exodus. Men, women, and children poured into the lines of our brigade at the rate of from twenty-five to seventy-five a day. They were mostly foreigners, leaving the Confederacy in which they could no longer find a livelihood. A very few were citizens fleeing before the Conscription Act, which was at that time said to be enforced throughout Virginia with merciless rigor. The appearance of these emigrants was saddening in the extreme. Every day a silent, sorrowful procession of old men, young men, women leading little children by the hand, almost fainting with weariness, passed our camp under guard to headquarters. Their earthly possessions were usually all carried on their backs, but the household goods of some in more fortunate circumstances were packed in rickety wagons, drawn by horses so skeleton-like that it seemed as if they would fall to pieces were it not for the harness. All of these persons told the same sad story of distress and destitution in the South; and their looks would have convinced the stoutest disbeliever in the policy of starvation that they did not come from a land of universal plenty.

By an order of General Heintzelman, the commander of our corps, issued in the latter part of March, the guards were instructed not to allow any person from the Confederacy to come in. Yet for a long time afterwards, many came up to our lines and sought to gain an entrance, and even stayed days and weeks in houses near by in the vain hope of at last being admitted. Their presence only added to the general distress. It was the season when the products of the pre-

vious year were nearly if not altogether used up, and the products of the new year had not as yet come on. The inhabitants could not enter our lines; they lived too far away from any sources of Confederate supply to obtain any food from that quarter. Although provisions were occasionally sent out to them, but little reliance could be placed upon a succor so precarious. All along that part of Virginia just outside of the region occupied by our forces, the destitution in many families at that time was terrible. Women came up to the outposts, and with eyes swollen with weeping declared themselves starving, and gratefully accepted the hard fare shared with them by our soldiers. This was not common; but it actually happened.

The cold weather and the mud prevented any drilling worth speaking of during January, February, and most of March. Consequently, when off duty there was nothing for either officers or men to do; and here the monotony of military life made itself most severely felt. Till a man keeps a diary, and attempts to set down in it the acts which he regards as worthy of special record, he never fully appreciates how little happens in his daily experience outside of eating, drinking, and sleeping. In our peculiar situation all of these had with us an unnatural prominence. Dinner was as much the great event of the day, as to well-regulated individuals who aim to be healthy, wealthy, and wise, slumber is of the night. All of the intellect and skill of the camp was constantly engaged in the effort to get up new and palatable dishes out of our somewhat limited resources; and certain of the feats of the culinary art, then and there accomplished, would have brought tears to the eyes of Soyer, Vattel, or any others who have greatly cooked. My own masterpiece was a pancake, against which forks vainly struggled and knives could not prevail; the capacity of which to resist foreign impressions was only equalled by the sublime tenacity with which the separate particles of matter, constituting its internal economy, clung

to one another. Cooking was, indeed, our pleasure in prosperity and our solace in adversity; and with ever-varying but always remarkable and hitherto unheard-of experiments on meats and vegetables, we whiled away many dreary hours of the long winter, and on several occasions cheated ourselves into temporary and delusive anticipations of having once, at least, a good meal.

True, there were other things to be done. Lessons were to be learned and recited in the Tactics and the Regulations; but in spite of their attractions these works could not be studied all the time. The lack of reading matter was the principal want felt. Books were not easily procured, were too heavy to be carried, and were always liable to abuse and destruction while lying about a camp; consequently, the inducements to create a large library were never very powerful. Works that anywhere else I would not have thought of looking into, there were eagerly welcomed and diligently read. I individually went through a course of Beadle's Dime Novels and Waverley Magazines, and just before we left the defenses of Washington, felt exceedingly obliged for a loan of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy."

No one, under such circumstances, could fail to be impressed with the fact that the mental deterioration of a man long connected with the army, if stationed far away from his fellow-men, must be rapid, unless his situation or his character is peculiar, or unless his position is so high as to call into requisition and develop the moral powers which react upon the mind. Any regimental officer, if he applies himself, can in a year's time learn all that it is essential for him to know to perform his regimental duties. After that he may as well die for any further use his brain will be to him—of course so far as regards acquisition, not action. His knowledge will not be materially increased, though it will certainly be less liable to be forgotten, if he remains in the army fifty years. In camp there are no inducements

from without to resist the tendency to be lazy when he can just as well be lazy. His pay is the same whether he be much or little informed; and his promotion depends not upon his ability, but upon his seniority or the political influence he can bring to bear. In active service he can learn nothing if he wishes. He cannot take with him books to read or to study. He cannot carry his investigations beyond the simplest elements of his profession. His individuality is lost. He is part of a great and complex machine, is called into action and assigned to duty without any consultation of his tastes, of his opinions, and too often of his capacities. He is confined to a narrow circle of ideas, which the solitariness of his profession and its want of contact with other professions and other modes of thought prevent ever being enlarged or broken up. Of the grand movements of the times, the hopes which exalt, the fears which depress, the passions which agitate, he knows nothing. I soon ceased to wonder why some of the older officers of the regular army, who had spent their lives largely in outpost service, seemed so stupid. That was a result they could hardly help. One of our ablest corps commanders, himself a graduate of West Point, once told a friend of mine that a West Pointer knew more the day he graduated than he ever did afterwards; and the remark, however untrue even then of many, and however exaggerated of all, was unquestionably prompted by a knowledge of the necessary consequences that follow the enforced inaction of mind and body and want of contact with society, which are peculiar to military life as lived in the remote stations in the territories and on the frontiers.

II

On the twenty-fourth of March, headquarters were changed from Union Mills to Centreville. With them to the latter place went all the regiments of the brigade, which

had been stationed at the former. During the whole of the month the air had been filled with rumors of great enterprises in which we were to have a share; and this movement looked as if our strength was to be collected for some offensive purpose. Nothing came of it, however, if anything was ever intended.

Ever since the war began, I had heard of Centreville. There had been assembled the first body of Southern troops which could justly be styled an army. There the reserve of McDowell's forces, drawn up in line, had checked the advance of the enemy after the first disastrous battle of Bull Run. There had been encamped during the winter of 1861-1862 that formidable multitude, estimated by the varying shades of contempt or fear as numbering everywhere between fifty and two hundred and fifty thousand,—against whose possible attack the telegraph repeated on every pretext to the waiting nation the startling and inspiring despatch that Washington was now regarded as safe. I had seen the name of the place so often and so many times in such large type, I had heard so much of the importance of its position and its reported natural and artificial strength, I had known it so long as the central point of mighty armies, that it is no wonder my conceptions of it had assumed a vastness and grandeur which its actual condition was far from realizing.

Centreville is a broken-down village, which before the war had about four hundred inhabitants, but now would muster scarcely more than fifty or sixty. The houses are all old, all dirty, all dilapidated. Most have never known paint and the few which have known it have long since forgotten it. Nearly all are built in that peculiar Virginia style which consists in flanking each side with a tremendous chimney of brick or of stone—this last appendage of Northern mansions forming in Southern domiciles a “peculiar domestic institution” by itself. Both in the village and in the neighboring country the woodwork of these buildings

has in many cases been burned or torn down, leaving the lofty chimneys still standing. The place had always a thriftless, ruined appearance; and, as might be expected, has it more especially at the present time. Everything has gone to seed; for in addition to the natural shiftlessness of the inhabitants, the war forbids any extensive or expensive indulgence in modern improvements.

But miserable as the town looks, so far as it is the creation of its miserable inhabitants, the scenery about it is magnificent. As if to compensate for the failure of art, nature has been more than ordinarily bountiful in beauty. The village is situated three miles east of Bull Run on the range of hills which slope down to that stream. Right before it lies the vast plain which the conflict of two opposing civilizations has twice made a battle-field. Those desperate struggles disfigured the ground with shattered and ghastly wrecks of humanity which man left unburied, committing to the more merciful agencies of air and water and fire the task of returning to their native earth the bodies and bones of those who have fallen. This broad tract of level country stretches to the Manassas mountains, which stand up clear against the western sky; while beyond them and the intervening valley, far away on the edge of the horizon, can be seen the misty cones of the Blue Ridge.

Naturally we had rarely come in contact with the best representatives of the people of Virginia. In the regions where active military operations had been going on, the finest mansions were fairly sure to be deserted and dismantled, and those who had occupied them had almost inevitably gone to Dixie or the deuce. But within the lines, especially well within the lines of the defenses of Washington, a number of families of all sorts and conditions still continued to dwell. To a man brought up in the North the ignorance, or rather the illiteracy of some of these inhabitants seemed amazing. During the last months of our stay in Centreville, I was connected with the provost-

marshal's department of the division. By the nature of the duty I was brought into frequent contact with the families in the neighborhood. All passes for citizens were granted at our office, and before given, the signature of each person was required to a printed oath that the pass would not be used against the interests of the United States. Nothing surprised me more at first than to have individuals whom I knew as men of apparent respectability and possessing some landed property, confess that they could not write their own names. That, however, was too common there to be long a matter of wonder. As for loyalty, they hardly knew what the word meant. In fact, the unreal world of dreams never furnished a more intangible collection of spectres than the Union men of the South—that is, the Union men of the kind we heard so much of at the beginning of the war, and have seen so little of since. The ceaseless pressure resulting from the occupation of the soil and the lack of confidence in a failing cause has, it is true, led many within our lines to take the oath of allegiance. But I never saw in the South an actively loyal man, one who had a reason for the faith that was in him, who was not either an anti-slavery man or rapidly becoming so. There are, indeed, a few knock-kneed, bleary-eyed individuals who profess themselves equally addicted to the Union and to slavery; but the earnest workers on both sides scarcely affect to hide the contempt they feel for these fossilized fragments of the old Union.

The women everywhere were naturally the most outspoken. Relying upon the protection afforded them by their sex, they often gave expression to their sentiments in a manner so violent as to cause evident uneasiness to their suspected and therefore more suspicious male relatives. These were sometimes at great pains to check the intemperance of the language used by their wives and daughters, and to explain away the meaning of their words. They might succeed in restraining the older ones; but the girls were never to be deterred by any dread of remote con-

sequences from saying anything that could possibly annoy or irritate the Union officers or soldiers. It is but fair to state that their conduct sprang more from a love of mischief than from any other feeling. The most insulting remark ever made was the standard reply to any observation upon the ragged condition of the Confederate troops, that Southern gentlemen did not think it necessary to dress up in order to slaughter hogs. The origin of this speech was contemporaneous with the first advance of the Union army, and from the frequency with which it is still repeated I judge it to be the culminating effort of the female mind as now found in Virginia.

The women of the families which continued to dwell within the lines of the defenses of Washington, though no less disloyal, were in other respects an improvement upon the majority of their Virginia sisters whom I had previously encountered. They were bright, lively, intelligent brunettes, and were as contrary, tantalizing, spiteful, and otherwise agreeable as girls, the world over, generally are. One of the most attractive of them, mentally, physically, and pecuniarily, professed herself exceedingly anxious to become a martyr in the cause of Southern rights. Whether sincere or not in her feelings, she had her wish to some extent gratified, as after we had taken our departure, the provost-marshal who next succeeded—a wretch evidently as hard-hearted as he was hard-headed—sent her to Washington to become an inmate—probably a temporary one—of the Old Capitol prison.

It was at this time that the policy of employing negroes in the military service of the United States was adopted by the government. Upon no other subject could the indignation of these damsels be sooner aroused. Language seemed powerless to express their disgust and wrath, whenever the topic was brought under discussion, as we took care it should be often. One day I propounded to one of the prettiest and most pugnacious of these how near to her she

would allow me to come, provided I was put in command of a negro regiment. "Not within fifty miles," was the spiteful answer. I vainly tried to reduce the number to forty-nine, but the obdurate fair one would not come down a furlong or even a rod. The cloud-compelling Jove himself could not have moved that indomitable damsel one inch.

In spite of their constant, boastful assertions that the South would never succumb, there was in all they said an undercurrent of doubt and sadness. This was partly due to the confident tone of the Northern troops, which no defeat or disaster could ever shake. "When do you think the war will be over?" was the question always asked. "O! in five or six years," was a common reply, sometimes because such was really the belief, but oftener prompted by the desire to create the evident feeling of depression which invariably followed. Such an answer always made them look sadder, though doubtless in many cases unconsciously; for they, if no one else, recognized the resolution that lay behind it. Indeed, the one thing which has characterized the sentiment of the Northern soldiers during the struggle which has so long continued, has been the determination that the war shall never end until it is ended forever; that it shall go on until everywhere throughout the entire land the integrity of the nation shall be acknowledged. Whatever be the result of the mighty conflict which has already wasted so much of treasure and blood, the feeling prevails in the army as powerfully now as it did at the very beginning, that rather than have the Union broken up, better it were that the whole land should return to the desolation from which centuries of toil have reclaimed it, and the civilization of the future begin its work with a theodolite and a surveyor's chain.

One could not help having, however, a sentiment of compassion for these girls, in spite of their defiant speech, dwelling as they did within our lines in the midst of an alien

and hostile soldiery. Theirs was, indeed, a dreary prospect. For them the future held out little hope and less promise. One year, two years, had swept by, and still the mighty struggle which both parties entered upon as a mere holiday pastime, seemed no nearer its end. Brothers and lovers had all gone to the wars. Rarely came any word across the lines to tell of the fate which had befallen them. Day after day dragged on slowly in their solitary lives, with only occasional messages at best from those of whose constant companionship they had been defrauded. Marrying and giving in marriage there was no more. Throughout all the borderland of Virginia that had practically ceased. Even wherever there were men, the times were too unsettled, the chances of supporting a family too doubtful, the future too full of darkness and despair, to warrant such a step. It seemed as if the growth of the population would be brought to a standstill through the want of faith and hope. Life was too wretched to be inflicted upon anyone who could be saved from the curse of living. In all of my journeyings in Virginia north of the Rappahannock, I do not recollect to have ever seen a child under two years of age. Stripped as the country had been of men capable of bearing arms, babies were even scarcer. I doubt whether a general search-warrant would find fifty wherever active military operations have been going on.

With a severe snowstorm in the early part of April the winter passed away. The long-reluctant days of sunny weather came at last. Camps were decorated with pines and cedars from the neighboring woods, and the rows of white tents were half hidden in the avenues of overshadowing evergreens. With the sunny weather came also the wives and, in a few cases, the daughters of many of the officers. Crinoline swept through the company streets with as much assurance as if they were the streets of a Northern city. Picnics were planned and went off with music and dancing, very much like picnics anywhere else—

except that the ladies were nearly all married, and it never rained. Excluding the drilling, it was a lazy, happy, dreamy time. All was quiet on the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and on Bull Run. The officer of the outposts lounged on the fresh grass, watching the silent sunny plain or the hazy outlines of the distant mountains, and wished never to be relieved. The officer of the day sat in his tent, smoked cigars, drank uninspiring lemonade, and wrote letters. The terrible bugle-call for drill was the skeleton in our closet. Had it not been for that, ours would almost have been the life of the lotus-eaters over again. Even with it, all that was needed to bring back the life we had left behind was the presence of woman; and I, for one, felt little disposition to blame those who sent for their wives and daughters, in spite of the frowns of some of the powers that be.

For certainly to a cultivated mind the one great privation of military life is the lack of female society. Day after day to see men only; to hear nothing but their talk, often earthy and sometimes gross; to be ministered to in sickness by their clumsy hands, and in sorrow by their clumsy sympathy; all these are ever-present facts which give one a peculiarly vivid "realizing sense" of his dependence upon woman. Her absence was felt more in the comparative quiet of the garrison than in that active service where the hurrying incidents of assault or defense, of flight or pursuit, drove from the mind all thoughts save those of the stern questions of success or failure which presented themselves for solution daily and hourly. Fortunate was she who came to us in our solitude; for in the dreary monotony of camp life our imaginations were always ready and willing to invest with the attributes of a goddess any woman whose appearance gave us the least excuse for so doing. During the winter, when our stock of beauty ran low, it was natural that she who had even very moderate pretensions to it should be rated high.

Our lady visitors ornamented the dress parades of the various regiments through the months of April and May and even longer. It required some courage for them to stand their ground. Hints from division headquarters that they were not needed came thick and fast and threatened soon to become orders. Some retreated early in May along with Hooker; but many manfully persisted in remaining, and subsequently being largely reinforced bade a respectful but obstinate defiance to the military authorities. Insinuations that they were or might be in the way, that movements were in contemplation, made no impression upon these indomitable fair ones. Stay they would, and stay they did; some even late enough to part for the last time with their husbands before the march to Gettysburg.

The retreat of Hooker from Chancellorsville turned our attention to digging. It is a very fortunate thing for me that I have no military reputation, for if I had, it would doubtless be forever ruined by what I am going to say. The extensive fortifications of Centreville always seemed to me a humbug—a gigantic imposition upon the credulity of the American people. They are made up of a chain of small forts, of value only as a defense against a direct attack in front, and almost utterly powerless to resist an assault from the flank. These were the only works that cost any labor, and these could have cost but little. Rifle-pits, to be sure, covered the country for miles, but rifle-pits, as every soldier knows, are the creation of a few hours. What nature has done for the defense of the position is another question; but the elaborate fortifications, which tasked for months the military genius of Beauregard to construct, existed only in the fertile minds of newspaper correspondents. That he himself did not regard Centreville so highly as some of our civilians, is clearly shown by his falling back to the line of Bull Run on the first advance of the army of the Potomac. It may have been no object to attack these works; it probably was not. Nor do I mean to

say that they could have been taken without great loss of life. Very few places are, so far as I have had an opportunity of observing. But it seems never to get through the heads of some men that the strength of a position depends not so much on its fortifications as it does on the number and spirit of the soldiers who hold it, and the ability and resolution of the officer who commands it. Our brigade spent several days in digging rifle-pits and building batteries; and as we never expected them to be used, we endeavored to make them appear as ornamental as possible. They were, when we departed, the best fortifications to be found at or near Centreville; but by this time, doubtless, Beauregard has all the credit of their construction. If any troops are now stationed at that place, they pretty certainly point them out to visitors as triumphal monuments of his ceaseless activity and engineering skill.

From the first of May to the middle of June the weather was exceedingly warm. The skies seemed made of brass, not a drop of rain falling for six weeks. Our life was more quiet, if possible, than before. We were scarcely even disturbed by rumors; bugs and flies were the only terrestrial enemies which annoyed us. The former were everywhere. You swallowed them in your food; you snuffed them up your nose; you speared them in the bottles of ink with your pen. Mosquitoes, however, were so rare as to be considered almost a curiosity. Day after day passed by, unmarked by anything more impressive than the inevitable six hours of drill. But this unnatural calm ended so abruptly that a few days only constituted the transition period from it to the excitement of military life in its sternest form.

I was lying in my tent on the afternoon of Sunday, the fifteenth of June, when I saw several horsemen ride up to division headquarters, which were on the opposite side of the road. In a little while the news went like wildfire through the camps that the eleventh corps, the advance of the army of the Potomac, was coming. It was a thunder-

bolt from a clear sky. Not even a rumor of any movement in progress or in contemplation had reached us previously. At first the report could hardly be believed; but a little later in the day, those standing on the forts surmounting the heights could see the rolling clouds of dust that almost hid from view the southern sky. About sundown General Howard and his staff rode in; but his command lay encamped for the night near Blackburn's Ford on Bull Run, and did not reach Centreville until the next morning. It was followed immediately by the first and the fifth corps. On Wednesday the seventeenth, the third corps arrived; on Friday the nineteenth, the second, and about the time we were leaving the place the sixth corps made its appearance.

From the first moment of the coming of these troops the monotonous quiet of Centreville was entirely broken up. Every day some new body of infantry, cavalry, and artillery came and went. The ceaseless march of men to the North, the long and seemingly endless trains of baggage and ammunition wagons, the entire ignorance that prevailed even among the highest officers, as to the movements of either army, and the thousand reports to which such ignorance gave rise, all these kept the place in a constant tumult of excitement. Rumors that Lee was in Pennsylvania,—rumors that he was directly in our front,—rumors that he was retreating towards Richmond,—rumors that he was moving up the Shenandoah valley,—rumors that he held the gaps of the Manassas mountains,—rumors that we held them,—rumors that the occupation of the Pennsylvania border was a mere feint to draw away our troops from Washington,—rumors that it was but the beginning of a general invasion of the North, planned long ago and now carried into execution,—rumors that Lee had been out-generalled by Hooker,—rumors that Hooker had been out-generalled by Lee,—these and numberless others of a similar character followed one another in endless succession. Every man had his theory and by constantly asserting it

soon became convinced of its absolute truth, and finally proclaimed it as a fact. Confused by the reports of every hour, which contradicted the reports of the hour previous, we could only wait for the development which the future would bring. We were not kept long in uncertainty. With the smoke-clouds that in a few days rose from the field of Gettysburg, passed away all the mystery that veiled from us our own movements and those of the enemy.

In the rumors in regard to the destination of our own brigade we naturally had a very lively interest. As day after day the endless columns of troops marched through Centreville, it was a question eagerly asked by everyone, whether we were to go or to stay. The answer came speedily. On the twenty-third of June orders were received to be ready for the field with ten days' rations. We had been transferred, we were informed, to the second corps of the army of the Potomac, commanded by General Hancock. So on the twenty-fifth of June "the band-box brigade"—as our new associates styled it—with drums beating and banners flying, bade adieu to the defenses of Washington and took the road to the North. In a little more than a month afterwards, it reached the Rappahannock on its southward march from Pennsylvania; but in the meantime it had left in Northern graves and hospitals more than two thirds of its effective force.

THE WOMAN OF TO-MORROW

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

IT seems not unreasonable to assume that a hundred years from now Woman will be ruling the world or Man will have beaten her into an abject and primitive submission. It is not possible within the limits of an article to give the history of woman throughout the ages; but few readers of the *YALE REVIEW* need to be reminded that she is, *au fond*, by far the more tyrannical of the two sexes, and that whenever peculiar circumstances, uncommon strength of character, or a keen driving intellect have given her power, no matter how sporadic or limited, she has used it ruthlessly. Even in the small world of the home, the moment a woman discovers that her own weaknesses are less ingenuous and uncontrollable than her husband's, her coolness and patience greater, her wit keener, or that she can club him mentally with her temper, then is the man lost. He may rule the nation, but he carries a secret sense of failure because one woman rules him. (This may account for the frenzied attempts public men have made to impress the world with the durable quality of their greatness.)

With hardly an exception, the leaders of men have been under the thumb, sometimes once, often many times, of a woman; the soft spot in their otherwise mighty brains is where woman's magnetism and charm are generated, and without these silent partners the most brilliantly equipped cannot sway the multitude, or rouse that fanatical personal devotion necessary to insure a practical success. If a great man is ruled by his wife he is fortunate, for her ambitions are bound up with his, and by the time he is old enough to climb up to his pedestal she too is poised and wary; she may keep him from feeling wholly a god, but at least she will

not wreck his career. We hear every day of fortunes undone or jeopardized by extravagant wives, but we never hear of a public man's wife making him ridiculous with the methods of a Kitty O'Shea or a Lola Montez: summoning him from the council table to gratify caprice or lust of power.

But in these United States, particularly, where men are too busy to indulge in feminine psychology, and where tradition still fosters the old practice of idealizing woman a little and indulging her a great deal, she has attained to a power far in excess of anything enjoyed by her sex in older lands. It took her some time to awaken to the deeper significance of this fact, but as soon as she did she began to replace those silken fetters with strands of steel. No doubt that in the higher civilizations of Europe where men have more leisure to think, to say nothing of ancestral brain cells, their persistent attitude of authority over women, often amounting to brutality, is due to the fact that they recognize not only the feminine instinct to rule, but the latent and formidable powers behind.

Secretly and in stealth women have tyrannized over men since the world began and Eve held the fragrant apple under Adam's unwary nose; flattering him into the belief that it is he that rules, that he is ever the mental and moral superior of woman, even as he so indisputably is the more powerful in body. When a woman is in love she really believes this, which causes the honeyed accents to vibrate with the ring of truth. These are easily counterfeited later on. After marriage, when the glamour has been supplanted by the hard light which beats alike on throne and hearth, she either despises or maternally loves and tolerates her man according to the strongest if most secret qualities of her nature. It is safe to say that save in the rare instances where man approximates the well-nigh impossible ideal of woman—the man who combines mastery of self with sympathetic understanding, who is intellectual without dullness

and too much egoism, who is honorable to his marrow, who is strong in little things as in great, masterful without being pig-headed, and above all who is able to refrain from making a fool of himself in private as well as in public—putting this demi-god out of the question, it is safe to say that in time all women, unless brainless, come to regard their men as overgrown boys, and to love them the more, or to endure, or hold in contempt, according to their own pattern. The world is full of disenchanted wives, but the grand army of the maternal women have learned a sort of divine philosophy, and enjoy the major portion of the meagre share of happiness allotted to this planet. But there is also the grand army of non-maternal women, who have been finding themselves during the last twenty-five or thirty years, and who care more for liberty than for any happiness their mere sex can give them. This army is growing wider and wider awake every moment, more lustful of power, of complete independence; and it increases in numbers at an incredible rate. The maternal woman, even if she have no child but her husband, is content to rule in the home. Not so the other. Her masculine components are overbalancing her mere womanhood; and these components, these profound and formidable qualities of the mind, can be gratified only in those great arenas which man has heretofore arrogated to himself.

Now, given the fundamental instinct to tyrannize, add to it the long centuries of repression, of enforced submission, followed by another century of slow but persistent endeavor to obtain for their sex the natural rights of human beings; reflect upon their full realization of man's injustice to woman, as to all creatures weaker than himself, and add again this sudden determined uprising of women in all centres of civilization (the most significant expression so far of the real birth of democracy into the world); reflect furthermore upon the moral support these increasing numbers give to one another, the rapid development of brain and

character, even of strength of body, also upon the sweets of revenge;—and it is hardly necessary to add that man's position is no longer unchallenged, nor particularly stable.

It is possible that the Englishman is wiser than we have thought, farsighted rather than merely obstinate and egotistical. He has a far more formidable article to deal with than his American kinsman. The exhibitions he has had during the last seven years of inflexible mental sternness, infinite resource, and physical endurance, may well fill his soul with prophetic terror. Whether he can hold out or not, no one may venture to predict; but if he does not, he goes down to a long and ignominious, possibly a permanent defeat. The women of Great Britain have quite as good brains as the men; their minds are as well-trained, as logical, as executive and accomplished, as crowded with the furniture of politics; and while the men have a tendency to grow soft, after their cricketing days are over, as the result of too much good living and club haunting, the women keep themselves as hard as iron, if only to preserve their figures. Nevertheless, the actual physical superiority of the male still persists, and nobody knows better than an Englishman how to put himself into proper condition; either deliberately or instinctively he recognizes all this and prefers to conquer now instead of rousing himself after a long period of humiliation.

That is a miserable confession of failure after all these centuries of ostensible supremacy, but man has no one to thank but himself. Woman, since the dark ages, has been too clever for him, and infinitely more patient. He had but to put his intense masculine egoism aside long enough to realize this, put on his armor and keep it on. He did nothing of the sort. Tradition and woman lulled him and blinded him; and, coincidently with progress, that progress of his own making, he lost one after another of the props that supported his throne. Now that old relic of antiquity is about to go the way of lesser thrones. It is, in

fact, supported to-day by two props only: physical superiority and custom. He undermined both when he permitted woman to leave the deep seclusion of the home, go forth to be educated with her brothers, thence to toil for her bed and board. One of man's own distinguishing traits is to bite the hand that feeds him. Ingratitude? What theme save love has been more dwelt upon by poets, philosophers, and makers of fiction? It is, indeed, man's own invention, antedating by many centuries the development of the productive faculty in the brain of woman.

It is as well before going any further to examine certain characteristics and traits of men and women and endeavor to ascertain in what they fundamentally differ, or if their sex differences are really as radical as we have been content to believe.

One argument against the importance or permanence of woman as a factor in the conduct of the world, is that she is more dishonest than man. Is she? An article appeared recently in one of the more serious magazines adducing this argument as the best in the repertoire of the "antis," and dwelt principally upon woman's inherent tendency to smuggle. This reminds me of a little speech made in my presence some fourteen years ago by an Englishman who had lived for many years in Japan. The Japanese, he assured us, could never be a great or even a conquering race because they were financially tricky and quite unmoral.

However—to return to smuggling. The author of this curiously shallow argument could have had no real knowledge of our Custom House. Any inspector would have told her that men are by far the greater offenders. They bring in articles of enormous value, of a serious menace to trade, and secrete them with deeper deliberation and craft. With the exception of the professional female smugglers, women are rather childlike in their attempts to swindle the government. It is, so far, natural to their sex to enjoy a healthy fear of the law. But they make more picturesque

"copy" for the newspapers, and therefore we hear more of them.

Moreover, who are the prestigious criminals of the world, political and private, men or women? What is the sex of the bank-wreckers, the embezzlers, forgers, safe-crackers, burglars, sneak thieves? Of the "con" artists, grafters in politics and business, of the lawyer sharks, robbers of the widow and the orphan, of the robber baron or trust magnate, so perpetually cursed? Of the international swindlers, including the ocean card-sharps, of the inventors and purveyors of poisonous patent medicines, of the get-rich-quick fraternity, of the millions, in fact, that live by playing upon the credulity of the human race? Of diplomats, spies, and editors of sensational journals? Are they men or women? Now and again we read of the picturesque girl thief, "lady burglar"—mainly in fiction,—of the pedlar of spurious beauty recipes, or that some woman is the brain of a gigantic swindle; but these instances are too rare to weigh a feather in the scale against man's centuries of record for dishonesty, the infinite variety of which he invented himself, assisted by the devil. The newspapers give us daily proof of man's congenital dishonesty, and it is seldom that a woman is arrested for thieving or cheating save as the accomplice of some man.

To this every man will make immediate response: Yes, but wait until women are granted the full liberty and enfranchisement they crave. Wait until she is, millions of her, living the man's life. Then she will be as bad as he.

I shouldn't think of contradicting. I feel quite sure she will be, unless civilization undergoes startling changes meanwhile, owing to a miraculous improvement in human nature. Beyond woman's physical disabilities, her more consistent and tender love of young, the stunting of certain traits and the over-development of others, wholly the effect of custom, I can see little difference between the two sexes. Man and woman (we have not only the poets' authority for it) are

but one being split in two, differently sexed for the benefit of the race; otherwise they would be as alike as two peas in a pod if primeval conditions had not given the man an advantage he has taken care to retain, and if he had not later on elected to cut his hair. If man desired to cultivate hair to his waist and wear it on the top of his head, he could do it as easily as most women could raise a beard. Few articles of the toilette have a larger sale than depilatories.

No woman can be more vain, more cowardly, more spiteful, more pettily jealous—in matters far removed from sex,—more lacking in will power, more confused in thought, more absurdly nervous, even hysterical, than certain types of man can be,—than nearly all men can be upon occasion; and few men have shown more positive heroism than women display in every war, or more consistency and cast-iron endurance than the Militant Women of England are displaying to-day. They rarely exhibit more fortitude in illness, or when hurt, than women do every day; nor do they endure poverty and privation more silently.

Some day, when all the nonsense and sentimentality have died out of the world, it will be universally admitted that men and women are made up of the same ingredients and that the preponderance of good or bad, weakness or strength, is in the individual not the sex. When women have achieved full liberty, in other words fully found themselves, and, increasingly confident in their swelling ranks, stand squarely on their own two feet, they will be just as rapacious, just as dishonest, just as sharp and overreaching as conditions and the law permit. The weaker or less resourceful will drop to the underworld as they do to-day (where they will continue to divide the honors with men), but those women of brains and character that deliberately select the open for their talents instead of the home, will fight man at his own game, and, it may be, rout him, dispossess him, eat him up.

That honesty is not a fundamental instinct in the human

race but an arbitrary product of certain civilizations, arbitrarily exercised even there, is proved by its variations. The British and French tradesmen are notoriously dishonest; as fighters and as man to man, the best of both races are honorable. The French law protects the most dishonest native against the most honest and outraged foreigner. The German and the Swiss are normally honest, the South German more honest than the Northerner. The Japanese is dishonest, the Chinaman honest. In Zululand the biggest liar was king. Law and social usage compel most men to refrain from flagrant offenses, but within those confines, the temptations to honesty for its own sake have never been overwhelming; religion and good breeding are responsible for our pleasant sense of security when with our own sort. That we sometimes receive severe shocks, as when we find ourselves financially outwitted by acquaintances, even friends, whom all the world we know trusts, or discover the hand of a virtuous citizen in our pocket, is something which we view with more and more philosophy as time goes on. Man is no stronger than his temptations, and such men, at least, fall later than those engaged in the hand to mouth struggle with life on a lower plane.

There is no question that our civilization has bred a class of men that never have been tempted to act dishonestly, to whom such a temptation is as unthinkable as its execution, and who would be utterly incapable of taking so much as the crust of another, unless their brains were poisoned, decentralized with the miasma of starvation. The best of men have eaten one another, killed, lied for a woman or a friend, grown to hate their wives, love their friends' wives, but their provocation has been inordinate, and, as man to man, their honor has remained impeccable. On this planet no man may be perfect, and that so many of civilization's flowers find it impossible to hold unswervingly to their high ideals, forces us to be charitable to those more faultily combined, in whose poorly trained minds ideals are too confused

with personal wants to reinforce their respect for civil law. When a man that lives and struggles in the complex centres of civilization, remains true to the high standards of his inheritance and his youth, he is to be enrolled among the small army of the real heroes of the world. It is a clear case of the survival of the fit. That men in small communities, especially where there is a strong intellectual element, men whose lives are comparatively sheltered, live and die in financial honor, is little to their credit, though vastly to that of civilization. The mere fact that so many normal men of decent circumstances are willing and eager to uphold high standards shows the direction in which the world moves.

All this is so self-evident that it would hardly be worth mentioning if it were not necessary to emphasize the fact that it applies equally to women. If anything, women are more honest than men, partly because, not coming into frequent contact with the law, they stand more in awe of it, partly because the small economies of the home have made them exact and conservative. Moreover, a mother clings to a certain set of rules instilled in youth, long after men have learned to keep them plastic, and to a form of caution that breeds honesty, if only because she, in turn, is distilling high and utile precepts into the little minds for which she is responsible. Woman will steal for her children long before she is starving herself; she will, indeed, do many things for their sake that she would not do for her own, or for her man; but there she obeys a law that transcends civilization, and only a greater civilization will repeal it.

Personally, I have found women more honest in money matters than men. I suppose that all people, not misers, could tell a tale of impositions, swindlings, above all of borrowings; more especially women widowed too young to have any practical knowledge of the maze called "business." Also if they are impulsive and what is ungratefully known as "easy." Furthermore, if they have lived in Europe and been the prey of enterprising or impecunious countrymen.

Women, I have discovered, almost invariably return money lent them; men, never. After a considerable experience, if a woman in good repute asked me for money to set herself up in business, I might feel convinced that she would lose it, but I should credit her with the intention to repay me; a man in similar conditions I should not even credit with honest intentions, knowing that the man that borrows money from a woman is the sort that repays no one if he can avoid it. This is one of the first of the disagreeable truths a woman standing alone must learn; also that even normally honest men in every sort of business will overreach her where they would be quite square with other men, both because they feel themselves safe, and because centuries of power have taught them to take advantage of the weak as a matter of course.

It is safe, therefore, to predict that women, no matter what the extent of their invasion into the realms of finance, business, or politics, will not lower the moral standard. Will they raise it, is the more pertinent question. They will make a desperate effort, no doubt of that, if we may judge by the class of women already before the public and making herculean endeavors not only to acquire rights of citizenship but to ameliorate the lot of the unfortunate. That eventually child-labor will be abolished by the efforts of humane and public-spirited women, is a foregone conclusion; also that they will succeed in limiting the toil of the poor mother, possibly in pensioning her until some of her children are old enough to work for all. To a great extent they will also get rid of the white slave traffic, and manage to protect the girl that has no instinct for prostitution. The last will be their most difficult task, for it means almost an economic revolution if they are to compel the employers, now almost universally men, to pay girls a living wage. But there is reason to believe they will succeed, and soon after they have acquired the ballot in those communities where the evil is greatest. It is a significant fact that in

these communities the resistance of man is most determined.

So far, so good. Already from a considerable number of States liquor has been (officially) banished, mainly through the efforts of women, as well as horse-racing, cigarettes, dance-halls in connection with saloons, where saloons still flourish, all-night resorts, and various other pitfalls for weak humanity. Certain philosophers reason that the removal of too many temptations tends to weaken character, that man grows strong only through conquering himself, without too much assistance from the law; moreover, that if a man is weak or vicious, these defects will manifest themselves in one way or another, no matter how we shelter him; also that such men are no good anyway, and that the sooner we rid society of them the better. The women hold that such men must be protected from themselves for the sake of their families; and that if young men can only grow to maturity without being subjected to demoralizing temptations, or even familiarized with the sight of them, they will have better physique and better morals; in other words, be fortified for life. Perhaps we should be impressed by this argument if we were not reminded of the historic parson's son. Personally, I agree with the cynical philosophers. I do not believe that the weak can be forcibly held up, any more than that the Socialists, if they had their way, could hold up the vast army of clods upon which society must rest until the end of time. The exceptional laborer rises inevitably from his class, is eagerly promoted by employers, always on the watch for that rare endowment, the initiative brain; for any sort of a brain, in fact. The fond belief that the great mass only needs opportunity to develop brains, is cherished by no one who has seen the vain attempts of schools and parents in the most favored classes to implant mind where mind is not. Every man should be given the opportunity that lies in education, and be protected by sane and beneficent laws, but beyond that only he can help himself.

Just so does the strength in a man counterbalance, gradually conquer the weakness in him if he has mind enough to engage in the struggle. If he has not, it seems to me that the more quickly his family as well as society is rid of him the better. But I may be all wrong. Let us have the experiment, by all means. Civilization is the net result of individual experiments which governments eventually push to conclusion, or ignore, as they think best. And experiments are the very spice of life, containing as they do that most stimulating of all qualities, uncertainty. They are, in fact, the grand gamble, and the women in attempting to make the world better by holding it by the throat, not only will enrich and elevate their own characters, but will fill their lives with interests that will make them young at seventy.

But if people that live to do good improve themselves, it has yet to be demonstrated that they accomplish any radical changes in the instincts, impulses, and general human nature of the race. To say nothing of the fact that a million more cigarettes were consumed in 1912 than in the record year of 1911, and whiskey in proportion, in spite of heaven knows how many years of strenuous endeavor of the W. C. T. U., it is evident that vice flaunts itself more brazenly in every circle than it did ten years ago, and not a day passes without some hideous revelation of moral turpitude;—but all this and far more does not disturb the splendid, if not too intelligent, optimism of women. Nothing can daunt them, and by mere pegging away they will accomplish something, no doubt of that. They cannot turn the Great Clock back, compel a somewhat blasé world to view with horror what it has come to accept with indifference; nor can they check the growth of individualism which involves thinking for oneself; but they can and will, in time, remove or neutralize certain evil causes which develop in so many strugglers the basest or the most contemptible qualities in human nature. And having accomplished this, they will not only have justified them-

selves in demanding equal rights with men, but they will more than counterbalance that even greater army of women who do not care a rap for reform, who are as wholly selfish as life will permit them to be, and who so often are far more liberally endowed with brains than the rank and file at least of those good women that labor for the race. These other women, long embryonic, flowering only in the twentieth century, are so far its one distinctive product. They are the reapers rather than the sowers, and they alone of all looming factors are likely to give a new color to civilization as we know it to-day.

There is no reason to believe that women are fundamentally more moral than men; that is to say, that they are guided by an instinct unknown to the great body of virile, careless-living men. Certainly they are not born impeccable, if the little girls of poor parents in swarming districts display the normal instincts of their sex. The vicious tendencies of poor children are appalling to anyone that has cherished illusions about the natural purity of a child's mind. Let him who still harbors this illusion spend a few days with the Juvenile Courts of our great cities, and the Detention Homes connected with them. Two years ago it occurred to me, while in San Francisco, that it would be an interesting experience to attend the Juvenile Courts, more with an eye to the picturesque than for any other reason; poverty in California never having become the terrible problem of older, larger, and less recklessly generous cities. Naturally, I met the officers both of the Court and the Detention Home, men and women devoting their lives, and in several cases, their incomes, to the rescue of boys and girls under legal age, finding homes or work for them, bestowing sympathy, advice, and moral help.

From these good people I heard more horrors than I had heard in all my former life put together. I thought I knew the world, but it was the world of men and women. This was the world of children, and infinitely worse. Most of

the hideous stories were about the most attractive and well-mannered little girls, who were faintly amused by them. Of course these children had really no home life, their parents being overworked or intemperate; some of the children had been sent from one "institution" to another, and emerged from each a trifle more sophisticated than when they entered. My informants told me that although a larger percentage of boys were vicious, owing to their superior opportunities, it was easier to reclaim them than the girls, but that the latter (save when definitely of the prostitute type) were by no means hopeless if segregated, and treated kindly in some good woman's home.

Small wonder that in the beginning of the world it never occurred to the male to idealize the female. It took civilization to manufacture that pedestal, and for all we know it was woman herself, her brain sharpened by some education and much experience, that subtly suggested to man the wisdom of publicly exalting virtue, beauty, and domestic accomplishments. At all events she never could have done it while still grovelling on the lower levels with her man.

All that I heard at the Juvenile Courts is, of course, just as true of country children if neglected, and would happen to those now petted and sheltered, were their conditions suddenly reversed. Nevertheless, the percentage of virtuous women is far higher than that of men, not only because they are sheltered, or fearful, but because maternity breeds a certain order of selflessness. Even when the children are too old to demand constant care, the laws laid down for a woman's guidance have become a habit; she feels commonplace, settled, and lives vicariously in fiction. If she is still physically active, and her individuality not wholly extinguished, she joins a club and presently graduates as a social worker, or, discovering unsuspected powers, flings herself heart and soul into the great reforms. The ten millions of women in the United States to-day, who are members of one organization or another having as its object the improve-

ment of the race and the mitigation of the lot of the poor, are largely middle-aged wives, or widows, although their ranks are swelled by spinsters that no longer hope or wish to marry, and by childless younger women upon whom society or a merely personal life has palled. Few recruits are found in the ranks of youth, either married or otherwise. The young mother has her hands full, particularly if addicted also to the pleasures of society; the pretty girl is awaiting the prince; the parasite takes as much interest in the race as she does in an empty pocket book; the vast army of self-supporting women are more concerned with personal comfort and occasional amusement than with abstractions of any sort; and that ever augmenting army of young women of a higher class, non-maternal, passionately independent, exulting in modern conditions that permit their sex at last to live unyoked and unregulated without loss of prestige, and with a fair chance of success in whatever active field they elect to enter, are far too individualistic to merge themselves in the general idea of reform. It is in the last two classes that woman's morals will tend to become one with man's.

Man invented the present code of morals. Without some such definite code or standard, there could be no civilization. Aside from utility, men and women must have an ideal to look up to, to admire, even if they despair of attainment, and to furnish exercise for their critical faculty. There is said to be honor among thieves, a code of sorts in politics and business; men on the Stock Exchange are expected to tell the truth or retire summarily to the elasticities of private life. Without standards there can be no stability anywhere; and so far, nothing has been invented to make civilization hang together which promises any improvement upon the stern code of sex morality.

Man having firmly established his code, with the help of both law and society, has never had the least hesitation in violating it himself; openly, if he is a loose liver, indifferent

to the pleasures of social groups composed of stricter or more circumspect men and women, or if he is young enough to be forgiven his "wild oats." If he is none of these things he discovers himself to the world accidentally. A large number of men are too indifferent to women to venture into the zone of danger, and there is still another class, men of stern, unyielding morality, who are the backbone of the creed. All varieties, however, unite as one man upon the question of the conduct of the sex that gives them birth. She must be good, or she must emigrate to the garish and definite district beyond the pale and stay there. So far, not even as a result of the modern rapid expansion of the civilized conscience, has anything been said about girls sowing their wild oats.

Now, how far have women been controlled by this law, invented by man and upheld by society?

At what period of the world's history have women—sheltered women—been invariably chaste, what period has been without its scandals? I can recall none—in the Occident—save ancient Greece, where the mothers, present and potential, were segregated, the *hetæræ* a triumphant class by themselves, and the admiration of men was reserved for their own physical perfections; or, perhaps during those long periods when all the world was at war, in other words, all able-bodied men on the battle-field and all women absorbed in keeping themselves and their children alive. Otherwise, if history is to be believed, the irregular relations of men and women have ever diverted society, inspired poets and romancers, and been the mainspring of the world's tragedies, great and small. There is no reason to believe that women are not innately as immoral, or as unmoral, as men; but they have held their propensities in leash—when they have—through pride, fastidiousness, fear, custom, or at the command of two forces more restraining still, maternity and religion.

Nevertheless the license of the upper classes in Europe has

been notorious for centuries; the working girls of the old world have their lovers as a matter of course, openly and without shame. In Bavaria a peasant will not marry his girl until she has provided him with three children to relieve him of work in his old age. In the United States *liaisons* in society are by no means openly condoned, but they are overlooked, if the offenders are strong in their position and reasonably discreet. The code of this country is still the highest in the world, but it would be interesting, nevertheless, to sit down and recall how many weeks we could segregate in our lives in which we had not heard a bit of scandal in one set or another; how many days, in fact, when we have dwelt in cities at the height of the season. The hope for us is, or has been, that we loudly upheld our standards, ceaselessly reiterated them; that our women, if they fell from grace, did so with the violence of the unhinged, or with the utmost circumspection; and that girls whom circumstances forced to earn their own bread, monotonously and with hateful toil, preserved a haughty front, or took to the streets altogether.

But what of the present? The women of the world are but a trifle more indifferent to public opinion than formerly, being tolerably fastidious and having more to sacrifice, if they lose their sense of proportion and go a step too far; but the independent young woman who earns her bread grows more cynically independent every year. This is particularly true of girls that move to the newer Western towns in search of lowered pressure and higher wages. Whether as office, telephone, telegraph girls, clerks, or servants, if they have any ability whatever, coupled with industry, they soon find money easy, and conditions far less exacting than in the swarming communities of the East. In consequence their bodily fatigue is less, their hours of leisure longer, their demand for pleasure, for "life" more eager and insistent. Add to this the reckless atmosphere of towns scarcely a generation old, where everybody when not working is "out for

a good time," where a dollar is valued as a dime instead of the reverse, where caste lines are fluid, where the new-rich women, conspicuously in the eye, are innocent of either traditions or mental resources, concerned only with making time and money fly, and it would be more than amazing if these girls, scantily educated, full blooded, with no restraining hand, spent their afternoons and evenings improving their minds or writing letters home. With heads too strong to permit them to "go to pieces," or even to neglect their work, they live practically the same lives as the unattached men (generally in company of the attached), and are the despair of the good women of the Y. W. C. A. These ladies find no difficulty in filling their rooms with the incompetent, the unattractive, the timid, the innately virtuous; but the bolder and thoroughly capable damsels laugh at their best efforts to provide innocent amusement. They are enjoying life precisely as men enjoy it, and with no call for the subterfuges forced upon the girls at home. And if they are not blest with the respect of men, pray,—they ask you—what good does a man's respect do a girl when she is tired out or bored to death? Many of them have not the least desire to marry; or, knowing the weaknesses and ingenuousness of these "easy spenders," especially when young enough to be new to "life" and the wiles of women, count upon "roping in" a husband when they are "good and ready."

These girls, unknown a quarter of a century ago (when girls in new communities were either angels or outcasts), are but symptomatic of the spirit that is growing among their sex. It is the same spirit which fosters plays, novels, musical comedies, and newspapers that would have been taboo fifteen years ago. It was a little earlier that Henry James lamented he could not write what he wished on account of that literary bugaboo, the Young Person. Well, there practically is nothing he cannot write to-day. Mrs. Fiske told me that she revived "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" two years ago, but never should do it again. The great

confession which had held hearers spellbound with virtuous horror when it was written nearly twenty years ago, fell quite flat. Nobody cared.

There is practically no subject which a man or a woman is forbidden to treat in fiction to-day. There is sometimes an outcry, but it is prompted by hypocrisy or habit, and generally comes from the suburbs; and the more a play or book is condemned the greater its success. This has been true for a good deal longer than twenty years, human nature being human nature; but this is the first time in our United States, at least, that the outcry is feeble and the enjoyment open. Sex has succeeded sentiment, possibly because the latter ran wild and degenerated into sentimentality. Will the result be to coarsen women, and to annihilate romance? Possibly it may make the world an easier place to live in by weakening hypocrisy, letting people work out their own problems, giving women the same privileges of reinstatement as men, when they have sown their oats and are ready to become wise and useful members of society. The development will be highly interesting to watch. Already the growing indifference of American girls of the middle class, and of the new-rich women of young communities, to the old rigid code of American morals, may presage revolution. This is due primarily to two causes: the foreign influx, and the widespread, almost sudden economical and political awakening of woman.

Women more than once throughout the centuries, have taken the bit between their teeth, and enjoyed, individually or as a group, something like license; but never collectively, at least in the middle class. Nor, until the last quarter of a century, have they shown any real tendency to sustained or widely concerted action; not until the past ten years has woman become formidable. To-day, what with the moral support of numbers, and a strength of will bred by a first-hand knowledge of life and its cruel conditions, she is as ready to make her own code of morals as to keep her body

housed and fed. Conditions have forced millions of fairly-educated young women into the personal struggle for existence who in former generations would have lived on their male relatives and obeyed them, grown bitter and yellow, driven often into lunatic asylums by the sheer monotony of their lives. To-day the girls of this class are not as softly feminine as their spinster relatives were when young, but neither do they sour. They find life interesting even when tired, and nothing can persuade them that, no longer obliged to feed from the hand of man, they should be expected to subscribe to his laws of conduct; laws laid down for their progenitors, and for the parasites of to-day. If they are by nature chaste, or imbued with ideals, they obey those laws of their own minds; and if they are not, they obey other dictates.

The same is to be said of a still more interesting class, the increasing number of young women, born of well-to-do parents, often brilliantly educated, who, with an innate distaste for domesticity and children, are no longer forced to choose between a husband and the ignominy of spinsterhood. This is almost an intermediate sex, never recognized until of late years; but in their ranks have existed the real martyrs of private life. The maternal woman finds compensation for every ill, but these unfortunates, automatically female and no more, have withered generation after generation; with useful potentialities, perhaps, but astray in a one-sided civilization. Their only hope was in some artistic gift, and this they exercised in stealth, and apologized for its possession by giving its fruits to the world under the pen-name of a man!

Save in small, obscure communities, that condition has passed—possibly forever. It is a poor specimen of a woman to-day that would condescend to sign her work with the name of a man. If these girls have artistic gifts they use them openly, flaunt them, and drive hard bargains with the purveyors of their wares. If they lack the artistic endow-

ment, and cannot even write stories for the magazines, they study, travel, enter one of the professions, or engage in business, of which they have invented more than one new form. Although by no means altruistic, they often engage in some public work, because their brains dictate that most reforms if carried through would make life easier for everybody; and they naturally incline to politics. Some sort of active mental life they must have, the sense of playing a real part in the world; their determination to live as men do waxes, and they despise the ordinary woman whole-heartedly.

Now the logical result of this attitude to life will be their cold-blooded use of men in every way, precisely as their sex always has been and still is used by men. They will fight them at their own game in politics and business, avenging their sex in general and taking a keen delight in the game; and in time there will be women publishers, bankers, brokers, ward politicians, managers of big business, with thousands of subdued males under their heel. They will soon begin to invade the professions, where already they have obtained a foothold, as rapidly as men. Their private morals will depend entirely upon their normal tendencies, secret principles, and the time left on their hands. There is an enormous percentage of lazy, idle, virile men in the world, and they are not confined to the nethermost stratum. The world has never been without its male prostitutes, and the breed will increase as women tend to demonstrate their ability as money-makers.

Let not the "antis" seize upon this as an argument. It will not make the least difference in the progress or the morals of these women whether they get the vote or not. One has only to look back over the past twenty-five years to see what woman has accomplished for herself, with no aid from the ballot. There are only two arguments for giving women the vote: first because it is absurd that she should not have it, and second because the millions of women devoting their lives to the betterment of human conditions can do

more with than without it. The individualistic woman does not care a snap of her finger for it. Whether these women will prove a rampart upon which the spirit of solidarity abroad in the world will break its shins, or whether they will capitulate to a force stronger than themselves—assuming that this spirit is something more than a boneless ideal—remains to be seen. No one would carry prophecy as far as that. All one can venture to predict is that this vast and increasing army of able, often brilliant and highly-gifted, women, by inheritance more thorough than men in whatever they undertake, untrammelled, more and more conscious of their power—aided materially, as they will be by eugenics, and other forms of science devoted to the annihilation of ancient enemies—these women will crowd men more seriously every year; they will be reinforced by disillusioned wives, and by those who, however unwittingly, married but to be mothers, and have long since outstripped their husbands in the variety of their mental development. What then?

Every woman that has gone out into the world to carve a career, or to earn her bread in conditions hitherto sacred to man, has had more or less experience of sex jealousy. Men that are grubbing along will forgive other men success, but women never. A man must be high above the breakers, or endowed with uncommon nobility, to view a woman's persistent successes in her chosen work with equanimity. Women able to support themselves rarely come in contact with that brutal side of a man's nature reserved for the women dependent upon his favor, but they quicken the smaller qualities of spite and jealous hatred. This is natural enough, for it is merely an expression of *sex fear*.—the unconscious admission that the *stately fabric of centuries* is weakening at the foundation. It can mean nothing personally to men that women are *succeeding brilliantly* as doctors, lawyers, authors, journalists, or as *more humble* breadwinners; their unfailing antagonism means only a *struggle*.

of dismal prophecy. They believe it to be inspired by disapproval because these women are depleting the home market, deserting their "natural sphere"; forgetting the millions of sour old maids of former days, whom they may have despised but never treated with active disapproval. They complain that women are "crowding men out"; forgetting that no woman can hold a man's job (business being run for profit), if she is inefficient, and that many men are cheerfully permitting their wives to support them. As for the women that write books, or paint, or model, or draw great salaries on the stage, their success is due entirely to their ability to please the public; and if they often make more money than men in the same arts, that is due not only to the fact that their gifts may happen to be more distinguished, but to their persistence in developing them and to the congenital difference in their habits. Women, unless of uncontrollably wayward tendencies (which soon dispose of them), do not sit up late drinking, waste time at clubs, indulge inordinately in any vice. This natural and easy abstinence, their inheritance from generations of domestic women, makes them painstaking and thorough in all they undertake, gives them an enormous advantage over men.

Men, consciously or otherwise, feel this, uneasily sense the danger ahead, will realize it still more definitely when even the wife has achieved the economic independence she is making for in a straight line. So far they have done nothing to stem the tide that may engulf them. What can they do? Nothing but pass a law that no woman shall be permitted to earn her bread, and that every man living shall be taxed to keep her handsomely in the sphere to which she was born, or to which her talents bid fair to raise her. Either that or war at a later date. By that time women may be as strong of body as men, as the pit-brow women of Lancashire are to-day. The men may have grown flabby of mind as of body, demoralized by their humiliations. Perhaps they will have done nothing of the sort, but will have reverted to

primitive brutality. Then the world, civilization, will begin all over again. The same old treadmill.

And what does it all mean? That only a relatively low order of human nature has been allotted to this planet, and that we must await translation to another before reaching a plane revealed to our imaginations in discouraging visions?—visions which serve a good purpose in inducing a mirage we call ideals, without which the world would be worse than it is, and yet never realized by the wholly sane? Otherwise, what is the explanation of this exotic, irreconcilable mental quality we call imagination, tantalizingly superimposed upon the ever definite limitations of human nature?

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ECONOMIST

By HENRY W. FARNAM

A MERE economist who undertakes to write about Shakespeare must seem as audacious as Orlando, when he undertook to get a fall out of Charles, the professional wrestler. For that reason the author of this article hesitated long before utilizing for a formal study the notes which he had been accumulating for a number of years. He felt confident that what appeared to him so obvious must have impressed others, and that someone must have written an article, if not a volume, on Shakespeare as an Economist. Have we not had books dealing with Shakespeare's grammar, his pronunciation, his punctuation; his knowledge of history and jurisprudence; his morality; his acquaintance with birds, with natural history, and with classical antiquity; his familiarity with medicine and the Bible; and even with his insomnia? And how can critics have overlooked his interest in economics? Economic conditions everywhere determine to a large extent political power, social relations, and the organization of the family, all of which are important elements in the business as well as the romance of life. Economic questions cannot therefore have entirely escaped the attention of an author who considered actors "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time," and who held it to be their function "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Let us but look carefully enough into Shakespeare's mirror, and we shall surely learn something of the part played by general economic conditions in the body of the time.

The writer still believes that somebody, somewhere, has done the very thing he is doing, and has done it better. But inasmuch as a fairly careful search has failed to reveal anything of the kind, he has accepted the invitation of the editor of the *YALE REVIEW* to publish a part of his essay, omitting for the sake of brevity many of the citations and discussions in the longer study. In the case of Orlando, audacity was justified by the event. May it not, in the present case, be at least excused?

If we examine first of all Shakespeare's plots, we notice that in not a few of his plays the action turns either wholly or in part upon economic questions. In "Timon of Athens" we have the example of a man not only rich but lavishly generous, so generous, in fact, that he impoverishes himself in order to be kind to his friends. But when he finds himself pinched and confidently calls upon those whom he has helped to come to his assistance and lend him money, they all begin to make excuses. His indignation at this ingratitude embitters him and finally unhinges his mind. We have here one of those economic situations which are liable to occur under any organization of society, whether patriarchal or capitalistic, and many a Wall Street magnate of our day has found himself, when fortune ceased to favor him, pushed aside as mercilessly as was Timon of Athens. As a composer will often take a simple theme and develop it into a symphony, so it almost seems as if Shakespeare had developed the tragedy of "Timon of Athens" out of the thought expressed by Jaques in "As You Like It":

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

"The Merchant of Venice" is in a sense the antithesis of "Timon of Athens." Instead of taking as its motive the cruelty of ingratitude, it takes the self-sacrifice of friend-

ship. Merely to give Bassanio the means to carry on successfully a courtship, Antonio assumes a financial obligation which nearly costs him his life. But it is not only an economic situation that Shakespeare depicts. The chief interest of the play lies in the antagonisms resulting from a question of economic theory. I should not think it necessary to enlarge upon the story of so familiar a play, were it not that so accomplished a scholar as Mr. John Masefield seems to miss what seems to an economist the main point of the dramatic action. In a synopsis of "The Merchant of Venice," which he gives in his book on Shakespeare, he begins the story with the episode of the three caskets. He then goes on to say that the play "illustrates the clash between the emotional and the intellectual characters," Antonio being the emotional and Shylock the intellectual man. Now the caskets are absolutely incidental to the plot. They might have been left out altogether, and Bassanio might have wooed the fair Portia by the conventional methods of love-making, without requiring the change of a comma in the rest of the play. Nor can I feel that Mr. Masefield touches the essentials of the drama when he refers to the clash between the emotional and the intellectual characters. Shylock was not especially intellectual. Indeed it was because he yielded to his hatred of the Christians so far as to introduce an element of revenge into a business transaction, that he got into trouble in the Duke's court. Nor was Antonio, the serious, prosperous man of business, an emotional being. No, the real, and to my mind the important clash, apart from racial antagonism, was the clash between the mediæval and the modern conception of interest; and it was this divergence of view which lay at the bottom of a good deal of the feeling between Jews and Christians in the Middle Ages.

This question is broached significantly early in the play, and the arguments pro and con are presented by Shakespeare with his usual power of condensation. The mediæval

schoolmen condemned the taking of interest on a number of grounds. One was that it was forbidden in the Old Testament to a Jew to take interest of another. Another was that gold does not produce gold. This is the one on which the discussion in "The Merchant of Venice" turns, and which is epitomized in the expression of Antonio:

. . . when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?

Money cannot produce money; therefore it is robbery to take from a man in return for a loan that which does not result from the article loaned. Shylock justifies the taking of interest by telling the story of Jacob and Laban. The story as told does not seem to fit the case very well, as has been remarked by commentators; and Antonio very naturally criticises it by saying:

This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?—

to which Shylock answers, "I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast."

There is one explanation of this argument, which makes it seem to the mind of an economist, at least, perfectly reasonable. Although Shylock dwelt at perhaps unnecessary length upon the trick of the peeled wands, the story as a whole suggests the argument which modern economists use against the Aristotelian doctrine of the sterility of money. It is simply that, though money cannot breed money, it may buy those things which do reproduce themselves and add to the wealth of the possessor. It is as a result of this discussion that Shylock, while ironically offering to loan money without interest, introduces a little joker, "a merry sport," as he calls it, into the contract, which

authorizes him to cut a pound of flesh from Antonio's breast if he fails to repay the loan promptly. The whole seems an attempt on Shylock's part to get even with the haughty Christians by proving a *reductio ad absurdum* of their theory of loaning money. He holds that it is proper to take interest. They hold that it is not, and that loans should be made for friendship. "Very well," says he to himself, "if you want to treat a business transaction as a matter of friendship, why not also use it as a means of revenge?" This starts the whole chain of events which leads to the trial scene, when Portia first trips up the Jew by pushing to an extreme his literal interpretation of a contract which he himself had in the beginning described as framed "in a merry sport," and then, reversing her logical process, goes to the essence of the transaction and shows that it was really a plot against the life of a Venetian—and therefore against the criminal law. "The Merchant of Venice," however, involves more than antagonistic views of usury. It really involves a discussion of the extreme *laissez faire* philosophy of economics. Shylock in a significant sentence says, "Thrift is blessing, if men steal it not." In other words, he stands for the night-watchman theory of government. Any piece of clever trickery is legitimate, i. e., earns the divine blessing, as long as it does not violate the criminal law.

In "As You Like It" the mainspring of the action may be said to be half political, half economic. The banished Duke is driven into the wilderness by a political overturn. Orlando is driven out by economic pressure, since Oliver, having inherited all the family property under the law of primogeniture, will not allow his younger brother enough to live upon. Orlando emigrated to the frontier to make a living, just as younger sons at the present time go to British Columbia or Africa or Australia to engage in ranching or mining or other extractive industries, with the occupations of the hunting stage of civilization thrown in by way of sport. Thus the principal characters of the play have all

been transferred from a highly organized society with fully developed division of labor, settled institutions, and accumulated property, to a state of natural economy, in which the pioneer virtues of courage and toughness count for more than the refinements of court life. Orlando, realizing this sudden change, tries to adapt himself to the situation, and as often happens in similar circumstances, overdoes the part. Needing food for himself and for faithful old Adam, who has followed him on the long journey, he rushes upon the Duke and his courtiers with a sword in his hand and a threat on his lips:

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

When he finds that they too are civilized, and that, as the Duke says:

. . . Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness—

he at once apologizes and replies:

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment.

“Coriolanus” turns upon a political situation which, like many political situations, is based upon economic disturbances: in this case the dissatisfaction of the plebeians or poorer classes of Rome, with the rule of the patricians. In “Henry VI, Part II,” we have in Cade’s rebellion another political revolt caused by economic grievances. In “King Lear” all of the trouble arises from the foolish distribution of his property made by the King, and it is aggravated by disputes about the use of its income. The primitive, untamed economic impulses are the ultimate forces that drive poor old Lear into insanity, put out the eyes of Gloucester, and cause Edgar to take refuge in the disguise of a half-witted beggar.

The plot of "Measure for Measure" turns upon a question of social control like many which come up in connection with economic and social legislation in modern times. The situation was one in which an old law which had long been unenforced was suddenly applied severely. The law had apparently been put upon the statute book for effect:

. . . Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose.

The Duke assumes a disguise in order to see things from an impartial point of view and finds them rotten. As he himself says:

. . . I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

He accordingly turns over the entire government of his state to a deputy who, "dressed in a little brief authority," proceeds to execute the laws literally. The result is that before long the stern regent finds himself a violator of the law, and is brought face to face with the question whether it is better to try to enforce a law which is beyond the social standards of the time or simply to connive at evils which you cannot eradicate. Exactly the same question is constantly coming up in our country in connection with the laws against gambling, against liquor, against Sunday sports, and other things. Not long ago, some friends of Sunday sports in the town of Bridgeport, tried to insist on enforcing the Sunday laws of Connecticut strictly, simply in order to bring them into disrepute and ultimately have

them repealed. This plan, if carried out, would have created a situation almost parallel to that which is described in "Measure for Measure." These examples show how economic and social problems enter into the very plot and structure of no small number of Shakespeare's plays.

Quite apart from the action, we have in the various characters which Shakespeare introduces in his plays a picture of the ordinary economic activities of his day. Kings, princes, noblemen, and servants commonly play the leading parts. But if we could subpoena the other characters to come before us and tell us something of the life of those who did the hard work of the country in the reign of Elizabeth, we should have a motley muster of over fourscore people, representing practically all the common occupations of the time. We should have priests, friars, sextons, and grave-diggers; justices, sheriffs, officers, and constables; jailers, soldiers, foresters, and mariners; merchants, inn-keepers, carpenters, weavers, joiners, tinkers, armorers, butchers, tailors, jewellers, goldsmiths; schoolmasters, doctors, apothecaries; musicians, poets, painters, actors; shepherds and shepherdesses; clowns, beggars, and rogues. Let us call to the witness stand, not merely the nobility and gentry, but these artless minor characters and we shall see how vividly in chance allusions, in figures of speech, and in many a casual incident they reflect the economic life and even the economic doctrines of the sixteenth century.

The Elizabethan age was the great age of discovery and adventure, and few economic factors of the time seem to have made a stronger impression upon Shakespeare's mind. Indeed his delight in geographical names is equalled only by his magnificent scorn of geographical facts. Ægeon, in "The Comedy of Errors," says:

Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus.

In "The Merchant of Venice," Bassanio has vessels

From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India.

In "Twelfth Night," Maria says of Malvolio, "He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." In "The Comedy of Errors" we have a veritable riot of geographical puns. Dromio of Syracuse in describing Nell says, "I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter"; and when asked for her description, says, "Her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip." "Then she bears some breadth?" asks Antipholus of Syracuse. "No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip," replies Dromio; "she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her." And then he proceeds to locate the various countries of the world on this remarkable human globe. "Where Spain?" inquires Antipholus of Syracuse.—"Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath." Again: "Where America, the Indies?"—"Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose."

If commercial geography supplied Shakespeare with much of the subject matter of his wit, it also served as a medium for the expression of sentiment and passion. Romeo says:

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Not only the great voyages themselves but the implements of the seafaring life help to supply Shakespeare with his figures of speech. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Pistol says:

This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
 Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights:
 Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

In one of the quaint similes of Jaques in "As You Like It," he calls the fool's brain

. . . as dry as the remainder biscuit
 After a voyage.

The realism of this expression as well as of the description of shipwrecks in "The Tempest," in "Twelfth Night," in "The Comedy of Errors," and in "The Winter's Tale" will be best appreciated by those who know how it feels to swim at midnight from a sinking ship and eat thankfully a piece of hard-tack, stored for such an emergency in a life-boat.

Shakespeare was not only impressed with the romance of discovery and of the seafaring life but he was familiar with the commodities of commerce. Gremio, the suitor of Bianca, in "The Taming of the Shrew," gives us an inventory of the things which Italian merchants of the day were likely to buy and sell. He says:

. . . My house within the city
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
 Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
 In cyprus chests my arras counterpoints,
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
 Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
 Pewter and brass and all things that belong
 To house or housekeeping.

There are many other references to foreign importations. Biron, in "Love's Labour's Lost," says:

. . . I seek a wife!
 A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!

It is evident that Shakespeare had had some experience with the little German "Tick-Tack Uhr," and the quotation shows that Germany was the source of the supply of time-pieces, just as Hamlet's reference to caviare indicates the growing trade of the Russian Company. In introducing Autolycus in "The Winter's Tale" as a combination pedlar, rogue, and thief, Shakespeare gives no less than four lists of his wares, three by the pedlar himself, and one by a servant. These lists contain together some twenty-nine articles.

The potato was a comparatively new article of commerce in the time of Shakespeare. It was said to have been first brought to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1585. Sir Walter Raleigh took some tubers to England in 1586, and showed them to Queen Elizabeth. It was long after this, however, before it became commonly cultivated. Nevertheless, Shakespeare mentions it twice. In "Troilus and Cressida" he says, "How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!" The lecherous Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" says, "Let the sky rain potatoes."

The great explorations and discoveries of the time were not the only economic events which influenced the mind of Shakespeare. He was preëminently a city man. Born in a small town, he moved to London where he became familiar with the interests of the metropolis; and the incidents of exchange, banking, buying, and selling seem to have impressed him almost as much as the great discoveries, picturesque and romantic as they were. The allusions to various coins suggest the great variety in the coinage of the time. He refers to ducats, marks, pounds, pennies, shillings, farthings, doits, and many other coins, enough to start a dictionary of numismatology. The coin "angel" is

frequently mentioned and gives him opportunities for many puns. The Prince of Morocco in "The Merchant of Venice" says:

. . . They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.

Falstaff also often refers punningly to the "angel." The word "dollar" occurs four times, and in several of the cases gives Shakespeare an excuse for a pun on the word "doulour." That the nature of money was well understood by Shakespeare is shown by Bassanio, who in "The Merchant of Venice" addresses silver as

. . . thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man.

This comes quite close to the definition given by economists who speak of money as a "common medium of exchange." But that buying and selling are simply the same thing, and that the man who exchanges money for goods really sells money, as is often pointed out by the economists of the present day, was likewise clear to Shakespeare's mind, for Romeo in paying the apothecary says, "I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none."

The evils of a depreciated currency were likewise familiar to him. Otherwise there would be no meaning in such expressions as "take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy" in "Henry V." Schmidt gives in his "Shakespeare-Lexicon" three explanations of this phrase. He says that some take it to mean not counterfeit, therefore true. Others think that it implies that Katharine was the first woman who ever made an impression on Henry. Schmidt himself seems to think that by an uncoined constancy is meant a constancy "which has not the current stamp on it, and, being therefore

unfit for circulation, must forever remain in one and the same place." All these explanations are doubtless possible, but no one of them seems to me satisfactory. To my mind Shakespeare's figure was suggested by the debasement of the currency which had taken place under Henry the Eighth, and which was one of the great causes of the complaint voiced in Stafford's "Brief Conceipte of British Policy." This debasement had taken two forms. First, the alloy in the silver coins had been increased; secondly, their gross weight had been diminished. In 1526 the coins were issued $\frac{1}{4}$ fine, and an ounce of silver made forty-five shillings. Successive debasements had resulted ultimately in reducing both the weight and the fineness until, in 1545, $133\frac{1}{4}$ shillings were made out of an ounce, and the real value of the coins was only about a third of what it had previously been. In the passage in question, Henry the Fifth, in wooing Katharine, is trying to impress upon her the purity and honesty of his own character. What he means to say, I take it, is that he is like the metal as it was before it underwent the depreciation and the addition of the alloy which comes with coinage, when a pound sterling was really a pound by weight of silver. Therefore, it is not because it is unfit for circulation that it is constant, but because it is too good for circulation. This fact was understood by Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange in the reign of Elizabeth; and the law which modern economists, following McLeod, have named after him, is commonly expressed in the phrase: Bad money drives out good money. Shakespeare has in mind another phase of the progress of depreciation, when in "Richard III" he makes Queen Margaret say, "Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current." He evidently refers here to the period at which a debased coin is first issued and has not yet become sufficiently well known to drive out the better coins. The expression is quite properly applied by the Queen to the Marquis who is laying claim to a greater degree of honor

than he really possesses, and is, therefore, like a debased coin whose face value is much higher than its intrinsic value.

When Shakespeare wrote, the value of silver, relatively to gold, was very much greater than it is at the present time, more particularly than it has become since the depreciation of silver which has taken place during the past forty years. The Prince of Morocco in "The Merchant of Venice" refers approximately to the value when he says:

Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?

In point of fact the value is not quite correctly stated. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the actual value of silver relatively to gold was not as 1 to 10, but as 1 to 11.16, and in the last twenty years of the century as 1 to 11.9. Shakespeare was obviously not writing a statistical treatise on the value of gold and silver, but was merely reflecting somewhat indistinctly, as the mirrors of his day reflected, the approximate ratio of the two metals.

In Shakespeare's time big business was just beginning, more particularly in international trade, and this led to a number of economic devices. One of these was the bill of exchange, and frequent references are made to it both literally and figuratively. The Pedant in "The Taming of the Shrew" in explaining his presence says:

. . . having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself.

Just how he was going to manage this, appears in another line, where he says:

For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them.

Slender describes himself in "The Merry Wives" as a "gentleman born, . . . who writes himself 'Armigero'

in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation." Shakespeare makes several puns upon the word. Dick, the butcher in "Henry VI, Part II," says, "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?" Borachio, in "Much Ado About Nothing" says, "We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills."

In the sixteenth century public banks were beginning to be established, especially in Italy and later in Holland. The Bank of Genoa was created out of the Casa di S. Giorgio in 1586. The Bank of Venice was founded in 1587. Although the word "bankrupt" occurs repeatedly, both literally and figuratively in Shakespeare, it is curious that the word "bank" is not used. The word "broker" however is quite common. In "Henry VI, Part II," Hume says:

They say "A crafty knave does need no broker";
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

The mortgage was naturally a common basis of credit in Shakespeare's days as in ours. Shakespeare only uses the word once, but the whole of Sonnet cxxxiv is but a series of ingenious applications of this very prosaic business device to the affairs of love. One of the great mercantile abuses of Elizabeth's time was the granting of monopolies, often to courtiers, not for the sake of establishing some form of public service which could not be safely undertaken unless shielded from competition, but simply as a matter of favoritism, the sovereign not being above having a share in the profits. This is evidently what the Fool in "King Lear" has in mind when he says: "No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching."

Business cannot be carried on without bookkeeping, and bookkeeping is immensely hampered if there is no good system of arithmetic. Modern business, as well as modern

mathematics, would be almost impossible, were it not for the introduction into Europe of the so-called Arabic system of numerals, which assigns a value to the digits varying with their position, and makes it possible to dispense with mechanical devices such as the abacus. This system was not completed until the sixteenth century and was therefore a comparatively new device in Shakespeare's time. That it attracted his attention is seen in several passages. The Fool in "King Lear" says: "Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing." The same figure is used by Polixenes in "The Winter's Tale," when he says:

Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one "We thank you" many thousands more
That go before it.

That the new method was not in universal use, however, is seen in the perplexity of the clown in "The Winter's Tale" when in trying to figure up what he is to expend for the numerous dainties needed for the shearing feast, he acknowledges in despair: "I cannot do't without counters."

Shakespeare does not seem to have been as much interested in agriculture and the various questions connected with land as he was in the incidents of business life in the cities, and yet there are a number of casual references which show that he was not blind to the questions which came up in connection with these interests. In "Henry VI, Part II," he introduces a petitioner who asks for redress against the Duke of Suffolk for enclosing the commons of Melford. This suggests one of the great grievances of the middle of the sixteenth century, when the enclosing of the common land by the great land-owners often had the effect of turning the land which had formerly been cultivated into pasture, thus depopulating the country and depriving the

people of the means of subsistence. While this casual reference to enclosures indicates a period of transition in land tenure, other passages indicate a similar transition with regard to the status of labor. When Orlando in "As You Like It" refers to

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

he is something more than a mere *laudator temporis acti*. Shakespeare would hardly have made so young a man refer back to the good old days unless there had been a real change. In fact, such a change was taking place. Under the feudal system every class of society had its duties plainly marked out by law and tradition. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, labor was becoming more commercialized. It was passing from a condition of status to one of contract. The transition was not unlike that which took place in the South after the Civil War; and there, too, the former slave-holders are often heard to contrast the constant fidelity of the old slaves with the shiftlessness and irresponsibility of the free negro.

The transition just referred to was naturally accompanied by a good deal of poverty and vagrancy. The kind of people whom Dogberry had in mind when he spoke of "vagrom men" is seen in the character of Autolycus, itinerant pedlar and pick-pocket, and in the disguise assumed by Edgar in "King Lear," when he appeared as a mendicant in order to escape the anger of Gloucester. He gives us a picture of the times drawn from real life when he says:

The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.

When we think of the tramps who call at our doors and ask for money to buy a ticket to a neighboring town where they have friends or a job awaiting them, we recognize their prototype in the Elizabethan "valiant beggar" who says: "No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart." The following bit of autobiography must also seem familiar, *mutatis mutandis*, to any one who has had to do with modern confidence men: "Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus."

Enough has been said, to show that, if we had no historical evidence at all with regard to the economic conditions at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, excepting the plays and poems of Shakespeare, we should be able to construct a pretty fair picture of the times from these alone. We should know that it was a great era of discovery, of enterprise, and of commerce reaching distant and still unexplored parts of the world. Business was expanding; and banking, credit, bills of exchange, and mortgages were coming more and more into use, together with a new system of arithmetic. Primogeniture with its unequal distribution of wealth was the rule, but the country was undergoing a transition from the feudal system to a more commercialized economic system. There were many abuses such as are apt to come up in a period of change. The money had undergone depreciation and debasement, which had caused losses to many classes. But while the currency as a whole had been debased, the great fall in the value of silver relatively to gold had not yet gone

very far. Monopolies and enclosures had tended to widen the gap between the rich and the poor. There was much vagrancy and there was also discontent among the workers, taking mainly the form of political revolt. The attention of thinkers was, however, more directed to commercial expansion and to questions relating to money, interest, and credit than to social readjustment or the improvement of the conditions of the laboring classes.

Of what use is all this? Well, for one thing it tends to disprove the notion that economics is a dismal science. If the greatest poet of the English tongue was also an economist of deep insight, then economics must have something to do with poetry. Indeed not only does economic prosperity furnish the humus in which the flower of poetry unfolds its greatest beauty, but economic processes supply more directly the thoughts, the similes, the action of dramas which touch upon the vital interests of men and society. There are dismal economists. There are also doleful poets, whose very existence confirms the dictum: *poeta nascitur non fit*. For if they had to be made, it is clear that the economic demand would not justify the investment of capital in their manufacture. If made, we must suppose that "some of nature's journeymen had made" them, "and not made them well." But if the great poet may be an economist, so the really great economist must be something of a poet, whether his thoughts be expressed in verse or not. For he must have the imagination to visualize both the future and the past; he must see the forces of society in their true proportions and in their proper perspective; he too gives to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." After this sentence was written I chanced upon a confirmation of it in an unexpected quarter. Karl Pearson in his "Grammar of Science," says: "All great scientists have, in a certain sense, been great artists; the man with no imagination may collect facts, but he cannot make great discoveries. . . . When we see a

great work of the creative imagination, a striking picture or a powerful drama, what is the essence of the fascination it exercises over us? Why does our æsthetic judgment pronounce it a true work of art? Is it not because we find concentrated into a brief statement, into a simple formula or a few symbols a wide range of human emotions and feelings?"

This study also throws light on Shakespeare's influence. It is the realism, the contact with practical life that makes his imagery so telling. Thus if the economist may profit by the exercise of the imagination, the poet may likewise profit, as many a great poet has done, by understanding the economic environment in which he lives. In this age of specialization we need to be constantly reminded of the inter-relations, not merely of the sciences, but of science and art, analysis and synthesis, criticism and creation. The greatest of our contemporaries may no longer claim like Bacon all knowledge as his province. The modern scholar must content himself like Mephistopheles with being "ein Teil des Teils der Anfangs Alles war." The expansion of our intellectual world is producing a mental feudalism, under which the territory is being more and more subdivided; and each of us must be content to govern his own little barony with slight regard for his neighbors. But while we may not be masters in others' domains, we may at least profit by excursions, such as that which I have just attempted, into some of the contiguous territory. "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits"; and if we cannot hope and do not aim to tell our neighbors how to conduct their own affairs, we may at least return from such visits better able to manage our own.

THE COLLEGE AND THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

By E. P. MORRIS

IN an early number of this REVIEW I attempted to analyze the effect which the extension of scientific discovery and the deepening of scientific conception have had upon the teacher and the student in the American college. Using a similar analysis and resting upon the same major premise, that the phenomena of college life can be understood only when they are set in their true relation to like phenomena in the larger world, I wish now to consider how far the college has responded to other changes in the intellectual life, changes of broader meaning than any movement in the world of pure science, in the hope of finding in such consideration help towards the solution of problems with which the college is now occupied.

It is a superficial observation that sees in the movement of American life only the march of a triumphant materialism. And it would be a narrow observation that should confine the intellectual life within the limitations of purely scientific thought. Between these two lies the body of cultivated intelligence, upon which, in the last analysis, the college rests and to which it is the mission of the college to contribute. Now, in this stratum of the intellectual life changes have been taking place during the last half-century, changes in attitude and feeling, which, when they are measured in their full extent, seem to have transformed our world. The changes in our houses, in our railway trains, in our electrical appliances, are not greater, nor are they in their sum total as significant to the college.

A change of this kind, which has to do with the deepening and enrichment of life on the intellectual side, with some-

thing not much less in meaning than civilization itself, is by its nature difficult to measure and even to apprehend until it can be seen in its accomplished completeness. I will not, however, try to prove that such a change has occurred by an enumeration of particulars—libraries, laboratories, parks, public museums and private collections, domestic architecture, orchestras; statistics in regard to these and other measurable elements of the change have been spread before us. Two generations cover the whole; it is indeed within the memory of a single generation, and men in later middle life, as they can recall simplicities in transportation and crudities in scientific method, so can recall also simplicities in appreciation and accepted limitations of knowledge which are now impossible to an educated man and which have become to our children only an interesting tradition. Nothing is further from my purpose than to over-emphasize these limitations; the present is what it is by virtue of what the past was; but a certain summarizing pause is necessary to enable us to realize the greatness of the change and to say, not in thoughtless laudation of the present, but with full acceptance of the meaning of the words, that our fathers lived in a narrower world than we, in a provincial life, in conditions æsthetically and even intellectually arid.

Over against this statement are to be set some distinct reservations. The philosophical tone of the eighteenth century still deeply affected the thinking of the middle of the nineteenth, and, reinforced by the theology of the time, which was conspicuous for its intellectual content and its logical coherence, preserved and strengthened an element of intellectual profundity which our children may recover, but which we have lost. In pure literature, which is at once a measure of cultivation and a means of further culture, it is especially difficult to judge impartially; literature is the special province of the praiser of the past; but it can scarcely be doubted that in writers of high distinction the present time is inferior to the middle period of the last

century, and it may easily be argued that thoroughness of reading then gave to literature an influence which it has not quite retained. It is to be remembered also that there have always been in this country small communities where the learning of the old world found lodgment, and families in which culture was an inheritance and knowledge a familiar possession. But these reservations do not alter the general truth; within a generation the intellectual life of America has been profoundly modified.

Two aspects of the change call for special notice; the one has to do with its extent, the other with its nature.

The statistics of private and public endowment of knowledge, to which I alluded above, might be regarded merely as evidence that America, now rich, is ready to hire foreign musicians to play for her, to collect books that she does not read and pictures that she cannot appreciate. But the impulse which leads an individual to collect a Goethe library or support an orchestra or found a museum of art is not self-made; it is the particular expression, by a man to whom circumstances have made it possible, of an antecedent general interest in books or music or paintings. In the town where private gardens are intelligently cultivated, there will sometime be a public park, the gift perhaps of a single citizen, but the product of a common interest; and Beethoven must first be played at home on many pianos before there shall be an orchestra to render his music in public.

In the days of debating societies a favorite subject of discussion was the question whether it was desirable that we should have in this country a leisure class. The very form of the question is a reminder of the difference between that time and this, for it implied that culture was to be passed down to us, the busy crowd, from those above us, who had no other occupation than the cultivation of the arts. The event has proved quite different. That measure of cultivation to which we have attained has not come from

the leading of men of leisure, but has been furthered and shared by busy men of affairs, who have so arranged their occupations as to have time and energy left for the pursuit of serious and intellectual interests. Nor is the word "class" in any proper sense descriptive of the body of intelligent men and women in the country. The precise opposite is more nearly true; there has been a general elevation of taste and extension of knowledge, a general diffusion of intellectual ideals. It is not uniform; no such change is ever uniform, affecting all individuals alike. There will always, in every advance of civilization, be some who accept readily and others who are left behind, and in this loose sense of the word there are classes of the more or the less cultivated. But in the only harmful sense, of a fixed and superior class, defined by artificial or traditional boundaries, there is in this country no cultured class. There is rather a large and increasing cultured mass, a democracy of knowledge and intelligence.

These considerations have to do with the situation in this country; economic forces have brought us, to our immense gain, into the current of the world's thought. Meanwhile that thought has itself been changing, changing profoundly in habit and attitude and in its very spirit and purpose. The nineteenth century, we say, was scientific, but the word carries with it too much of the professional; it suggests applications of biology, or, more broadly, the methods of the investigator. But there is a deeper sense in which the thinking of the educated man is scientific and differs, by reason of this characteristic, from the thinking of fifty years ago. Perhaps the best way to describe it is to say that it implies a larger knowledge and recognizes a more exacting standard. We are conscious, in a way impossible to our fathers, that there exists a body of accurate thought, a library of precise and detailed knowledge; and it is, indeed, partly by reason of this consciousness and the use we make of it, that we may be called educated men. We

have become aware of that deep background of evolutionary process where the explanation of the present is to be sought. Something of scientific caution and scientific curiosity has been absorbed into our thinking, enough of caution to remind us of the incompleteness of our knowledge and enough of high curiosity to leave us still unsatisfied with anything less than the fullest attainable knowledge. For the centre of all this is not scientific method; that has doubtless affected our habitual thinking and colored our conception of the world; but the heart of it all is knowledge, in the widest sense, knowledge of interpretations and processes and causes, as well as of facts. We have discovered our intellectual inheritance and have learned that, by the reading of many books and by contact with many well-stored minds, we may become worthy to enter upon it.

The first response of the college to the change of intellectual attitude was naturally to that which was most obvious, the widening of knowledge by the growth of the natural and physical sciences. The immediate result was the disintegration of the old curriculum. This was a revolution, but the secondary results were in truth of more consequence than the immediate effects. It then seemed impossible to find an adequate place for the new knowledge within the four years' course; and the college was plunged into all those experiments in free election, restricted election, and group systems of all kinds, in which the American instinct for organization found congenial occupation and with which, in one form or another, college officers are still too much engaged. That the experimentation was necessary is plain; it is equally plain that some element of truth was contained in each of the experimental forms; but what is plainest of all, emerging now from the fog of irrelevant argument, is that the function of the college is still precisely what it was before—to put the young man between eighteen and twenty-two into possession of his

intellectual heritage, to hand on to him the wealth of emotion and experience which the race has accumulated. The difference which physics and biology and all the deepening knowledge have made is that the heritage is now larger; there is more to be taught, more to be learned, as in the larger world the educated man has more to learn, more books to read, more to know. But the problems which are entailed by a widened knowledge and a more exacting standard are not of a kind to be solved by the mechanics of school programmes.

In the enlarged performance of its unchanged function, the college is supported by the appearance during the last half-century of three new factors in education: the graduate school, the State university, and the preparatory school. Of the first this is not the place to speak, but the others call for consideration.

It is sometimes said that the growth of the State universities is the most conspicuous phenomenon in the recent history of education. This is true, in so far as these universities are taken as evidence of a general willingness to provide for the higher education at public cost; looked at in this way it is indeed a remarkable fact. But the contribution which the State universities have made to educational theory is not great. In their arts courses they have continued the older college with such slight changes as were necessary to adjust it to their constituency; and in the technical and engineering work they have repeated, sometimes with improved facilities, but without essential variation, the corresponding courses in the endowed institutions. This is not said in disparagement, but by way of definition. The arts course has been comparatively unimportant, hardly more than another college in addition to those already existing in the State; but the technical and professional schools have offered facilities for training in the mechanic arts to those students whom inclination or circumstances

have led to seek the shorter course into remunerative occupations. In this extremely useful work, the university has had the aid of the public school system, finding effective support in the high school, and in turn stimulating the high school by opening an upward path for ambitious students. State university and public high school have formed a harmonious course of instruction leading directly into active life.

The trend towards vocational studies in university and high school and the consequent turning away from intellectual ideals have been sometimes criticised or lamented, but it is hard to see how it could have been otherwise. The high school has a task of great and increasing difficulty, the task of training towards usefulness boys and girls drawn from the miscellaneous population of a city; it is not cultivation or preparation for further education that must be here the determining factor. And, aside from this special defense, the vocational tendency of both high school and university is justified by the fact that it is a response to the increasingly severe demands of manufacture and transportation, which, like the increased demands upon the physician, must be met by more thorough technical training, even at the cost of a partial sacrifice of the intellectual.

The State university and the college, especially the Eastern college for men, are therefore not in direct or harmful competition; such competition as the arts course sets up has not yet proved seriously harmful even to the coeducational colleges in the same States. The relation is rather complementary than competitive, and, like all such relations, may be reciprocally beneficial, if it is frankly accepted. Practically, the college is relieved from the obligation to provide technical instruction and from the disturbing presence—these words should not be misunderstood—of students who would inevitably be impatient to begin their professional training. On the ideal side, the clearness with which the aims of technical and engineering

courses define themselves, brings out the more distinctly by contrast the non-vocational definition of the college.

The help towards the realization of its ideal which the college receives from the existence of the technical school is indirect; the help which it is receiving from the preparatory school is direct and is already so great that the college has as yet scarcely known how to make full use of it. A sentence will tell the story of the rise of these schools; forty years ago they were few and their graduates made up less than a quarter of a Freshman class; now they are many, their number is increasing, they have long waiting lists, and more than half of the students in Eastern colleges come from their instruction. This is a great change. The local academy has been absorbed into the public school system, the high school is turning towards the vocational, and the preparatory school is doing the academic work of both. Scarcely conscious of what has been happening, we have reached a situation like that which exists in England, where a boy goes away from home to school as a matter of course, and where the formative influence of the school is counted not secondary to that of the university. It is unfortunate, since words affect thinking, that we have for these institutions no better term than preparatory school, for, under the direction of a group of men whose names will be written in the history of American education, they have long since ceased to be merely preparatory to college and have formed a character of their own. They found their model in the English schools and their opportunity in the large control that they could exercise over the time of boys away from home. They have so used their opportunity as to require a much larger amount of work than the day school can require; and larger also than the college, confused by the difficulties of adjusting its curriculum and cautious in freeing itself from tradition, has as yet ventured to demand. Apparently the schools are now reaching down into the earlier years, and, either in the form of boarding schools or of day schools

that take complete charge of younger boys, are about to occupy the years from ten to fourteen, where the system of the public schools is most painfully wasteful.

The meaning of this is easy to read. College and preparatory school together form a connected and harmonious course of study leading up to intellectual ideals, parallel to the vocational course of State university and high school. The shaping forces have, as always, originated outside the educational system. The technical training is a response to the demands of increasingly complex processes of manufacture; the academic course has been moulded by the enlargement of the world of knowledge and the more exacting standard of the intellectual life. But, while the college has responded to the widening of science, it has acquiesced too easily in the dictum that no man can now learn everything, and has not yet deepened its instruction. The schools, on the other hand, but slightly disturbed by elective systems, have been in a position to respond more quickly and completely to the advance in the standard of intellectual thoroughness. It implies no censure of the colleges to say that they have here something to learn from the schools.

Thus far I have been speaking of education as if its function were wholly intellectual. This of course is not the truth; on the contrary, the usual statements of the ideal of the college are expressed in ethical or social terms, rather than in intellectual: that it is for discipline, that it prepares for citizenship, for public service, for life. These ideals may not unfairly be summarized by saying that the college exists for the development and direction of character. All of them contain truth; they contain, indeed, too much truth for the purpose of precise definition. It is the mission of the church also to develop character, to prepare for service, for living. Nor would it be difficult to support the thesis that character is the ultimate aim of all organized effort and all human institutions. This is the justification for the

existence of a railway, for it is in vain that freight is carried for a fraction of a cent per ton-mile, unless in the end men are to be the better, really the better, for it. But church and railway and college reach their common goal by divergent paths and are to be defined by their divergences, not by that which they have in common. Now the college makes its contribution to civilization from the intellectual side; knowledge is the centre of it and the passing on of knowledge is the reason for its existence. But knowledge does not stand alone; and from the process of acquiring it will result certain secondary effects: discipline, enlarged comprehension of duty, fitness for citizenship, fitness even for a vocation, which show how the intellectual life is intertwined with the high virtues. The college may well claim credit for these secondary effects also, as it must accept responsibility for all the indirect consequences which flow from the gathering of young men together, and must feel itself deeply bound to make the conditions of its social life unfavorable to folly and favorable to all manliness. But knowledge is the thing it ought to do; the others are the things it ought not to leave undone. It is desirable that chisels be made in hygienic shops, by well-paid employees, who shall go home in contentment to cheerful hearths; but if the chisels shall not take and keep an edge, then the factory has become an ill-conceived charitable institution.

Happily these distinctions are for the most part theoretical; the college is not forced to choose between its immediate intellectual function and its higher, but less immediate, moral duties; it may rest in the assured conviction that knowledge makes for intelligence, and intelligence for virtue. Definitions of the college in ethical terms will therefore not affect, and are in truth not intended to affect, the relation of primary and secondary functions, and they serve as a prophylactic against the sterility which is the inherent weakness of the purely intellectual.

But, while this is true in general, it has not been without

exceptions, especially at periods when the college has met the pressure of some strong current of popular feeling. Colleges have been founded in the past in which the religious aspect of education—and this is a crucial test—has been so emphasized that it has seemed to be the supreme duty. I do not think it is an unfair judgment of the result to say that such colleges have been of lowered intellectual standard, while the type of moral character that was produced under strict college supervision has been neither broad nor robust. The confusion of primary and secondary function has not been favorable to the performance of either.

At the present time, as might be expected, the encroachment comes from the side of social ideals. The American colleges, at least the men's colleges, have thus far been free from that precocious and over-confident interest in public affairs which has disfigured some foreign universities; but there has been of recent years a disposition to attach a high importance to the social training of the college, so that the greater or less degree of democracy which is supposed to prevail at this or that institution has been regarded as a kind of standard by which the excellence of the college might be measured. This is not precisely an interest in the preservation of democracy; democracy, we know, is self-preserving and in no danger. It is rather an expression of the determination that the college shall not injure itself by becoming a nursery of class distinctions. An attitude such as this deserves sympathetic recognition, but it calls also for careful scrutiny, lest an extreme emphasis upon the less immediate duty should impair the performance of the prime function.

The possibility of such interference is not imaginary. The entrance requirements of the college have for many years demanded frequent revision, since they affect the course of study in both school and college. The preparatory school, however, in consequence of its raised standard, now finds it easy to meet and even to go beyond the require-

ments of any college; and such adjustments as are still occasionally necessary touch no principle and are of slight moment. With the high schools it is different. As they have recognized with increasing clearness their proper work in the school system of a city and their close relation to the State university, they have shaped their policy towards these ends and have accepted the necessity of abandoning academic studies and academic standards. I believe that they have chosen wisely, but we must face the consequences of the decision; their pupils, often young men of character and capacity, are not prepared for academic study and can be admitted only at the price of a retardation of the intellectual advance of the college. If, on the other hand, the college seeks to build upon the admirable foundation laid by the preparatory schools, it must expect to hear, like a Japanese war-scare, the cry that it is becoming a place for rich men's sons. That is, the democratic ideal and the intellectual ideal are here in conflict. A like conflict within the college is just appearing above the horizon. The American college has for a decade been prepared to give in its later years instruction equal to that given in the English universities; and among its students are many who are so far advanced towards intellectual maturity as to be capable of profiting by instruction less rigid than the method of the recitation-room and more personal and stimulating than the method of the lecture-room. But this forward step, greatly to be desired as it is, can be taken only by making some distinction like that between honor men and pass men, and such a distinction is felt to be, and perhaps is, antagonistic to disciplinary and democratic ideals. And here again the best performance of the chief duty of the college seems to be obstructed by fear lest a secondary duty be neglected.

But a conflict of duties is only apparent; a clearer insight, if we can attain to it, will resolve the perplexity. To that end I will put the matter bluntly. A college which shall make knowledge its centre, which shall set before itself as

an ideal the duty of giving to its students the fullest measure of their intellectual heritage and shall recognize the obligation to respond to the more exacting standard of the intellectual life by more exacting demands upon its students, a college which shall seek to take, in its own sphere, the position which the best medical and law schools have taken,—such a college will of necessity be costly in money and in effort. Its students will come largely from well-to-do families, and young men of limited means can receive its benefits only by the exercise of unusual determination. These are hard facts, but they are facts of life, and nothing but confusion can result from the attempt, within the little world of educational system, to deny or evade the large movements of social and economic progress; they must be accepted, and not reluctantly, but with intelligent comprehension of their beneficent meaning. We cannot maintain in a society of increasing complexity those particular forms of democracy which were suited to a simple and homogeneous society. And the most effective, because the most natural, protest that the college can make against harmful distinctions of class is to double its emphasis upon the intellectual. For in the intellectual world there are neither rich nor poor.

If the working-out of the higher destiny of the college involves some loss and suggests the possibility of further incidental loss and limitation, it is always to be remembered that tendencies and currents of movement, though they may for the sake of clearness be described as if they were quite distinct, are not in reality unmixed and no single one of them will work out unchecked to what we call its logical conclusion. Some high schools will still continue to give an academic course; some State universities may concentrate all their resources upon technical training, but others will maintain their college within the university; on the other side, the preparatory schools are already establishing free scholarships, and it may be said with assurance that the time will

never come when lack of money will exclude a young man of character and purpose from even the most expensive college. But it is equally certain that the higher education of the country is shaping itself, both consciously and unconsciously, to meet the country's need, not that need which finds vociferous expression, but that recurring need which results from permanent intellectual and social change. The deepening of knowledge, the ripening of culture, the broadening of view, difficult as it is to measure, silent, unorganized, is in fact a change of profound and lasting significance. The corresponding adjustment of the educational system has not been immediate or complete; the retarding influences contain too much of good to be lightly set aside; but the response has begun. The older colleges, as different policies present themselves for acceptance, are in general selecting that alternative which leads towards the ideal of fuller knowledge and more serious intellectual purpose. And the advance may be hastened by a deliberate recognition of the effort which it will require. For the intellectual life is not, for the individual, a life of ease; appreciations of literature and discriminating tastes and stimulating comprehensions are among its fruits, but it is fed upon dry facts, upon paradigms and chemical formulæ, upon names and dates and tables of statistics, and he who would enter this life, in which usefulness and pleasure are at one, must first read many dull books. As with the individual, so with the college: it must pay the price; more work, less play.

DANTE AS THE INSPIRER OF ITALIAN PATRIOTISM

By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

DOWN to our own time patriotism has been revered as the noblest passion a man can cherish in his capacity as subject or as citizen. Loyalty to the head of the family, in patriarchal days; later, devotion to clan and tribe and sovereign; and finally, duty to state and nation—these have been the successive stages of patriotism. "Sweet is it and becoming to die for one's country," sang Horace. "Our country, right or wrong!" exclaimed Decatur. And every government lives on the assumption that, in any emergency, it can count on the patriotism of its inhabitants.

This sentiment which, under normal conditions, gives buoyancy to all and several, becomes a persecuting desire to people that have lost their independence or been shut out from their country. To the Italians of the nineteenth century, oppressed by foreign and native despots, who deprived them not of freedom only but of even the semblance of national unity, patriotism took the place of religion. It fitted them to face the worst terrors of life; it fortified them for the scaffold; it enabled them, after fifty years of struggle, to overcome. And through all this ordeal they had Dante as their companion. Many of them consciously sought his guidance; many more were influenced by him unawares. We may well inquire, therefore, What were Dante's own qualifications as a patriot? Could he teach by example, or only, after the manner of most political philosophers, by precept?

Born a Florentine, at the moment when Florence was passing through a crisis in her history, his whole life was spent amid political turmoil, which distracted not alone Florence

and Tuscany, but every Italian community. Whoever peers for the first time into the welter of that epoch, sees only the aimless churning and rush and insensate fury of a whirlpool. Little by little, however, you begin to discern a general purpose in that chaos of wrath. You note whence the torrents pour themselves into the boiling caldron; you note also whither, after riding their wild circuits, they flow away; and as you look longer, you discover the secret of even the small eddies with their seething foam.

For easy classification, we call the two great parties into which Italy was split during Dante's lifetime, Guelfs and Ghibellines—Guelfs, the partisans of the Pope, Ghibellines, the partisans of the Emperor. But this classification requires to be constantly readjusted to fit special cases and changing conditions.

From the beginning of the eleventh century, the rise of the communal governments, followed by rapid expansion of industry and trade—not to mention other causes—resulted in a large number of city-states. Since the days of ancient Greece, Europe had seen nothing like the intense, sturdy, highly individualized, and mutually suspicious, if not antagonistic, civic units that then flourished. They became republics in fact, and tended swiftly to independence from their nominal sovereign, the Emperor or the Pope. The nobles who dwelt in their fortress-castles in the country usually looked to the Emperor; the cities, where the bishop allied with the higher class had control, turned as naturally to the Pope. But it might happen, and it often did, that the Ghibelline nobles in a city were powerful enough or popular enough to lord it over the Pope's men.

As the cities developed, each was guided, just as ours are to-day, by its own interests or by the interests of its dominant class; and it expected its titular sovereign, be he Pope or Emperor, to meddle as little as possible in its affairs. To be virtually free, it chose for its nominal protector whichever sovereign was less likely to interfere. As the Pope had no

army, he must rely upon his supporters to band together against this or that Ghibelline city or noble; but such leagues were slow to form and hard to keep together; and the Pope never hesitated to appeal to the King of France to send down an army to defend the Papal cause. The Emperor, on the other hand, came so seldom into Italy that his overlordship might prove so slight a burden that communities which by their antecedents were Guelf saw their obvious advantage in raising the Ghibelline banner. Conversely, where the Ghibelline prevailed, the ambitious and restless minority intrigued for succor from the Guelfs. And another cause of complication must not be forgotten. When a republic grew so rich or so strong that it coveted more land or wished to destroy a rival's trade, the fact that both were Guelf or both Ghibelline, proved no bar. The stronger throttled the weaker.

The outcome of all these goads to political passion was an almost chronic state of civil war—of civil war under its most frightful form, when the contest is fought not over wide areas, with alternate battles and pauses, marches and counter-marches, but in the streets of the same city, even in different quarters of the same palace. Pent up within narrow compass, party frenzy was all the more dynamic: it divided families; it planted in every heart an implacable hatred. When modern nations go to war, it is their armies, not their people as a whole, that come into collision; but in thirteenth century Italy each citizen was liable, on turning the street corner, to run upon a party antagonist, whom he regarded as a mortal enemy. They might draw swords and daggers, and hack each other then and there; or they might raise a hue and cry—"Ah Guelf!" "Ah Ghibelline!"—and in a flash the friends of both flocked to their support and a bloody fray ensued. But concrete cases are best. Let me cite two.

At the battle of Montaperti, where the allied Ghibellines annihilated the army of the Florentine Guelfs and stained the Arbia red, Farinata degli Uberti, haughtiest of Ghibel-

line chiefs, seized Cece dei Buondelmonti and hoisted him onto his saddle, either to save his life or to carry him off as prisoner. But Farinata's brother Pietro was so maddened at the sight of an enemy being spared that "he clubbed the captive to death on Farinata's horse."

This exemplifies individual fury. For collective ferocity what can surpass the proposal made by the Ghibelline leaders in their council of war at Empoli just after this same battle of Montaperti? For they seriously urged that the walls of Florence should be razed and the city demolished, so that it might never again be a nest for the Guelfs; and had not Farinata clapped his hand on his sword and warned his fellow Ghibellines that he would defend his mother city against them as desperately as he had just fought to recover it from the Guelfs, the diabolical project might have been attempted.

Such was the wild political environment amid which Dante was born and reared. While he was still in his cradle, Charles of Anjou was appealed to by the Guelfs to help them punish their enemies; and as a boy he witnessed more than one local fray. Those keen eyes of his—none keener had ever looked through the faces into the souls of men—watched the rival leaders pass to and fro, while his ears drank in the talk of the elders, and he learned history from those who were making it. He grew up a Guelf, not because that was the Pope's party, but because in Florence it was then the democratic party. In 1289, he did his duty as a soldier, "fighting valiantly in the front rank at Campaldino," where the Ghibellines suffered a crushing defeat. But though their prestige was broken, they could still foment discord. In 1298, popular government triumphed at Florence under Giano della Bella, yet in less than two years the nobles and burghers united and expelled him. For it was no longer a question between Guelfs and Ghibellines but between upper and lower classes, or, as we might say now, with proper qualifications, between capital and labor.

Dante was thirty years old when, in 1295, he first took part in the debates of the city council. Still a Guelf, he upheld the cause of order within, and resented interference from without. But there was a new pope at Rome, Boniface VIII,—a man of violent temper, which carried him at times beyond the borders of sanity,—a pontiff who nursed the Hildebrandine ambition of Papal supremacy. He aimed at subduing Tuscany, which had been for two centuries a Papal fief, and at enforcing his authority in Florence. Accordingly, he demanded the renunciation of long-standing imperial rights; and he abetted conspiracies. When he begged for aid, the French responded. He goaded faction against faction in the city itself, in order to make its subjugation easier. For the Guelf party had now split in two, and the new factions, borrowing names from partisans in near-by Pistoja, called themselves Blacks and Whites.

A fresh outburst of internecine fury followed. Whilst serving as one of the priors of Florence, Dante clashed with the Papal legate. A few months later, Charles of Valois descended upon the city, restored the Blacks, took what booty he could, and departed. During this episode Dante was sent on an embassy to Rome, and while he was absent his enemies charged him with barratry and condemned him unheard to pay a heavy fine. As he could not or would not appear before the court within the time specified, they sentenced him to be burned to death for fraud and contumacy. It was early in 1302 that he thus began his life as an exile—the life he was destined to lead for nineteen years. At the outset he naturally thirsted to be avenged on his tormentors; and when his fellow Whites, from their refuges in Bologna, Siena, Arezzo, and other towns, planned a general attack on Florence, he joined them. But their efforts failed; and within a year, Dante, for some reason which has not been cleared up, broke away from his White allies, broke away from all narrow, partisan bonds, and formed thenceforth a party by himself.

Year after year, until his death in 1321, we have news of him passing up and down the Peninsula, chafing at the evil conditions; heartsick from hope deferred, but still hoping; looking now to one vindicator and now to another to put an end to wars and feuds and iniquity; and, as the prospect of the coming of a human avenger grew dim, believing more strongly that the Lord himself would repay the wicked. How often, as we travel the roads of Italy, do we meet that lonely wanderer, garbed in the scholar's gown, grim of feature, haughty as one who held hell itself in great scorn, his eyes intent on the inner vision, his lips firm-set or breaking now and then into an unwonted smile at the thought that beyond earth's agony lay heaven's peace! Outwardly, during those years of exile, he seems the loneliest of any of the supreme sons of men. He had no intimates, no disciples, no home. Though all recognized his genius, they feared it. Grandees harbored him, but they made him feel that their bread was salt and their lodgings hard. He knew not only the terror of life, but what may be more depressing, its slow, corroding bitterness. No wonder that from the beginning of his "Divine Comedy" to the end, there is not a burst of hearty laughter. A soul like his on the rack—and life was Dante's rack—does not laugh.

To great spirits, however, sorrow unlocks wisdom. In his wanderings, cut off more and more from political activity until he was reduced to addressing letters of exhortation or advice to personages who did not heed him, Dante meditated on the nature of government. The intense partisan became a political philosopher, and formulated, in his treatise "On Monarchy," not merely his own mature opinions, but the political ideal of the mediæval epoch, which, though he knew it not, was passing away.

Mediæval man believed that God had appointed two heads—the Pope and the Emperor—to rule over the Christian world. As the soul transcends the body, as the sun surpasses the moon in splendor and power, so the Pope

should transcend the Emperor. This simple scheme of superiority was devised by ecclesiastics for their own profit; and it lay open, therefore, to suspicion. But in the uncritical age in which they slowly elaborated their system, their logic went as undisputed as the forgeries on which they partly based their Papal claims. Though the illiterate secular kings could not out-argue the Papal theorists, in practical experience they took their own course whenever they could. A strong monarch resisted encroachments; a weak one yielded. The French kings almost annexed the Papacy, and the Venetian Republic kept its independence down to the coming on of its decrepitude; whereas English King John bowed to Innocent's commands.

Now Dante set up a counter-theory to the Papal Monarchy—the sway of a universal secular ruler—is indispensable, he said, for the peace of mankind. There may be many local princes, but they must all submit to the Monarch. Who shall this Monarch be? The Holy Roman Emperor: because God has designated through history that Rome is the world's capital, and the Holy Roman Emperor is the heir of the Cæsars.

Ingenious and quaint, after the manner of mediæval argumentation, are Dante's proofs. Having established the Emperor as Monarch, he proceeds to combat the Papalists by appeals to the Scriptures, to history, and to reason; and he even asserts that the Emperor, deriving his authority direct from God, requires no confirmation from the Pope. "Let, therefore, Cæsar be reverent to Peter," he concludes, somewhat inconsequently, "as the first-born son should be reverent to his father, that he may be illuminated with the light of his father's grace, and so may be stronger to lighten the world over which he has been placed by Him alone, who is the ruler of all things, spiritual as well as temporal."

Here at last we have Dante's remedy for Italy's political dissensions. He himself had been a zealous supporter of a faction in Florence—but faction led inevitably to anarchy.

He had been a White, hot and terrible in his dealings with the Blacks—but that contest plunged Tuscany in civil war, and let havoc loose throughout Italy. He had yearned to fight his way back to his native city, to punish his foes there, and to plant the standard of his party—but years of meditation in exile taught him that such a victory would only replace one tyrant by another, and so continue the chain of hate and wrath. He had been Guelf so long as he thought that the virtual independence of Florence was bound up in the ascendancy of that party; now he became Ghibelline, the mightiest adherent the Emperor ever had in Italy.

Ghibelline? Yes: but not to make Florence less free, not to bind upon her, who had shaken off the fetters of the Pope, the shackles of the Emperor. He was a Ghibelline because he dreamed that the Emperor, possessing supreme physical force and acting from a plane so high that selfish or party considerations could have no influence over him, would impose peace on the feud-torn Italians. Under his régime they would discover that their interests were mutual, that they were indeed one people, brothers of different ages and talents, but still brothers, who could prosper best individually by working together collectively. Union and harmony depended upon peace; the Emperor alone could compel peace and preserve it: therefore, Dante was a Ghibelline.

The union which he believed would flourish under the Imperial Pacificator did not resemble, of course, the political unity that exists to-day. In Dante's scheme, each state would grow up independent of its neighbors; but it would feel the compulsion of brotherhood and common interests so strongly that a formal pact of union would be unnecessary. Mr. Bryce tersely describes Dante's book "On Monarchy" as "an epitaph instead of a prophecy." An epitaph it was, indeed, so far as concerned the realization of its hopes in the fourteenth century; but five hundred years later the Italians accepted Dante's ideal as a prophecy, to be obeyed so far as the changed conditions permitted.

When Dante closed his eyes at Ravenna, in 1321, he left Italy a country but no nation—a geographical expression, cut up into many small states, riven by factions, the prey of tyrants at home, the coveted spoil of foreign conquerors. Such she remained down to the time of Napoleon. And yet in each generation there was kept alive in the hearts of some Italians the conviction that they were one people, and the hope, if anything so indefinite may be called a hope, that somehow they must eventually be united in freedom.

Petrarch, who writes a little while after Dante, pleads no longer for the Emperor to establish a government, uniform, just, and Christian, among the warring Italians. With the Pope a fugitive at Avignon, with Rome itself the victim of robber-nobles, with Florence the sport of popular hysteria, Petrarch thinks of peace rather than of unity. So a person in acute pain asks only for respite from that and does not hope for health. Still, in his appeals to Rienzi (if it were Rienzi), and to the Princes of Italy, in two odes which are among the glories of Italian poetry, Petrarch presupposes an underlying solidarity among the peoples of the Peninsula. "Ancient valor," he says, "is not dead in *Italic* hearts." And again: "*All Italy*" honors the knight who from the Tarpeian Rock may restore tranquillity to Rome.

Petrarch always distinguishes between Italians and the rest of the world, just as Athenians, Spartans, and Corinthians, no matter how ferociously they fought among themselves, never forgot that they were Greeks first of all, and that not to be Greek meant to be barbarian. Petrarch seems to assume that the Italians are the chosen people, who, though sunk in political misery, have a special destiny awaiting them—a destiny befitting the heirs of the glory and civilization of Rome, who founded, shaped, and still control the Church of Western Christendom. Since Italy has no overlord—Pope and Emperor being beyond the Alps—Petrarch exhorts her princes to dwell in amity: for amity will conduct

them to peace, and peace will cement that union which rests on reciprocal interests and common aspirations.

Petrarch's dream, like Dante's, was unfulfilled. The Renaissance crowned Italy with the triple crown of painting, sculpture, and poetry, but left her politically worse off than ever. In the scramble for worldly possessions, the Popes had set up their petty secular kingdom, and in order to maintain it they fell back on the old expedient of appealing to transalpine sovereigns for aid. Even the pugnacious Julius II—whose motto was, "Out with the barbarians!"—had no scruples against persuading those barbarians to join the league against Venice. Thenceforward, for above a century, the richest portions of Italy were fought over by France and Spain; until, in due season, the foreigner, invited so often as a visitor, remained as master. Down to Napoleon's day, the Spaniard and his descendants dominated nearly half of the country. The Austrian having nudged his way in during the middle of the eighteenth century, secured Venice by treachery at Campoformio, and by the redistribution sanctioned at the Congress of Paris, he became the virtual owner or protector of all the Italian states except Piedmont.

Throughout these weary centuries voices are lifted in behalf of patriotism—voices of lamentation, like those of the Hebrews during their captivity—now the voice of an austere, indignant soul like Michelangelo, now the modulated classical echoes of Chiabrera, or again the plaintive treble of Filicaja, or the rebellious scorn of Alfieri. The patriotic ideal had not been quite quenched, but most of the patriots, disheartened by the present and hopeless as to the future, turned their gaze backward and sighed for the good old times—those times which, like the childhood we reconstruct in our maturity, had never existed.

Down to 1815 the Italians had sung and talked and even written freely of Italy, their masters being as undisturbed

as if the theme were Utopia or Paradise; for Italy seemed, in truth, as unattainable as either. But after the Restoration the mere utterance of the word "Italy" was made in some places a penal offense; and "Ausonia" had to be substituted for it by those who wished to refer to the geographical region, while its natives were Tuscans, Lombards, Neapolitans—never Italians. So "liberty" was replaced by "loyalty." These petty precautions on the part of the despots were among many evidences that the heaven of patriotism had begun to work and must be crushed.

At last the Italians felt the new blood of nationality throb in their veins. They realized their degeneracy, and blushed. They craved to be released from bondage. They wished to be worthy of the world's respect. During the next half-century they fought for three things which, one by one, they learned were essential to national existence. First, they demanded *liberty*—life under a constitution that would curtail or correct the abuses of despotism. But liberty, they soon found, could never be durable without *independence*: because, so long as their rulers had Austria to rely upon, they might, as they did, call Austria in at any moment to annul the liberty they had speciously conceded. "Out with Austria!" became, therefore, the battle-cry of Italian patriotism. Finally, *unity* must be won in order to bind together, fuse, solidify, and perpetuate the diverse elements of the new nation. With one or another of these clues in hand, you will come safely through the labyrinth of the Risorgimento.

And now from year to year the patriotic figure of Dante looms up more and more majestically. His countrymen perceived that he had not only embodied in his personal experience the suffering which tormented them, but that he had also lived in a divided Italy similar to theirs.

They saw, too, that he had been insensibly unifying the Italians for five centuries through his "Divine Comedy." A common language is the most obvious sign of kinship

among peoples of the same race dwelling in the same country. "The Divine Comedy" did not create the Italian, but it ennobled that language, making it the peer of the few great organs of racial expression. Dante's epic fixed for all time among the score of Italian dialects the standard of national speech. It was the earliest literary masterpiece of modern Europe, worthy to challenge the masterpieces of antiquity. Destined to be contemporary with each generation, it requires less elucidation for Italians to-day than Shakespeare requires for us of English speech. Dante's words became household words; his famous passages were familiar even to the masses who could neither read nor write; the metrical forms he chose served as moulds for subsequent poets. Above all, his genius seemed to embody the manifold and splendid qualities of his race before the decay of the Renaissance had set in: he had intensity of passion; intuitive appreciation of beauty; vividness in description; minute scrutiny of detail counterbalanced by the power to make vast abstractions real; sublimity alternating with simplicity; color as well as form; an almost savage logic coupled with a celestial sweetness and sympathy.

Thus "The Divine Comedy" became to the Italians the mirror in which each might behold his personal characteristics or study their racial composite. But it was more than this: for it contained an epitome of their culture, their history, their religion. As a moral code it was to them what the Bible became to Protestants. We cannot measure the reaches of such an influence; we can only declare that it was most intimate and most pervasive.

Who can compute what it meant for Italians between 1815 and 1848 to possess in his works and life a common meeting-ground? Mazzini, zealously un-Catholic, the foe to all kinds of ritualism, the hater of sacerdotalism, the prophet of a modern religion based on the immediate access of the individual soul to God, read and re-read Dante and made Dante's austerity and indignation his own. Silvio Pellico, broken

in spirit by the horrors of the Spielberg, found in Dante the stay for his gentle piety. Gino Capponi, aristocrat, scholar, and patriot, earnest but temperate, solaced his blindness with Dante. And wherever there were exiled patriots—at Malta, in Switzerland, at Paris, London, or Rio de Janeiro, in Uruguay, in the Argentine—there were men who carried Dante in their hearts. His words became the law of their conduct, and by their devotion to him they all became Italians.

That experience of exile, which thousands upon thousands of them underwent, is one of the most poignant that strong, or noble, or sensitive natures can suffer. It embitters the spirit; it distorts the judgment; it makes the gay-hearted morose and the open-minded suspicious; it fosters and intensifies the party fanaticism which may have caused it. Mazzini, who spent forty-one years of his life as an outlaw abroad, calls it "the Hell of Exile—that lingering, bitter, agonizing death, which none can *know* but the exile himself—that consumption of the soul, which has only *one* hope to console it."

From Dante, each Italian exile learned to take refuge in his conscience, to "follow his star," no matter how far beyond sight the port might lie. And if he were tempted by the lure of permission to go home on condition that he would ask for pardon, how Dante's words, written to a Florentine friend, must have heartened him: "This is not the way to return to my country, O my Father. If another shall be found by you, or by others, that does not derogate from the fame and honor of Dante, that will I take with no lagging steps. But if Florence is entered by no such path, never will I enter Florence. What! Can I not look upon the face of the sun and the stars everywhere? Can I not meditate everywhere under the heavens upon most sweet truths, unless I first render myself inglorious, nay, ignominious to the people and state of Florence?" To their eternal honor be it recorded that many of the exiles of the Risorgi-

mento endured to the end, amid "unexpected poverty," and died abroad, before Italy was redeemed. Of each of them, as of Dante himself, the epitaph might be "*E venni dal martirio a questa pace*" (And out of martyrdom I came unto this peace).

Finally, if we look at the more specific bearing of Dante's principles on the problems of the Risorgimento, we shall see him continually appealed to in behalf of unity and of religious freedom. The unity which he hoped for could not be achieved in his lifetime; and during the first half of the nineteenth century there was no supreme secular head, like the mediæval Emperor, who, by keeping the peace among the warring princes of Italy, would promote union. But though the method Dante had dreamed of was unfeasible, the substance of his dream—unity, integrally bound up with independence and freedom—quickened the patriots of the Risorgimento; and on at least one important point, his counsel was of incalculable value.

Should Italy be united in a federation of separate states—as Germany was later—or should it be fused into a single, homogeneous nation? Should it be a republic or a monarchy? In groping towards a solution of these questions, the Italian patriots, no matter which path they took, always ran into what seemed an insuperable obstacle—the Papacy.

The outburst of patriotic enthusiasm which followed upon the election of Pius IX in 1846, caused the granting of constitutions. Pius himself, the most amiable of men so long as the world idolized him, joined in initiating reform. Apparently, he did not foresee how this popular dispensation would affect his position as Pope-King. As Pope, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, he ruled by absolute authority, to question which was heresy. How, therefore, could he, in his other rôle of constitutional king, consent to have his authority limited by the advice of his ministers or by the votes of his parliament? His counsellors, as became the rigid logicians that they were, declared that he could not;

and before the campaign for independence was fairly under way, the Pope withdrew his support from the holy cause. It took little persuasion on the part of those who controlled him—Cardinal Antonelli and the Jesuits—to make him believe that a lay government was impossible. Thenceforth the Papacy blocked the road to liberty.

In like fashion it stood as a menace to independence. The Pope as King had fallen into such disrepute with his two and a half million subjects, that he was compelled to garrison his cities, and even Rome itself, with foreign regiments, in order to protect himself from his own. The Italians drove the Austrians out of the North, but the French remained in the capital, where their presence prevented the Romans from completing the unification of Italy. Thus the Papal institution denied unity and independence as well as liberty, and raised until 1870 an unyielding barrier to the consummation of Italian patriotism.

Now the Papacy, or the temporal annex of the Roman Church, existed in Dante's time and had been judged by him. During the intervening five centuries, the Popes had embarked on the competition for worldly possessions; had prided themselves, at the Renaissance, on being more gorgeous princes than any of their rivals, and had even aspired to possess a still larger state; and as they had both spiritual and secular instruments at their command, they enjoyed an advantage over competitors who were only secular. Nevertheless, their ambition of ruling a large kingdom was dashed; and from the middle of the sixteenth century the Papal States degenerated in governmental efficiency until the Pope-King was forced to prop himself on his throne by French and Austrian bayonets.

Some of the earlier patriots of the Risorgimento, led by Gioberti, cherished the dream that the Pope might be the head of an Italian Federation; but bitter experience exploded their Neo-Guelfism and taught them that in the Temporal Power they had their most insidious enemy.

Without Rome, Italy could not be one; but the ruler of Rome, in his capacity as Pope, proclaimed that in his capacity as King he could not grant the most ordinary secular requests. Every improvement, every innovation, might open a loop-hole for heresy; accordingly, such secular matters as better drainage and the introduction of railways and telegraphs were frowned upon as agents of progress, and progress meant irreligion. But since civil governments exist to promote law and order and the health and welfare of their people, and the Papal administration had collapsed in all these respects, the Italians urged that the Papacy, an institution based on mediæval conditions, had ceased to be compatible with modern life.

And here, above all, they had the mighty corroboration of Dante. Throughout his works he denounces as unholy the union of Church and State. He deplores the secular expansion of the Roman bishops at its very beginning: "Ah Constantine! of how much ill was mother, not thy conversion, but that dowry which the first rich Father took from thee!" Dante shows how the accumulation of Papal treasures made popes worldly, avaricious, simoniacal. He called the Rome of his time the place "where Christ is bought and sold every day." He did not hesitate to put several popes and great ecclesiastics in Hell along with other sinners. Had he lived to witness the Roman Court of the Renaissance—of the Della Rovere and the Borgia, of the Medici and the Farnese—we can only surmise what epithets and what new punishments he would have found for them.

But Dante's criticism went far deeper than the condemnation of certain popes. His indignation as a moralist who, in branding sinners, did not respect persons, was fortified by his convictions as a political philosopher. These convictions were general, not personal. In his treatise "On Monarchy" he demonstrates not only that the Church has no power to bestow authority on the Empire, but that the Temporal Power of the Papacy, being derived neither from

natural law, universal consent, nor God's law, is a usurpation. Christ himself declared, "My kingdom is not of this world," and he bade his followers "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Just so far, therefore, as the Church usurps secular functions and confounds temporal and spiritual, she departs from the mission Christ assigned to her. When, further, her spiritual head, the Pope, assumes also the title and manner of a political prince, he denatures, even if he does not actually degrade, his spiritual office.

Dante's criticism, we perceive, although aimed at what he regarded as the unhallowed Pope-King combination, really strikes at the roots of all theocracy, whether Roman or Genevan, Mahometan, Anglican, or Hebrew. He attacked it in its Papal form also, because he believed that the rulers and ministers of the Church themselves could be saved from the debasement of worldly politics and lusts only by the complete separation of Church and State. So Lincoln urged that, among other reasons, slavery ought to be abolished in order to protect the slaveholders from its brutalizing effects.

By his anti-theocratic, anti-Papal doctrine, therefore, Dante gave incalculable aid to the Italian patriots as soon as they realized that they could not unify Italy without abolishing the Pope's Temporal Power, an institution that had long since ceased to exist on its own merits and needed to be galvanized into a simulation of life by foreign mercenaries and foreign protectors. The Papalists might stigmatize the latter-day Italian patriot as a subverter of society, a freemason, a Red, an anarchist; they might explain his acts as heresy; but they could not dismiss Dante on any such grounds. Dante was a Catholic, on whose faith no shadow of heresy, no suspicion of schism rested. Dante painted Catholicism, the religion, in all its glory at the very culmination of its religious development. He bequeathed to posterity an imperishable description of its ideals. Yet he, the supreme Catholic poet and layman, speaking two hun-

dred years before the Reformation and five hundred years before the Risorgimento, condemned the Papacy, the carnal consort of the Church, alike in its theory and in its practice. Thousands of his countrymen during the struggle for independence and unity, who were like him loyal Catholics in religion, had therefore an unimpeachably orthodox supporter when they demanded that the Papacy should no longer block the way to a United Italy.

These are some of the aspects under which, directly and indirectly, Dante inspired Italian patriotism. Such inspiration cannot be gauged by physical instruments. Someone has said that Emerson sent ten thousand sons to defend the American Union: the exact number does not signify; the fact of his influence is everything. And so with Dante. The vicissitudes of his career were typical. The chaos of his thirteenth-century Italy still cried to heaven for settlement in the nineteenth. The two essentials that he insisted upon—unity and the absolute separation of Church and State—proved indispensable to the attainment of that peace in which alone men and nations prosper and enjoy the largest liberty. For Dante held that liberty is sacred because without it we cannot freely and gladly obey the will of God wherein we are at peace.

From whichever side we examine Dante, we always come at last to Dante himself. He is the great fact—poet, patriot, incarnation of the Italic genius, moulder of the Italian language, spokesman of the Catholic religion. For six centuries his influence has been to the spirits of his people what the Nile is to Egypt; and as the Egyptians thrive when they draw most plentifully from the Nile, so the Risorgimento—the season in which the Italians drew patriotic inspiration more than ever before from Dante—is the period of their regeneration. Then at last they achieved the unity, freedom, and peace that he had dreamed.

. THE HERMIT ON THE DUNES

By FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

I

Far away to the South
Where the sea-hill heaps,
A gray gull wanders,
A gray sail sweeps.

Far away to the South
Where the sky leans low,
My gray thoughts journey,
My gray dreams blow.

In my house by the dunes
I have Silence for wife,
Though the long shore shudders
With the surf's drawn strife.

Oh, she broods by my hearth
And she bends to my bed.
She is strange as the old Norms
And dumb as the dead.

Far away to the South
Where the sea heaps high,
The gulls fade ever,
The sails all die,—
—Far away to the South—

II

Over the moors, the sweet scorched moors,
(Fern and bay and a blackberry brake,)
The road to the harbor-town allures,
Winding away like a warm brown snake.

Quivering up in the hot blue light
The village spires stand sharp and white;
The windmill twinkles; the harbor shines
Over the tops of the dwarfed dune-pines;
And the peak of a sloop slips past the bar,
Gleaming and still as a sea-bound star.

O huddled house by the drifted dune,
Have you locked in your heart my right to June?
Will you hold me here with my head in my hands,
Staring across the blank bright sands,
Out to sea, and always to sea,
Where only the gulls' wings beckon me?

I am hungry for faces, thirsty for words;
I am troubled with water and weary of birds:
Shall I go, past the clattering gray-winged mill,
Down the steep lane over the hill?
Where the poplar-trees in the churchyard quake,
And the bees in the roses rumble and shake,
Where the sunburned children dance laughing down
To the long wet wharves at the back of the town?

—But one gray house in the lane is blind.
Its silver poplars know well the wind:
Its damask roses hang red, hang deep,
But the house is shuttered and fast asleep.
I will not go down the crooked lane.
I think it is better to wait.

To wait?
 Shall I then turn to a boy again,
 Or my mother stand by the swinging gate?

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Over the moors, the sweet scorched moors,
 (Blackbird, swallow, and butterfly,)
 The road to the harbor-town allures.
 But why should I follow it? Ah, why?

III

Seven gulls sit screaming high
 On her prow that cut the sky;
 And her name is rubbed away
 By the wind-and-water play;
 While the silent ceaseless sands
 Hide her quick keel in their hands.

All her goodly timbers gape,
 Hurt and humbled out of shape,
 And the tides sweep green and cold
 Through her hollow-hearted hold.

O tall ship! tall ship! I too
 Cast aground grow old like you.
 Does your heart beat? have you breath
 Underneath those bones of death?
 Do you dream? do you awake
 Shuddering at dim day-break,
 Only to fall back again
 To the old-time shift of pain:
 Tide, and sun, and wind, and rain?

O tall ship! tall ship! I too
 Once was high-sea-bold as you!

IV

I watched the endless gull-wings fade,
I dreamed my old dim endless things:
Looked up, and saw a gold-haired maid
Against the sea, with arms like wings

Spreading her green scarf to the wind,
Leaning and laughing to the sun,—
Ah me, her brightness made me blind,
Till I could hardly see her run

White-footed down the thin white foam,
Slim-bodied up the slippery sands:
Like some wild sea-maid, dancing home
With shining feet and flickering hands.

—I crouched beneath the dune. She passed;
Her song, sea-smothered, and her gleams
Fading along the foam at last,
Like all the sun that haunts my dreams.

—The brave day fades, too blue, too fair.
Sunset and silence and the night.—
O golden head and wild heart, where
Are you some glad home's lasting light?

V

Low water—low water—silence on the sea,—
Across the moors the Sunday bells ring warm and drowsily.

Low water—low water—dim and smooth and pale,—
Across the moors the windmill waves an idle Sabbath sail.

Low water—low water—plover peeping faint,—
Across the moors the church-doors swing for sinner and for
saint!

Low water—low water—silence on the sea,—
Across the moors they pray to God, while here He breathes
on me!

VI

Suddenly I awoke. The wind was awake before.
He tramped on the desolate dunes; he battered and beat at
my door.
And the sea rose up to his shout; and mad, stark mad in the
night,
Plunging and grappling and great, they staggered and
swung to the fight.
I leaned out into the dark, to the stinging smothering wrack;
But my eyes were blinder than Fear: I was beaten and
buffetted back.
And they struggled and stumbled and groaned in the dark
of the dunes till day;
Till the wind sank down in the sand, and the sea crept
wounded away.

Then I slept, but my dreams went wild; for I fought with
Myself, and failed:
And I knew that the stars were ashamed, and the sea-gulls
jeered me and railed,
Till I rose with a terrible cry, and flung off the blood from
my face,—
“O bitter and barren Self! Give place to my Soul! give
place!”
And a God flashed out of a cloud, and his eyes were like
strong kind flame,
But I woke as he swept me a sword, and cheered me, and
cried my name,—
And I thought that a thousand years had been tossed to
Eternity,
Since suddenly I awoke, and the wind cried out, and the sea.

VII

I shall not lie in any grave
Beneath a toppling lichened stone.
When I grow weariest, the wave
And turning tide shall have their own.

I cannot wait for folk to find
The shattered burned-out wreck of me:
To trouble it with being kind
And mocking its mortality,

And stealing from my helpless hold
The lonely death that I have earned:
To dare the untried utmost, bold
With the sea-splendor I have learned.

I shall not wait too long, at last;
But as, so often, I have leapt
Light-limbed across the surf, and cast
My sorrows from me as I swept

Out—out—across the clean wild foam,—
So then, I shall be sure and free.
Only, I need not think of home,
Nor fear the hunger of the sea.

I know it cannot be too strange
To die, as I have lived, alone.—
But ah, my Soul, where wilt thou range?
What tide can claim thee for its own?—

THE SIEGE OF SCUTARI

By CHARLES ARTHUR MOORE, JR.

THE Montenegrin people trace their descent from the most tragic day in the history of the Balkan Slavs, the Battle of Kossovo, fought and lost in 1889. There in the wreck of the Servian Empire the Ottoman supremacy in the Balkans began.

In the flight of the broken Christian armies from Kossovo a remnant found their way into the rugged and inhospitable highlands near the shores of the Adriatic Sea. Here in the narrow mountain defiles they succeeded finally in beating off pursuit. Their numbers were swelled, as time went on, by others who preferred the hard life of those upland valleys to submission to the Turks in more fruitful regions. Such men were not of a temper to rest long content with mere security from attack. And before many years had passed, their raids against the conquerors of their kinsmen had won for the Alpine stronghold, whence they went forth to war, the sinister name of "The Black Mountain." That name, vivid testimony from their foemen to their prowess in war, the Montenegrins made their own and have borne proudly during five centuries of hard-held independence.

This heroic record of more than half a thousand years of struggle is the Montenegrins' patent to nationhood, valid in spite of poor numbers and poorer purses. And when King Nicholas of Montenegro exercised one of the highest prerogatives of that nationhood by declaring war upon the Ottoman Empire, his people entered upon no new rôle in going forth to fight against their ancient enemies. It was dramatically fitting that the unconquered Montenegrins should have led the reborn Slav nations of the Balkans to war against their old oppressors; and that before the great armies of the allies entered the lists, they should have met

their ancient enemies single-handed once again, for perhaps the last time.

The Montenegrins have not had an important military rôle in the war. What they have done in their corner of the peninsula has been on too small a scale and too isolated to have any striking military value. But no one can deny the moral influence of their gallant and successful invasion of Turkey during the first days of the conflict, when the eyes of their allies and of all the world were centred upon them. And the example that they set through those generations past when the seeds of present events were finding lodgment and germinating can scarcely be overestimated. Throughout their history the Montenegrins have been no more than a great fighting tribe, with all a tribe's simplicity of culture and primitive limitations, with all a tribe's blood-kinship to unite them against the common enemy; and as a great tribe they have fought this war. They have taken their place as a nation because of the strong fundamental virtues that their tribal life has installed in them, not because of any remarkable efficiency that they have derived therefrom. They have no lessons of strategy or tactics to teach us. But they have standards of conduct and qualities of character drawn from their life and traditions which we would do well to emulate.

The first of the Montenegrins I encountered on my way to the war were on board the little steamer on which I crossed the Adriatic, from Bari to Antivari. There were two hundred of them returning from the western United States—miners, farm hands, and unskilled laborers, sacrificing their hard-earned savings to the last dollar and without hope of reimbursement to reach the firing line where their countrymen faced the Turks. These men when they set forth to war, had not been swept to a convenient recruiting office around the nearest corner amid the half-hysterical enthusiasm of neighbors and friends; there had been no newspaper-fed frenzy working them up to fever heat for

days; there was no sure reward of present good pay and future generous pensions; none of the glamour of martial life glittered before them. Instead they were scattered far and wide in an alien land with no friends and neighbors to see and encourage; few of those who were around them had ever heard of their Montenegro; a journey of a month led to the recruiting office; their pay was nothing, and instead of pensions they had to give up all that they had put by for the future. Yet, in the face of every discouragement, they came unquestioningly to do their duty as their simple code defined it, when their tribe went out to war. Those two hundred men, laughing, cheering, firing their big pistols, dancing their Slav dances, singing the war chants of their people throughout the long night on the wind-swept sea, happy as though they fared towards a life of ease in a land of plenty instead of to hardships and dangers in a poor and barren land, gave me my first vision of the spirit moving their people. Only real men go to war like that.

Our landing at Antivari was very different from my expectations. Only a few Turkish stevedores were at the quay to assist in discharging the ship's cargo. Not even an army officer could be found to tell the two hundred where to go after they had disembarked. Such indifference was to me inexplicable. These men had done a splendid thing and their country needed them badly. Such a home-coming seemed inappropriate, inadequate after their sacrifice. I looked at the faces about me, but there was no sign there of surprise or disappointment. It was another lesson in the grim, stark spirit of the Black Mountain, that looked for no praise for doing a duty. Long voyage and lonely home-coming were both equally typical of Montenegro.

The next day shortly after sunrise, I embarked with a representative of the Central News for the war zone on board a captured Turkish coaster which was bearing southward to the Boyana River a contingent of the English Red Cross and a detachment of Montenegrin soldiers. At Dul-

cigno, however, a boat put out towards us, and we hove to under the twin castles at the harbor mouth. The boat brought orders that we should return to Antivari at once, since the Turks had made a sortie from San Giovanni and had not yet been cleared from the district around the Boyana mouth. The soldiers, in true Montenegrin fashion, took matters promptly into their own hands, and were piling themselves and their gear into the boats alongside almost before the news had been given out. Their object was to get to the front one way or another, and if the Boyana mouth was blockaded they would go in from Dulcigno afoot. We followed their example. In a few minutes we were ashore, watching the lumbering schooner come about and head up towards Antivari once more, bearing a much disgusted party of the English Red Cross who had waited for orders instead of scrambling ashore as best they could with the rest of us.

The town at which we landed, although on Montenegrin territory, is thoroughly Turkish and very ancient. It is built on a steep hill facing the harbor, and along a narrow gorge that leads directly inland from the coast. The tumble-down walls and moss-covered tile roofs—with their age-softened tints of yellow, brown, and gold—blend into the weather-scarred, barren landscape like the clustering nests of some old seabirds' rookery. On the craggy headlands that embrace the little harbor the ruined castles keep futile watch over the empty roadstead. The minarets that rise above the aged roofs tell the story of the city's sleep under the drowsy spell of the Koran.

Through the peaceful town our road led, through the gorge and out into the half-drowned croplands. Hidden in a curtain of gray mist before us we glimpsed now and then the dark mountains along the shores of Lake Scutari, around whose summits the armies gathered. Towards those mountains we set out to walk. A mile or two beyond the last mosque of Dulcigno the good Montenegrin road began

to disappear in a succession of bogs, alternating with a boulder-choked water-course. And soon this wreck of a highway gave place to a network of miserable, rocky, muddy footpaths, that faded out one by one. We were approaching the old Montenegrin-Turkish border at which good will and commerce had ceased to flow for so many long years. As the early November twilight was falling, we came to a group of Turkish farmsteads. From a tumble-down corn-crib before one of them a Montenegrin flag drooped in the heavy air. In this hamlet the Montenegrin military Governor of the district and his men were stationed to watch the Mussulmans of the region round about, and keep the line of communications, such as it was, free between Dulcigno and Murican. Here we spent the night.

Early next morning we were ready for the road. The Governor capped his cordial hospitality of the night by furnishing us with a Malissori Albanian as a guide to Murican, for floods had made the trail difficult to follow. Behind the Albanian, who set out at a killing pace, we started for the front. A few minutes after we left the Governor's house we crossed the old frontier. Our trail led over low, rock-sown ridges that rose between flooded valleys where we waded knee-deep in mud and water. The torrential rains had obliterated the trail in many places, or put it wholly under water, and we made many a tedious detour around sloughs and backwaters too deep for fording. Everywhere this side the border the Turkish population had fled with the army into Scutari, and the deserted farmhouses, with their plundered granaries and barnyards, added a note of desolation to the already sad and gloomy landscape. Roofs had fallen in during the few short weeks since the exodus, and the glassless windows stared at us like dead eyes.

At noon we reached Katrekol, a group of buildings that formed a rough, two-acre quadrangle along the bank of a gray river, bank-full with melting snow-water from the mountains. This hamlet was now the advanced base of the

Montenegrin army, operating to the west of Lake Scutari. In the square the passing of many feet had trampled the mud into a semi-liquid sea. Pack-ponies of the transport service stood in everyone's way, heads to the ground and dull-eyed from exhaustion. Those that had just come in dripped mud from shaggy flanks and bellies. Their Albanian drivers squatted at their heads, rolling and smoking countless cigarettes, oblivious of mud and water and all that went on about them. Groups of brown-clad riflemen lounged about, or sat on off-thrown packsaddles or ammunition cases, eating, smoking, and chatting news of the war. Now and then a long line of heavy-limbed, barefoot, Montenegrin women staggered in, bearing enormous back-loads of food for their men in the batteries and trenches at the front. Across their broad, uncorseted bosoms the pack-ropes cut deep; not a few limped from the stones of the terrible road. It seemed to us that they carried more than the sturdy ponies, and that they were even more dumbly uncomplaining. Fighting men bound for the front, or in the opposite direction, straggled in at frequent intervals. No one was challenged; all went to and fro with the most perfect freedom. There was not a sentry anywhere. Supplies were discharged here, or passed through towards Murican, without being checked or examined by anyone. After we had been sitting at our coffee and *rakia* (native fig brandy) and eating bread and cheese for a half hour, a genial, red-faced old fellow in uniform came over to us casually, and while exchanging cigarettes, inquired in the most offhand manner where we were going and who we were. We replied in the same perfunctory manner, and he lounged away again. He was the commandant in charge at Katrekol. No effort was made to verify our statements of our destination and calling, our papers were not even glanced at, everything was taken on faith, and yet we were a short ten miles from the front, within hearing of the booming siege guns. Disorganization and lack of method could

not have been carried to greater lengths of incompetence than were displayed at Katrekol; yet this strangely easy-going rabble had driven a formidable army of superior numbers out of this difficult country that we were passing through into the forts around Scutari, and were now doing the almost impossible by holding those superior numbers closely within the long and scantily-manned lines of investment. The Bulgars at Adrianople, whose wonderful organization the world marvels at, could do no better than that. It was the spirit inspiring the toiling women who unasked did their heavy tasks for the tribe, that was the essential part of the picture at Katrekol, not the shabby and slipshod superficialities of the remainder. But the whole of the picture was typical of the tribe at war, the readily seen shortcomings as well as the hidden depths of devotion and strong purpose.

When we had finished our simple meal, we set out once more towards the far-away thunder of the guns. Black Tarabos loomed ahead of us, covered with a curtain of mist that cascaded in broken billows over its summit. Closer and less hazy, the lower mountain of Murican showed above the tree tops. In an hour we overtook a half dozen fighting men, marching lightly, as they invariably did, with only rifles and great coats on their shoulders. They hailed us in home-sounding trans-Mississippi English as we slowed our pace to theirs. They were part of an earlier two hundred who had come from the distant America at the call of their people, merely a few of the thousands that were scattered everywhere throughout the Montenegrin army. In their cheerful company, talking of America, Montenegro, and the war, we tramped the remaining miles into Murican.

At sunset we stood at the southern end of the last low ridge over which our trail led before dropping down into the broad flats behind Murican mountain. All of us were taking a last look at grim Tarabos before it should be shut off by the nearer hills. As we looked, a tiny, umbrella-

shaped cloud puffed out on the dark background near the summit, hung there for a moment, and then shredded away slowly in the heavy, wet evening air. And when it was no more than an almost invisible mist, a deep-noted, jarring crash rolled across valleys and mountains to our ears, like the sound of some far-calling war drum. It quickened the hearts of us all to see the battle smoke from that distant bursting shell, if even for so fleeting a moment; and we tramped into Murican over the last muddy mile of the trail at a quickstep.

Murican mountain, upon whose summit the main Montenegrin batteries against Scutari's defenses are placed, is a rugged, steep-sided ridge running north and south, parallel to the higher ridge of Tarabos and some two kilometers to the westward. On its western slope, protected by its natural rampart from the guns of Tarabos, the Montenegrin army was quartered in and around the straggling village of Murican. To the south and west, a flat, inundated plain stretched to the Adriatic, the Boyana flowing through its centre, spreading its muddy waters for miles over the lowlands. To the north and northwest was the country through which we had come, a series of little valleys opening out into the plain between many rocky, forest-covered ridges. The trails and mule paths that come down from these valleys, and from the upland farms on the more distant mountains that rise abruptly from the western shore of Lake Scutari, join one another at a little cross-roads mosque beside an ancient Moslem graveyard, the centre from which the scattered houses of Murican radiate. Under the leaden sky, with everything dripping moisture, and mud oozing under foot at each step, Murican camp was not a cheerful sight when we came in from the road. Darkness was falling before we found shelter for the night, the guns had ceased firing, and the usual fine drizzling rain had set in once more.

It was with a sigh of relief that we pitched down our

packs in the corner of a big, bare room, in a big Turkish farmhouse, where some fifty men of the Montenegrin army were sheltered. Our sleeping room we shared with fifteen others—soldiers, men of the hospital service, and a few Bosnian volunteers who were attached to the headquarters in one capacity or another. Our beds were of straw, spread on the floor, our covering heavy army blankets. For food we had the regular rations of the army—bitter, coarse bread, baked in the ovens at Dulcigno or Antivari and carried up over the trails on pony back, chunks of mutton or beef, and occasional rice and potatoes. The old Greek Catholic priest who presided over the house furnished us with coffee, tea, and sugar, delicacies that the commissariat does not provide in Montenegro. Altogether we fared very well indeed.

Our house was about half a mile from headquarters. It was the usual Turkish farmhouse of the region. Below, on the ground floor, were the cavern-like stable and cattle pens; above, on the second floor, the dwelling rooms, reached by a steep, outside stairway. The living rooms were big, but with few and small windows. In each room was a fireplace which consisted of a dirt platform set a few feet out from one wall. Here the fire burned and sent the smoke straight up to the rafters to find its way out through the numerous chinks and openings between the roof tiles. Nothing more primitive could be imagined, nor more disagreeable. There was a kitchen where two Montenegrin women did the cooking for a good many of the men in our house, but many of us preferred doing our own cooking over the smoking fireplaces in the different living rooms, of which the house had four. The rest of the houses of Murican were all of the same pattern, and all put to a similar use. But the bulk of the army lived in a few miserable tents pitched around the headquarters, and in huts and wind-breaks built at the camp, or in the trenches on the opposite side of the mountain towards Tarabos. Compared with their life, ours under a real roof was luxurious. Nowhere did the

limitations of the Montenegrins show so crassly as in that camp at Murican. Katrekol was bad enough, but there might have been extenuating circumstances there, and after all, the supplies did reach the front. But here the health and efficiency of the army was threatened every day; and with rumors of cholera at San Giovanni and Alessio, only a few miles across the drowned plains to the south, it was appalling to contemplate that camp. There were several torrents that drained off the steep Murican mountain-side through it. Anywhere else these streams would have been kept free of unnecessary pollution at least. But here they were littered from one end to the other of their course through the camp with the offal of slaughtered animals in every stage of decay. The odor that went up as one approached these streams gagged one with nausea. In the mudhole before the General's doorway, where for convenience his meat had been killed, more of this unspeakable refuse was being trampled into the ground with every passage to and fro through the day. And this particular mudhole drained into the headquarters' supply of drinking water, which was drawn from a well in the midst of the stinking horror. In a wide belt around the camp in every direction there was more unmentionable filth that polluted air, earth, and water.

It rained almost every day and all day long, and nothing was dry which was not kept under a roof. It seemed to me that a third of the men we saw were suffering with sore throats, their necks swathed in bandages; and we were told by the doctors that there was "far too much of that sort of thing" to be pleasant. The little mosque and one big farm building had been turned into hospitals and were filled with the badly wounded, so that those who suffered from this "epidemic" had no choice but to keep on living in the water-soaked tents and sleeping on the water-soaked ground. But as might be expected, this state of affairs, which would have utterly paralyzed the fighting strength of any other

army, hardly seemed to be noticed by these phlegmatic tribesmen. There were educated and capable men among the doctors of the Montenegrin Red Cross, men who had been much abroad and had profited by what they had seen and studied. These men talked with me regarding this disgraceful condition of the camp. But, they told me, they were quite helpless to improve it, because there was no authority to force the Montenegrins to do what they did not think was necessary, and the army saw nothing in the prevailing conditions that needed any change. Policing the camp was out of the question; and issuing orders was just as futile, for no one would obey them.

It struck me very forcibly that although we were so near to the enemy, and in a country where surprises and sudden night attacks would be most easy, there was no effort to keep any systematic vigil to guard against such possibilities. We ranged the camp and the country around it at will, without once encountering sentries, pickets, or reconnoitring parties. Never once were our goings and comings challenged, though we were not seldom abroad far after night-fall. To be sure, we did not penetrate to the trenches within rifle range of Tarabos, and no doubt there things were different; but where we did go there was no indication of the alertness that one naturally imagines as the invariable attribute of an efficient army. Yet they had not been surprised or taken off their guard once, although the enterprising Turkish commander in Scutari had made more than one well-planned sortie.

One morning, shortly after my arrival at Murican, I went up to the mountain top to see a brisk bombardment that had opened with sunrise. They were doing something, or trying to do something, over Tarabos-way that required the cover of a heavy cannonade, and our forces seemed to feel that whatever was going on should be prevented by the same means. When we reached the summit, we met with the only prohibition of our whole visit to the front. We were

excluded from the pits in which the siege guns were hidden. No one raised the least objection to our remaining on the ridge exposed to the enemy's fire, but to crouch down with them behind the protecting heaps of earth was absolutely and finally forbidden. So we lay about a hundred feet from the batteries, in back of some saplings which had been well stripped of their upper limbs by shrapnel from Tarabos, and watched the bombardment with as serene minds as we could muster.

It was a dull, heavy morning, but Tarabos was free of clouds. We could see with ease the scars of the trenches on its flanks, lying far towards the bare summit above the forest that covered the lower slopes. Down below us, between Tarabos and ourselves, concealed even from our eyes by the underbrush and thick, second-growth timber, were our own lines of infantry trenches, drawing closer and closer to the frowning citadel that alone held the Montenegrins away from Scutari. North of Tarabos, on the same range of mountains, we could dimly discern the smashed roofs of a village where the Montenegrins had found lodgment, and from which they could not be driven by all the efforts of the Turks. South, lay the misty valley of the Drin and the Boyana and the city of Scutari itself on the plains. Through the still air there came to our ears a thin, shrill singing, that rose higher and higher into an eerie, tingling shriek that cut our very nerves. And, when it had reached a pitch that was almost unbearably racking, came the shattering explosion of the shell over our batteries. As the pretty, white plume of smoke was caught by the gentle breeze and puffed away, there rumbled and reëchoed over the valley the measured, deep-throated note of the Krupp gun which had sent the whining shell towards us. Before the cliffs and mountain-sides had ceased resounding with that cannon note, a gun in our batteries spoke, and then another and another. The mountain fairly rocked beneath us. We rose to our knees to watch the bursting of the shells, listen-

ing to the fainter and fainter wailing that ended in a thin singsong long before the white dots leaped out upon the background of the crest of Tarabos to show where our shells burst. Then the air was full of deadly, screaming, shrieking, winged iron; the echoes rumbled and rumbled again as the guns roared out their defiance and tossed death back and forth across hills and valleys, from one cloud-capped summit to the other. The pungent, intoxicating smell of burnt powder filled our nostrils, setting us to tingling with excitement. Now and then one of our shells would throw up a huge geyser of brown earth when it burst on the very crest of Tarabos, and we would leap to our feet and shout with pleasure, for we knew that there were the enemy's guns. That our shells might be killing men over there never came into our heads. And when the shrapnel from Tarabos burst over our heads, or to right and left, we did not realize that the nasty hissing, and the pat-pat that followed, was death directed towards us with all the intent to kill which men can feel. It all seemed like some grand and magnificent pageant, with the boomings and roarings and shriekings and sighings and wailings, planned according to some mighty orchestration to fit the titanic staging upon mountain tops, and above deep-shadowed gorges and canyons. Death was so unseen in its coming and going, the sky so much like the skies of other days, the wind so familiar on one's face, the mountains so peaceful and tremendous, that one could not grasp the truth that men were here for battle and sudden death.

But after a time the grim realization that we were playing with feathers from the wings of death was forced upon us. Shrapnel began to burst time after time too close to be disregarded. They had seen us crouching on the exposed skyline and were getting our range from Tarabos. I waited as long as I could to see if someone else would make the first move; and when a young Servian, who had accompanied us to the batteries, said that he thought it was

time for luncheon I was not at all ashamed to be the first to get down from the ridge of Murican and under its kindly protection. After all, it wasn't my war and I had no business there.

Tremendous a spectacle as this bombardment was, it was of very small practical value. Much like hunting Rocky Mountain sheep with field artillery, it seemed to me. Judging from what information the few Christian deserters from Scutari brought to us, the Montenegrin fire was far from effective, and on our side the roll of killed and wounded for a week had been a dozen and fifty respectively, scarcely worthy of mention. The Montenegrins had insufficient ammunition for any sustained and smothering bombardment, such as must be directed against any defenses like those of Tarabos, to make an impression; and they had to utilize their stores with a care almost equal to that of the beleaguered Turks. In fact, siege work was totally beyond the ability of these brave but untutored warriors. Yet whenever the Montenegrins could get into close touch with the Turks there was but one story to tell—a disastrous flight of the Turks back behind their forts. Once there they were safe against the Montenegrins until food and ammunition failed.

The waiting game, which the Turks know so well how to play in war and diplomacy alike, was their single chance of accomplishing anything creditable here at Scutari. If the cholera or any other serious epidemic visited that camp at Murican, or if any other of a dozen possibilities came to pass, they might for a while force back the investing army and claim at least one success before the war closed. In spite of the use of the women to feed the army, of the Albanians and Mussulmans of Montenegro for the transport of ammunition and other stores, and of all the old men for the necessary posts at the rear, the Montenegrins had a grave problem in keeping enough men before Scutari to make their lines safe.

They had sent a large detachment down to take San

Giovanni while I was at Murican. To do so they had stripped that most important of all their positions of every man that they could spare. Perhaps twenty-five hundred men had been left to hold Murican against a sortie. The condition of the country and the disposition of the rest of the Montenegrin army was such that Murican was quite isolated; and it would take several days to send up reinforcements. If the Turks had taken this single position they would have opened the road straight into Antivari, the base of all the Montenegrin operations, and the only port through which they could receive fresh supplies from abroad; and they could very easily have taken the almost defenseless town itself. And moreover, the only Montenegrin battery able to shell the fortress of Tarabos would have been wholly destroyed. The Turks had more than twenty-five thousand effective troops in Scutari at that time, we were led to believe, and they could easily have spared five or six thousand men for a sortie, with such a possibility before them. Yet the Montenegrins were quite confident that they could hold Murican against any attack; and the Turks seemed to be of the same mind.

In the house where we lived at Murican was a private soldier who had been in the trenches for several weeks and had taken part in more than one of those desperate and disastrous twilight rushes against the impregnable defenses of Mount Tarabos. He was a man well past his prime physically, and had somewhat broken down under the hard life in the rifle pits. So he was resting in the comparative luxury of our bare rooms. In time of peace he was a senator of the kingdom and president of the highest court in the land. It was almost as if one of our Supreme Court Justices had gone to the front in the Spanish War and charged up San Juan. But what he was doing was so common among the Montenegrins that it caused not the smallest comment, and I had to make direct inquiries to find out his story. He had a son across the lake, on the other side of

Scutari, and he had not received news of the boy for nearly a month. But it was not from his lips that I heard this mentioned, nor did he show any signs of a father's fears for his boy.

There was another soldier, a young boy of nineteen, who had tramped in from Dulcigno with us. When I left to return to Antivari he joined us again. Through the interpreter I asked why he was showing such liking for our company. I felt that he might have been instructed to keep a friendly watch upon our movements. What was my astonishment when I learned for the first time that he had been severely wounded earlier in the war by a bullet through his right lung, and that now he had been ordered back to the base hospital by the doctors at Murican, because he was in too bad condition to stand the hard life at the front. Here this boy had been with us for days, we had had many talks with him, and he had told us much of his people and their war; but that he had been seriously wounded, and had run away from the hospital at Cetinje to get back to the front before he was fit to leave his bed, had never passed his lips. He had been afraid to speak of his wound to anyone, lest he might lose his opportunity to get "another chance at the Turks." He was so dispirited on the road back to Antivari that his strength gave out, and he had to ride an unladen pack horse which we overtook on the trail. Yet, on the road in, he had more than kept pace with our energetic Albanian guide, who had almost walked the rest of us off our feet. On the road out, we travelled along the mountain-side, near the melting snow, for some hours; and from his horse the boy showed us where he had been wounded during the stirring days and nights in which the Montenegrins were driving the Turks before them along a broken ridge that even a goat would have had difficulty in traversing. He told us how he and the other wounded men had crawled from one rock to the next to get closer to their enemies, how they had lain the whole cold night through

there beside the snow fields, and how they had been carried down to barges on the lake the next day on the backs of their fellows, to wait all through another long day of rain and cold till they had reached the hospital at Virpazar.

But these two instances are matched by so many others that they are commonplace in the Black Mountain. In that fight on the bleak ridge, where the boy was wounded, he told us that the women had gone alongside the men in the advance, carrying up fresh ammunition and food so that the fighting line would not be weakened by so much as a single man. And some of the women, too, went down before the Turkish Mauser bullets. It was, indeed, the tribe out at war that had run its quarry to earth in Scutari, and was gathering there for the inevitable end. Crude, unversed in military science, the Montenegrins may be; but they had done big things, and in their last fight against the Ottomans they had proved themselves worthy of those ancestors who first made the name of the Men of the Black Mountain a terror to the Asiatics who have held sway for so many centuries over their kinsmen in the Balkans.

THE ELECTION AND TERM OF THE PRESIDENT

By MAX FARRAND

WHEN into the recent Presidential campaign Mr. Roosevelt was precipitated or precipitated himself, according to one's point of view, there were many who said that our democratic institutions were in danger. The reason, or the excuse, for this alarm was that no one had ever served three terms as President and there was a great, or a grave, possibility that this latest aspirant might achieve that distinction. It was commonly said and frequently believed that a limitation ought to be placed upon the time which any person could hold the most important office in the gift of the nation. The Democratic Party, seeing the opportunity for an advantageous political move, with reference also to its own domestic arrangements, declared in its platform in favor of a single term. Such a declaration might carry some weight, had not the American people learned by bitter experience that a plank in a party platform is not binding even upon the people who make it.

With a childlike faith in the efficacy of a legal prohibition characteristic of the American people, many suggestions are also being made for a change in the fundamental law regulating the election and term of the President. While these changes are of general scope and take the form of amendments to the Constitution, they are all designed to meet the present situation. The most common proposal is that the President's term of office shall be lengthened to six years, and that the incumbent shall not be eligible to reelection. This is all very well as a subject for theoretical discussion; but experience would seem to show that as a matter of practical reform it has little chance of success.

After the present government of the United States had been in operation for one hundred years, Mr. Herman V. Ames, now Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania, made a careful study of the amendments to the Constitution that had been proposed during that length of time. He found that more amendments related to the executive department than to any other subject, that there were some five hundred of them in all, and that of these by far the greater part had to do with the choice and the term of the President. Over fifty amendments had been proposed providing that the term should be for six years, almost all of which stipulated that the President should not be eligible for reelection. Not a single one of them ever received sufficient support to render the question of its adoption worthy of serious consideration. This statement of facts may reveal a continued dissatisfaction with the method of electing our chief magistrate, but it is more significant as a testimonial to the wisdom of the men who framed our Constitution.

When an institution has been in reasonably successful operation for nearly one hundred and twenty-five years, it is hard to conceive the attitude towards it of the men who lived before that institution existed. But if one would understand the origin and development of our Presidency, it must be remembered that at the time of the formation of our present government the idea of a President of a great federal republic was practically a new thing. The men of that time were accustomed to governors of individual States; but those governors were the successors of the colonial governors, whom they had learned to distrust. They had continued the office as a necessary evil, but they had placed serious limitations upon the powers of the incumbent of that office. On the other hand, they had suffered so greatly from the inefficiency of the Continental Congress during the Revolution and the trying years which followed, that they were determined to have in the new government a strong

and independent executive head. It is not a particularly easy task to establish an independent strong executive whose powers are to be strictly limited; but that is exactly the problem which was set before the Federal Convention, the body which framed the Constitution.

To appreciate the difficulty of the situation as it presented itself to the men of that time, it must be reiterated that they had no precedents to guide them. It was a new officer whom they were creating; and he loomed all the larger in their eyes because from the very limitations of their experience they were compelled to think of him in terms of monarchy, the only form of national executive power they knew. As the Constitution took shape in the Federal Convention and the details of the new government were developed, it was found that the President had grown into an extremely important officer with powers so extensive that many stood aghast. There was color for the assertion that a monarchy, in fact if not in name, had been created. It was generally recognized, and more than once referred to in the Convention as a matter of course, that Washington would be the first incumbent of the new office. He was then at the very height of his popularity; and so great was the trust in him that no fear was felt regarding the immediate future. And yet it is indicative of the ideas of the time that, after the new government was installed, the title which Washington himself was said to have preferred as the most fitting for his position was "His High Mightiness, the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties." The problem which presented itself to the delegates with regard to the President was thus a problem of the future. As one of their own members expressed it, they were carefully "guarding against all possibility of his ascending in a Tract of years or Ages to Despotism and absolute Monarchy:—of which all were cautious." Limitations had been placed in rendering the President subject to impeachment, and in making it possible to over-rule his veto of legislative acts

by a two-thirds vote of both houses; but the greatest safeguard was to be obtained in establishing a suitable term of office and a satisfactory mode of election.

Quite early in the sessions of the Convention, the delegates had decided in favor of a single rather than a plural executive. A decided majority also favored an election by the national legislature. If that were to be the method of election, it was felt that the term of the executive must be long and that he must not be eligible to reelection, lest he should be compelled to court the favor of the legislature and so become dependent upon it. Accordingly he was granted a single term of seven years. Then the trouble began. It was generally believed that the best incentive to the faithful performance of duty was to hold out the possibility of reelection. It would then be voted that the President should be reëligible. This involved shortening the term, and the inevitable consequence was to reject the method of election by the legislature. But no acceptable substitute for choosing the executive could be found. An election by the legislature would be again adopted, the term of office would be lengthened, and the executive would be declared ineligible to reelection.

Round and round in this endless circle the Convention helplessly threshed. Over forty distinct votes were taken upon various phases of the method of election. Five different times the delegates decided in favor of an appointment by the national legislature, and three times they voted to reconsider the whole question. No wonder that one of the members declared "we seem to be entirely at a loss," and that another should say that the subject was "the most difficult of all on which we have had to decide." An election by the people, which would seem to us a very natural solution of the difficulty, met with no support. At first it was regarded as "chimerical." But as the delegates became more accustomed to the idea, it grew in favor. They refused to adopt it, however, partly because they mistrusted the

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judgment of the people, but more because they feared that such a method of election would be controlled by the large States.

So far as the length of term was concerned, all sorts of proposals were made from life tenure to annual elections. But there was a very general agreement that seven years was the best length of time for a single term, and that four years was the proper length if the executive were to be eligible to reelection. In other words, these were matters of detail and fairly easily settled. The real problem was the method of election, in which, as has been shown, the question of reelection was an important element. The question that has since agitated the public mind, that of a third term, was never taken into consideration, except as it might be involved in the broader question of the desirability of reelection in general.

The Convention had been in session for over three months and practically everything in the Constitution had been agreed upon except this matter of the election and the term of the President. In despair of reaching a satisfactory conclusion, because of the conflicting interests and divergent views, the Convention resorted to a procedure that had previously been successful in a number of instances. A committee of one member from each State was appointed to see if a smaller body could not devise some method of solving the problem. The committee reported a plan which, with some minor modifications, was adopted and is the system now in operation.

The essential features of that plan were: that there should be a President and a Vice-President chosen for the term of four years, and no limitation was placed upon eligibility to reelection; that electors equal in number to its Senators and Representatives should be chosen in each State as the legislature thereof should direct; that those electors should vote for two persons, one of whom should not be a resident of the same State with themselves; that the person

receiving the greatest number of votes, provided that number be a majority, should be President, and that the person having the next highest number of votes should be Vice-President; and that in case of a tie or failure of a majority of votes to fall on one person, the Senate should elect a President from the five highest names on the list.

On most of the questions that came before the Convention, the sharpest line of division was between the large and the small States; and the same divergence of interests had been revealed in the discussions over the method of electing the President. The sentiment in favor of a popular election had been steadily growing; and it seems probable that some form of popular election would have been adopted, had it not been for the fear on the part of the smaller States that such a method would give a preponderating influence to the large States. In presenting their report, the committee explained that their plan was a concession to the feeling in favor of a popular election, and they hoped that it would furnish a balance between the large and the small States. In other words, that their plan was a compromise.

To understand this compromise, it must be appreciated that in adopting the electoral system the Convention acted on the assumption that in the great majority of cases—"nineteen times in twenty," one member claimed—the vote of the electors would not be decisive; that is, a majority of votes would not fall upon the same candidate. As the number of electors from each State was to equal the number of its Senators and Representatives, the large States, with their greater representation in Congress, would have a distinct advantage. To offset this, when no election resulted, as was assumed would generally be the case, from the highest five candidates a choice was to be made by the Senate, the body which was equally representative of all the States, and in which it was conceded the small States would have an advantage. In other words, under this system the large States would nominate the candidates, and the "even-

tual election" would be controlled by the small States. Owing to the many objections to the extensive powers already vested in the Senate, the eventual election was transferred from the Senate to the House of Representatives; but the principle was maintained by providing that the voting should be by States and that each State should have but one vote.

The four-year term of office and the eligibility to reëlection were thus parts of one of the great and most important compromises of the Constitution. As the office of President was something new, so also was the method of election. It was frankly an experiment. One thing of which the framers of the Constitution had apparently no conception and which was to upset all their calculations, was the development of political parties and party machinery. An essential feature of their plan was the independent action of the electors; but party organization has provided a means by which votes can be centred on certain candidates and the function of the electors made that of a machine to register the wishes of their constituents.

It was the party of Jefferson, the Democratic-Republicans and the forerunners of the present Democrats, which devised machinery to unite the various elements of their party and to bring out the party vote. For several years they organized their State and local committees, and they were successful in defeating the Federalists in the national election of 1800. The Constitution provided that each elector should vote for two persons, and so perfect was the organization of the Democratic-Republicans that every one of their electors cast his vote for Jefferson and Burr. The party machinery had worked too well. Instead of Jefferson being elected President and Burr Vice-President, the tie vote threw the election into the House of Representatives, where the Federalists out of spite might have succeeded in placing Burr in the Presidential chair. This unexpected complication brought about the adoption of the

Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, which recognized the existence of political parties by requiring the electors to vote separately for President and Vice-President. It further provided, that in case no one received a majority of the electoral votes, the choice of the House of Representatives should be limited to the highest three names on the list, and that the Vice-President also must receive a majority of the votes cast, and in default of this the Senate should choose the Vice-President from the "two highest" on the list.

For a long time the party system was dominated by a group of men holding official position in Washington. Their will was announced to the public through a caucus of the members of Congress affiliated with the party in question. This method was acceptable just so long as it voiced the wishes of the majority of the party; but when it failed to do that, it became customary to have candidates placed in nomination by State legislatures or independent groups of men who responded more quickly to the will of the people. With the increasing development of party organization, national conventions came into existence just as soon as improved means of transportation made such meetings possible. This system also having passed into the control of professional politicians, the people have been driven again to revolt; and in the direct primary they have devised a system that will almost certainly result either in doing away with national conventions altogether, or in transforming them, like the electors, into mere registration machines.

The present political situation has again brought prominently forward the demand for a single term of six years. It is somewhat surprising that the advocates of this change have not made more of an instance in our history where this modification was adopted. The divergent interests of North and South culminated in the secession of the Southern States. In 1861, the seceding States framed and adopted the Constitution of the Confederate States of America. This instrument was modelled on the Constitution of the

United States, and copied it in almost all particulars except where the peculiar interests of the South or the experience of seventy years had shown changes to be desirable. Among the latter were the granting to the President of the right to approve or disapprove of single items in appropriation bills, the authorizing of Congress to grant to the head of each executive department a seat upon the floor of either house with the right to discuss matters relating to his department, and the stipulation that the President should hold office for six years and "shall not be reëligible." The Confederate States of America did not remain in existence long enough to put their system to a sufficient practical test, and the failure of the Confederacy attaches somewhat of discredit to their ideas; but the mere fact that a large group of Americans at the first opportunity to act freely did adopt these changes on the basis of experience is important.

No compromise is ever thoroughly satisfactory, and the method of electing the President of the United States has been no exception to the rule. The number of amendments proposed to change or modify the system is an indication of this. But no plan has yet been presented which seems to meet with sufficient approval to warrant its being tried as a substitute for the compromise embodied in the Constitution. This is not merely a tribute to the wisdom of "the Fathers"; it shows as well the improbability that any greater success will attend the present agitation. Our system may not be perfect, but the political ingenuity of the American people has adapted it to our needs. To those who are dissatisfied, it might be well to suggest the quaintly phrased advice that William Penn embodied in the Preface to the Frame of Government he proposed for "Pennsylvania" two hundred and thirty years ago:

- Governments, like clocks, go from the motion men give them; and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them they are ruined too. Wherefore governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments. Let men be good, and the government cannot be bad; if

it be ill, they will cure it. But, if men be bad, let the government be never so good, they will endeavor to warp and spoil it to their turn.

I know some say, let us have good laws, and no matter for the men that execute them: but let them consider, that though good laws do well, good men do better: for good laws may want good men, and be abolished or evaded by ill men; but good men will never want good laws, nor suffer ill ones.

Since the people have so determined, it would seem to be the part of wisdom frankly to recognize the condition that exists and to provide by amendment to the Constitution for a direct popular election of the President. At the time the Constitution was adopted, the States were a much more important part of the machinery of government than is now the case. Their function in the choosing of a President has largely disappeared, at least in the way that was originally intended. The compromise between the large and the small States has no longer any meaning whatsoever. Arguments might accordingly be advanced in favor of a determination of the election by a majority or plurality of the total vote of the people of the United States. But if this action appears radical or unnecessary, at least the confusing and useless system of electors might be abolished, and the people in each State be allowed to cast their ballots directly for the person of their choice.

As to the length of time that the President shall serve, the case is not so clear; but to one who has studied the working of the system in the past and who is satisfied that a short term with the incentive of a reelection has on the whole been reasonably successful, it would seem hardly worth while to attempt an experiment that has not been sufficiently tested, merely to guard against a danger that may be real but has not yet materialized. After all, this is a government by the people; and though at times they seem to slumber and to be insensible of their own real interests, when once aroused the people will speak, as they have in the past, in no uncertain terms. And that they have not yet done.

THE LOGIC OF FEELING

By EDWARD M. WEYER

IF the intellectual atmosphere in which we live were some more tangible medium like the waters of the ocean, we should see ourselves as dwellers in a vast current flowing through a motionless world. "Nothing moves in the modern world," says Sir Henry Maine, "that is not Greek in its origin." The current, which took its rise in the earliest stirrings of the Greek genius, carries forward even to-day only a small section of the human race. Beyond its flow slumber the populations native to Africa, India, China, where fancy takes the place of fact; tradition, the place of reflective thinking; memory, the place of reasoning. The Oriental mind does not share our ideals, does not desire our knowledge; it holds no conception of movement, of progress, or else, where it has conceived of progress, despises it.

To ourselves, adrift in the current of progress, the mind of the East seems to lie beyond the range of some force that is bearing the Occident forward. Yet there is but one force, and it moves minds everywhere, in the Orient no less than in Europe. It is the broadly human desire to know, coupled with an ability to reason. In the West this desire impels culture onward in one comprehensive trend; in the East it perpetuates a welter of cross-currents which counteract and for the most part destroy one another. The central fact of Western progress will be disclosed, and the contrast of West to East be understood, when we know what has coördinated in the West these random movements of thought into a single definite current, in other words, what has preserved Western thought from repeatedly sliding backward. In quest of the source of this advantage, one naturally will trace the stream back to its beginning where is found a

seemingly artificial mental trait that appears sporadically among the Greeks, soon becomes a social habit, and somewhat later a kind of art. As a habit it persists among us to-day, as an art it is still taught through the frozen forms that constitute the traditional logic of Aristotle.

No subtly omniscient force, then, but a man-contrived method of thinking has brought about our intellectual advance. The method acts as a key, except that it unlocks no doors for those who fare forth in quest of new truths. Rather, it only insures against the loss of truths once acquired, locking fast our knowledge in a form, and by a simple formula arranging and expressing it to give it permanence and to make it henceforward readily accessible. Every added gain, thus secured, offers broader prospects for future conquests; and so the deductive method of Aristotle has continued to foster Western culture, liberating no energy, but only prolonging opportunity till the restless spirit of man can see its way forward, and advance its frontiers.

Further, although this method has the simplicity of all great inventions, great skill can be shown in its application. It follows one principle, namely, that what pertains to a class of things pertains to everything under that class. It directs us to present simplest statements first, then to proceed step by step from the general to the more particular. No difficult operation, to be sure, but one that gains value when used persistently. Note, also, that it produces a change in knowledge, for it reverses the original order in which truths are usually discovered. The simplest statements are those that express the broadest or most general truths; consequently they are the last that an adventurer, thinking his way forward, is able to attain. This simple reversal of material is sufficient to render the parts of a whole discourse, or even of an entire science, far more easy to grasp and to follow; hence another of its virtues, for it facilitates wonderfully the dissemination of knowledge. When we say, therefore,

that the West employs reasoning while the East relies on its memory, we really mean that the West employs this peculiar mode of reasoning based on the deductive logic of Aristotle, to systematize facts into a coherent body of scientific laws, thus relieving the memory of the Sisyphean task of rolling its burden up the hill to have it repeatedly roll back again into the valley.

So many are the virtues of Aristotle's method that its defects are apt to attract too slight notice. The purpose of the present article is to estimate its proper sphere of influence, and to review the misuses and misunderstandings that have caused it to become a not unalloyed blessing. For this logic of deduction undoubtedly has fashioned our sciences, and much after its own rigid image. It feeds only on knowledge grown cold. It encounters knowledge as a living, growing organism, and deprives it of animation. Scientific concepts, under its treatment, take static form and inelastic contours. And is it not probable that certain subject matter, otherwise available for science, is not susceptible to classification under its prescribed categories? The whole gamut of human feelings is indeed of this character; however, since the feelings defy logical formulation, we deem a science of feeling impossible. With some method suited to the investigation of human feelings, not only this new science might be added, but many old ones—ethics, æsthetics, even logic itself, and all other provinces relating to human life—might be greatly improved and extended. Let us assume, then, that this process of deduction, along with the newer method of induction, does not necessarily or logically cover the whole field that logic in general should occupy. Then we can look abroad and examine the operations of the human mind in the act of grasping new truths, to see whether in this act the behavior of the mind conforms to either the inductive or deductive type of reasoning.

If some account of a third type of real thinking should later be attained, logic would have to remain true to itself

as the science of reasoning, while many and deep relations would bind its three branches together. In order to suggest the relations between these branches, I offer this rather superficial distinction. Induction deals with observations and experiments. In contrast with Aristotle's logic of *thought*, induction is predominantly a logic of *action*. Thus the intellect and the will, as an intellectually governed physical activity, have come to expression in the taught science of thinking. The unformulated rest, which is needed to round out the science, we may call the logic of *feeling*, though we run a risk in so doing, for the term "feeling" to some suggests the illogical.

In support of the demand for a logic of feeling, it can be shown that the sciences, under the guidance of our school logic, have not severally developed with equal strides. Ethics, one of the oldest, is still one of the most backward. Geometry, on the other hand, strikingly like deductive logic in its structure, was developed about the same time as the Aristotelian logic, and by 300 B. C. had attained under Euclid a very perfect formulation. Wherever a science touches the domain of human feeling, as does ethics, its advance is slow, for the manifestations of feeling are somehow not susceptible to our customary kind of logical formulation. Materials for a *logic* of feeling are certainly abundant, but the method of Aristotle is not competent to arrange such subject matter into a science, just because the logic of feeling is not, like itself, exclusively a logic of thought. When we have carefully considered how deeply the Aristotelian method has set its impress upon our whole intellectual life, upon all science, and upon all investigators, it may grow evident that some other method is ardently to be desired.

My first aim is to show that the Aristotelian doctrine gives an artificial system, quite out of accord with modern psychological testimony concerning the actual working of the human mind. Its general assumption, inherent in it from

the first and its guiding principle among the Scholastics, finds embodiment in all forms of rationalism. It is that the intellect, pure and simple, acts *in vacuo* to perform its reasoning process; and deductive logic is the science of this improbable type of reasoning. This assumption was first transferred, not from psychology to logic, but from logic to psychology, where it came to clear expression in the logical division of mind into three faculties—the intellect, feeling, and will. Long ago this was discarded by psychologists, and it never was a correct distinction with reference to the facts of consciousness.

Aristotle's logical treatises may be taken as a sample of what an independent faculty of intellect was supposed to produce, and they read like the utterances of some disembodied, passionless intelligence talking to itself. In this monumental work of Greek genius extremes meet; it sets forth the Science of the Sciences, but at the same time is itself a great work of art. For as art always furnishes to the imagination some concrete image or form to dwell upon, so in reading the "Organon" one may easily feel the presence of a Sphinx-like intelligence, changeless as the East, but powerful in its control over the varied destinies of the West. It is astonishing how this psychological absurdity, the Pure Intellect, should ever have been mistaken for a reality. Deductive logic, created by Aristotle, as it were at a single stroke, and now virtually unchanged after twenty-three centuries, has created strange fantasies. It has been the source of a tremendous movement, without having had power to advance itself.

This archetype of Pure Intellect, unreal though it is, has had many replicas made of it. Men have reproduced it in their art and science and religion; it has moulded great minds to a peculiar cast of thought and has appeared in countless pedants as a little pose. Descartes tried to imitate its works in his system of philosophy; the French personified it in their Goddess of Reason; science, from Galileo to Darwin,

exhibited it as "Nature" who thinks mostly in geometrical formulas; Thomas Aquinas copied it in his conception of God. Imagine, then, a novice, not too brilliant, setting forth on the road to learning. Will he not see that the Western mind has adopted Aristotle's logic and wears it like a garment? He may observe that all the lore contained in his text-books is clothed in this logical dress. His masters express themselves in the same logical fashion. Epoch-making theories are clothed in the same raiment. All the schools of rationalistic thinkers hold its maxims to be the only safe guides to truth.

Little wonder, then, if our novice does that which all scholars, great and little, did in the thirteenth century. He will hasten to the writings of Aristotle to gain at first hand a thorough training in the wonderful method. There he will find the same Pure Intellect, self-sufficient, free from all passion, thinking in syllogisms. Under a spiritual firmament swept clean of every trailing wisp of emotion, its mind is stript of every irrelevant object, like a battleship cleared for action; its consciousness is focused to a cold white light, which illumines a parsimonious cluster of abstract concepts that change not but persist, like geometrical figures, in a continuous Now. Under the guidance of nothing less than sheer divination, these concepts range themselves into propositions, and these in turn marshal themselves as premises, whence emerge new combinations, the desired conclusions, always in the nick of time.

I protest that there exists nowhere any such cold-storage chamber of Intellect. Nevertheless, minds, great and small, have fallen under the universal dominance of this intellect-created fantasy. The error lies in supposing the greatest achievements of original thinking to have been accomplished in this singular manner. True, the best intellects follow Aristotle in making sharp distinctions between concepts, but this characteristic appears *after* the original truths have been acquired. When this illusion is dispelled, if our novice turns

his gaze to minds as they are, he may realize that his own normal mind cannot, when it is thinking its own way forward, reason according to these imposing standards. His mind, in reasoning for itself, never sets out empty-handed towards the unknown. When he strives to search deep for truth within himself there enters into his mind, first of all, some so-called *conclusion* which elicits from him straightway a response of more or less hesitant acceptance. Then, on the heels of this conclusion, born, so to speak, before its time, there enters a troop of judgments, technically his *premises*, though they come to him as after-thoughts. In truth, they are old friends, tried and accepted, each inspiring a feeling not always of absolute trust, but of some degree of trustworthiness. They proceed to bear down from all sides upon the newcomer and to test it. They are placed side by side with it, preferably one at a time, and the ego responds variously to the several comparisons. Each response is a feeling, and there is no limit to the number of comparisons, nor to the variety of the feelings, that may be called forth. The effect of all these tests is cumulative; gradually an end-feeling is developed, expressive of assent or dissent towards the now habilitated conclusion. This feeling will be fairly stable, and will exactly represent the amount of confidence he will henceforth repose in it.

The whole process of original thinking is identical with that which one strives to stimulate in another mind in an effort towards effective persuasion. We do not really argue with other persons if we are wise, rather we present for their contemplation the same matter from a number of different points of view, and rely on the cumulative effect. The opinions one holds are after all a kind of mental behavior; therefore, the natural process of reasoning is like the process that leads to a decision to act, differing merely in being a decision how henceforth to think. *The essential feature in original thinking is the element of feeling.* Always when we experience a state terminating in the acceptance of a new

logical conclusion, the most significant thing about it is the measure of its *value*, in other words, the feeling of belief, conviction, confidence, in the result attained.

In some such manner as this a new truth becomes self-supporting. It is not the advent of a truism, nor of any shop-worn coinage of other minds that we are now considering; but it is a typical dynamic act of *original* thinking. No doubt our description is too simple, and in details faulty; much labor will be needed to ascertain the facts—this is a problem for psychology. Note how, on the contrary, deductive logic strives only to guarantee consistency to our thinking; it treats of propositions that presumably have passed the test and have been accepted as true. The goals of the two methods—consistency *versus* verification—are different in nature and in time. Note also, that the other method, that of induction, proceeds from the ascertaining of facts, by observation and experiment, *immediately* to the establishment of laws, avoiding or neglecting that crucial operation in which the mind goes beyond the narrow confines of the Pure Intellect's prison, beyond also the established facts themselves, breaks all authorized logical standards, and treats its own constructions as a designer does when he forcibly fits and alters material things.

It is impossible to sympathize with the conception prevalent among logicians that feeling has nothing to do with any reasoning process, nor with truths thus inferred. The natural course whereby individuals and whole societies reach their firmest convictions, which they live by and sometimes die for, is made intelligible solely through feelings. This after all is the dynamic sort of reasoning that counts in the long run. Men must always look through a distorting medium constituted by the ideas indigenous to their particular time and place. In science the case is not otherwise. They live by practical maxims, often for long periods, before these maxims require formal justification. Then deductive logic is brought to bear on these beliefs already old, not to

supply reasoning but rather to supply reasons; and men are accustomed to use this instrument always in the direction of their inclinations. They have used it to justify the custom of slavery, the practice of predatory war, the divine sanction of polygamy, the wisdom of the majority;—all these notions have at times required logical justification and have received it, at other times they have required logical condemnation and have received that also. Surely, the deductive method has little to commend it as a guarantee or safeguard of truth.

In a wholly provisional spirit, I venture to state that the *logic of feeling would treat of the establishing of valid new concepts*. One seeming exception might lead some to hold that the Aristotelian method under certain conditions does really discover unknown truth. We find that geometrical concepts are peculiarly adapted to the logical formalism, because they can be so briefly and rigidly defined. When the geometer defines a point, a line, a surface, a triangle, he can reason deductively very far without exhausting the possibilities dormant in these definitions. But why is he so successful with his series of perfect demonstrations? Is it not owing to the fact that geometrical concepts and axioms are, as Poincaré believes, only disguised definitions? The geometer's achievements are made possible through his choice of concepts that do not conform to extra-mental realities. This permits him to start with absolute things free from all the limitations of actuality. Whereas no two leaves are exactly alike in nature, two triangles may be exactly alike in the mind. Spinoza and Locke through their admiration for geometry were led to the extremest of all projects, namely, to treat of the science of ethics, which certainly pertains to intensely human affairs, by the geometrical method and the use of changeless concepts. This would bring one to a species of truth such as we have in geometry, that stands aloof from reality, a species that is consistent only with other truths of the same hypothetical kind.

Such concepts as geometry is made of, do not touch the variable world of fact. Furthermore, they are fixed and rigid. On the contrary, when I surmise that the logic of feeling should treat of valid new concepts, one implication is that our mental outlook on the world, especially on the world of human actions, is continually changing. If any innovation that departs from current conceptions were reduced to its elements, it would probably be found to involve at least one new concept or a new amplification of an old one. Oftentimes the newness is due to a novel grouping of hitherto unassociated objects, events, or states under one heading or logical term. Instances are numerous, and often they bring one closer to the comprehension of minds that have lain outside of the current of Aristotelian influences. To take an example from "The Hibbert Journal" for January, 1912. Mr. W. H. R. Rivers there calls attention to the Melanesian word *mate*, usually given by dictionaries to mean "dead." But this conception really stands also for "a person who is seriously ill and likely to die, and also often for a person who is healthy, but so old that, one may suppose from the native point of view, if he is not dead, he ought to be." For a more exact equivalent of our word "dead" there is no term in the Melanesian language. We may agree with Lévy-Bruhl in considering this an evidence of a state of mentality that is "prelogical," but only, I should say, in the sense of its being pre-Aristotelian. The term *mate* indicates simply that the Melanesian mind, in reference to life and death, has made a cleavage quite different from our own by grouping a smaller assemblage of vital conditions together, placing over against these the general idea involved in *mate*. It thus seems probable that a type of science and a philosophy, both quite different from ours, could be slowly developed on the basis of this odd classification of the facts under consideration. Many writers have emphasized the reasonable assumption that it is only the mind that divides objects into classes, that there are no hard

and fast classifications in nature. The recent studies of Mr. Franz Boas have yielded much new discussion of this interesting phenomenon, but they concern logic less than the psychology of belief.

It has been suggested to the writer that this paper may be working towards a psychology of belief rather than towards a logic of feeling. He can only insist that the psychology of belief ought to become a natural science, dealing with a vast assemblage of sociological data from which the logic of feeling would gain much, and through which would undoubtedly lie the straight road to the logic of feeling. On the other hand, the logic of feeling should be itself a normative science, a part of the general normative science of logic. It would therefore treat of certain norms which human thought obeys when coursing through new channels; it would aim at universality in its laws; that is, it would seek to outline the process of original thinking in respect to the methods and principles in which all minds are alike. It would not assume that man is the measure of truth, but rather that truth or belief is the measure of the individual man, giving thus an ideal, every approximation to which would depend on the versatility and manifoldness of the intelligence of the individual who attempts to apply the method.

Our contention is that the specious act which logicians call reasoning, occurs after the reasoning proper has been accomplished. Successive stages in the progress of a people are often marked by two alternating occupations: a stage of hunting new truths, followed by an era of preserving or curing them. Such a stage of curing occurred in the history of philosophy when the geometrical method was applied by Descartes and Spinoza. These men were not creators of a philosophical epoch but rather system-builders, their materials being already at hand. We can compare their labors to that of the taxidermist who converts living animals into the stuffed specimens one sees in museums. Such was

their service in respect to ideas. The ideas which they preserved for future students were necessarily put in the changeless form of book-knowledge. Whenever men grow absorbed in books to the neglect of nature their theories of things are apt to grow rigid and more mechanical. Thus men's thoughts at one time find original expression through the promptings of feeling; at a later time these thoughts are reabsorbed by other men as knowledge systematized in books. The transitions are clearly seen as social movements. Men live first by feeling, later they live by reason; intuitionism in morals precedes rationalism; romanticism in science precedes positivism; mysticism in religion precedes dogmatism; just as through the entire sweep of organic evolution, instinct preceded and gave way to intellect. Henri Bergson in an admirable manner has portrayed the situation as presented by instinct and intellect, without, however, noting the intimate relation, perhaps the identity, of instinct with feeling.

We have now reached a point where traditional logic may be seen as a method for formulating truths already in existence. Its specific work is that of concept-defining. However, there is one group of notions which resist all attempts to conceptualize them: these are the human feelings. The only way in which our present logic can deal with them is by rather surreptitiously substituting corresponding ideas in their place. Thus, for example, in ethics theories have been built on the supposition that "men should desire happiness," but happiness, being a feeling, is represented as an idea. If any one thinks that the feeling of happiness is identical with the idea of happiness, often used in these theories, he need only ask himself whether he would prefer to be happy, or merely to possess the concept of happiness. The pitfalls in reasoning deductively about happiness, using it as an idea, are here, at least momentarily, perfectly evident.

We need a logic of another kind which would hold the key

to all explanations of the facts of history, custom, and individual behavior. It would derive its impetus from a psychology of feeling, but this is the least developed province in all mental science. Once gained, our logic of feeling would account for the phenomenon of belief by disclosing the process by which it is obtained. Logic would then not be confined to a formal distinction of false and true, but would recognize infinite shades of belief that lie between these extremes. This would allow us to take account of the fact that our convictions undergo current fluctuations in value. Possibly then we could move on that plane which Occidental and Oriental minds possess in common, and find the contrast of the ideas of the West and the fancies of the East removed. We should find our beliefs expressed in the traditional material that underlies the culture of our age and country, and see the traditional logic of Aristotle in its true significance as an exceedingly important episode in the history of our race.

A SPECULATION AS TO DISARMAMENT

By THEODORE S. WOOLSEY

TWO distinct movements are going on in the world, both favored sometimes by the same person, yet in spirit and in fact totally inconsistent with one another,—the one to promote war, the other to prevent war. The first of these movements is that increase of armament by land and particularly by sea which is limited only by the poverty of the military nations, by the burden of taxation already existing, and the strain upon credit. The second is a desire and an effort, the world over, to discover and make effective, by mediation or arbitration or judicial procedure of some kind, a substitute for war in settling international disputes.

I call the first of these movements inconsistent with the second in spite of the doctrine often advanced that a powerful army or navy is a means of keeping the peace. For this is true only when the forces of two states are so evenly balanced as to lead each to hesitate to take the offensive. On the other hand, in case of a disparity of power, real or fancied, the possession of power is a temptation to the stronger. And generally speaking, it would seem an axiom that nations without armaments are less likely to wage war than those fully equipped, just as two men without guns are less likely to shoot one another than the same men armed.

The fallacy of the armament for peace idea lies in picturing one nation defenseless as against its neighbor armed, whereas the real contrast is of universal armament with universal disarmament. And in point of fact increase of military and naval power has not prevented war, either in the case of big powers and little ones—Great Britain and the South African republics, for instance, when the forces under

arms were as ten to one—or in the substantial equality of armament which the Russo-Japanese conflict exhibited.

Although it is well-trodden ground, let us recall here the cumulative costliness of militarism. The items of expense are of two sorts, cost of material and waste of mis-employed labor. No ship, no weapon, has a longer life than a decade or two. All go to the scrap heap, probably unused in actual warfare. And with the advance in the arts adaptable to warfare—electricity, aviation, explosives, transportation, machinery—each replacement is at enhanced cost. The battleship of to-day is twice as expensive as the battleship of our Spanish War. Our military rifles of that date have been entirely superseded. Gun and spade on land, projectile and armor at sea, are pitting the offensive against the defensive in a contest which never ends, which never *can* end so long as human ingenuity endures. And the men in training to use this equipment, so far as they exceed the police requirements of a state, are a source of waste because engaged in unproductive labor.

Now if the cost of armament is borne by taxes, such taxes are a burden upon the state in its competition with non-military states. If, on the other hand, it is borrowed wholly or in part, as is always the case in actual war, interest and amortization are but present proof of a future reckoning. Here is a table of the approximate military and naval budgets of certain leading powers for the years 1890 and 1910 contrasted:

		1890		1910
Germany	{ Army	\$155,000,000	{ Army	\$208,000,000
	{ Navy	22,000,000	{ Navy	110,000,000
Russia	{ Army	\$116,000,000	{ Army	\$240,000,000
	{ Navy	19,500,000	{ Navy	45,000,000
France	{ Army	\$140,000,000	{ Army	\$165,000,000
	{ Navy	40,000,000	{ Navy	68,000,000
Great Britain	{ Army	\$ 86,000,000	{ Army	\$187,000,000
	{ Navy	68,000,000	{ Navy	175,000,000
Japan	{ Army	\$ 6,000,000	{ Army	\$ 55,000,000
	{ Navy	8,000,000	{ Navy	19,000,000

This is all a commonplace. Every one knows it. The first Hague Conference in 1899 was called primarily to bring about proportional disarmament, or if not that at least to prevent increase of armament, on this precise ground, the crushing weight of the military burden. It was a futile attempt. The contrary movement advances with ever accelerating speed. Few indeed are the sources of income which the budget makers have left untried!

This is the movement to promote war.

And there is the other movement, to prevent war; this, too, is gathering force. Dozens of societies in various countries, some now near a century old, have preached the virtue and value of peace. The special arbitration of the nineteenth century, under which a definite question in dispute was submitted to a board as the result of explicit diplomatic agreement, has largely given place to the demand for a general automatic arbitral or judicial system. I use both words, arbitral and judicial, although in my judgment there is no fundamental distinction between them such as men seek to make. Real arbitration is judicial; for the arbitration which results in mere compromise and no specific decision is no arbitration. We ourselves held this view in the North-eastern Boundary Arbitration of 1831.

This demand, though not yet satisfied, has brought about:—

1. The Hague Arbitration Convention, which is simply arbitral machinery with no obligation on anyone's part to use it.
2. Some two hundred treaties binding their principals to submit to arbitration all questions of a judicial nature or relative to the interpretation of state contracts, with certain exceptions.
3. A few treaties of automatic arbitration of all questions in dispute between the parties.
4. An attempt, not yet successful, to create an international court, judicial in its make-up, to try prize cases on appeal and also other international causes.

A review of these results, adhering to facts and not to aspirations and sentiment, will show somewhat as follows. First, a decided popular growth in the feeling that some judicial substitute for war can be and should be adopted. Next, a few thorough-going agreements of this nature intended to cover all questions in dispute between states so related by race or by interest that war between them is unthinkable. These agreements reflect conditions believed to be permanent. Furthermore, a large number of treaties submitting to arbitration disputes so trivial, that war over them should be out of the question. Nearly all the two hundred treaties mentioned above in class 2, are of this nature. Such treaties merely substitute an arbitral settlement for a diplomatic one, which is a doubtful gain, for what we are seeking is an alternative for war, not an alternative for diplomacy. Still further, a considerable addition to the machinery of arbitration with perhaps a presumption that it rather than force will be used. And finally, some provision for allowing national passion to cool off, as through the commission of inquiry set up at the first Hague Conference.

These are the two movements as they exist to-day. Balancing one against the other, what shall be our judgment? Within seventeen years we have seen six wars and at least two military revolutions, excluding South and Central America. We are watching a balancing of alliances upon the European continent which may or may not lead to an Armageddon. We are conscious of a movement to promote war at least as strong as the movement to promote peace.

Are we not forced to, and justified in, the conclusion that armed nations will continue to fight, the arbitration sentiment on the contrary notwithstanding; in other words, that disarmament must precede arbitration, in order to bring about universal peace. Given disarmament, national differences *must* be settled peaceably if at all, because there is no other way. I have already recalled the fact that the First Hague Conference was expressly called to promote disarmament and yet that disarmament was not even con-

sidered, so averse to it were the delegates. It may be objected therefore to what I am urging, that if disarmament is the only way out we have reached an *impasse*; that it is a counsel of despair. Here is reached the real object of this paper. Let us consider social and economic forces, as well as forces political and military.

The most striking feature of our time is the growing democratization of political societies. The less civilized states, China, Persia, Turkey, have felt this movement. So too have Russia, Spain, and Portugal; while in Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and France, the centre of political power tends to sink lower and lower in the ranks of society as the suffrage broadens. There may come a backward swing of the pendulum, but for the time the Junker element everywhere is being pressed to the wall.

Now when the laboring class wrests political control from the aristocratic and the commercial classes, class legislation results. In a dozen ways, all of which cost money, the voter without capital tries to better his condition by law. That the laboring element is not getting its fair share of the profits of its labor is part of the radical programme in England to-day. Hence have come state benefits, old age pensions, sick relief, relief for the unemployed, accident insurance, with now a heightened taxation to pay the costs. Nor can this movement stand still. Parties will inevitably bid against one another for votes by promising larger pensions, at an earlier age, or more relief. Here then we see a double attack upon the income of the state, from the militarism which demands equipment and enlargement, and from the laboring classes which want state benefits.

Let us now imagine that a time comes in the life of a state, as it very well may, when this double attack upon its resources cannot be met. The burden upon a people's capacity for subsistence has become too grievous to be borne. That people is forced to choose between what it wants for its own comfort and well-being, and what is demanded for

the army and navy. There is not money enough for both. All the arguments of patriotism, of pride, of fear, will be set forth no doubt in behalf of militarism; but given the alternative premised, the common people will choose its own benefit and throw militarism overboard, because it is human nature to do so. We may reach the point where such a dilemma, followed by such a choice, takes place or is imminent in several of the military powers. We know that class distinctions are more and more cutting across racial or national distinctions. Thus the German or Italian gentry are more likely to marry an English lady than one of their own working-women. So is the labor element of Germany more in sympathy with striking British colliers than with their own Junkers. And hence it is not inconceivable that the same dominant workingmen faced in several countries by the same problem, should resolve to solve it in the same way, and begin in unison, perhaps proportionately, to curtail military expenditure. The process once begun, a gradual reduction to such force as is needed for the sake of the public order would not be difficult.

That the Socialist programme in various states, if it dominated labor, would be, in the long run, as dangerous to the progress of those states as militarism, may very well be. We are not concerned to argue such a question. Nor need we advocate pensions and Dreadnoughts in order to hasten on the economic crisis. We are simply trying to discover whither present conditions are leading. That they lead to disarmament and international peace through the operation of human self-interest and human nature seems to me entirely possible. That they may lead to social conflict, a war of classes rather than of races or of states, is also possible. This little paper is a speculation and not a prophecy.

AN ATHENIAN CRITIC OF LIFE

By THOMAS D. GOODELL

IT is often said that Sophokles is the most distinctly Greek of the tragic trio, and that appreciation of him is a measure of one's understanding of the Greek spirit. It is also said that historically his influence has been as nothing beside that of Euripides, who was the favorite of the Hellenistic age, and seems now to be having a renewal of popularity, so far as anything Greek can be called popular. One might indeed ask for definitions before assenting to either saying. Yet both may be true; they appear to supplement and support each other. If both are true, then perhaps the world still has more to learn from Sophokles than from the others. It is significant that "Œdipus the King," as acted for many years past by Mounet-Sully, never fails to draw full houses, and that the Sophoklean "Elektra" has had a similar success in the modern capital of dramatic art. If in his perfection of literary form Sophokles is the most Athenian of Athenians, and for that reason may fail to captivate readers of alien race, by his dramatic power, when adequately presented, he never fails to captivate an audience. In moral temper and in broad sympathy with human life, he rather than Euripides is the most modern of the ancients. His attitude towards life is my immediate theme.

Too little weight, I think, has been given to the poet's age. The earliest tragedy we have from his hand was written when he was well past fifty; his latest, the "Œdipus at Kolonos," is from his ninetieth year, or near it. From the first twenty-five years of his career as playwright, from the first and second periods of his development, only fragments remain. Think how many dramatists of later date

ended their work before reaching the age at which Sophokles, for us, began. Shakespeare, for example,—and Marlowe, and Beaumont and Fletcher; Lessing, too, and Schiller, and Molière. With Sophokles, before we really begin to know him, the age of passion is over; the period of imitation and the period of tentative experiment are past—though it is true he continued to experiment to the end. But all that preceded the full ripening of his genius, has been swept away. Maturity, the mellowness of sure mastery, is in the atmosphere of every play of the seven we know. The newly recovered third or more of a satyr play is earlier, but that is not a tragedy and does not affect our present question, highly interesting as the new fragments are. He had shared as a boy the terrors of the Persian invasion, the joy and triumph of their defeat. He had seen the old Acropolis in ruins, had seen the Parthenon rise on the new, had seen the painting and sculpture of the thirty-five years that followed Salamis make a new era in art. The Delian Confederacy, the first serious attempt—unsuccessful, but pregnant with future politics that were to be successful on every continent—the first nearly successful attempt of many at a free union of Greeks, had risen before his eyes and hardened into an Athenian empire. All the surging life of triumphant democracy in Athens, where life was then fuller than anywhere on earth before, had been his daily spectacle, his eager study, during more years than were granted to any of the other dramatists I have named. Not only mastery of the technic of his art, in verse, music, expressive dance, dramatic construction, but knowledge of his endlessly varied subject, men and women in the crises of life, were at their height when we begin to know him.

Nor had he observed life from some poet's corner, some back eddy of the great stream. Like any normal Athenian he had been in the full current and felt the sweep of it. Men of affairs, including Perikles, were his intimate friends; he had been treasurer of the empire; he was a colleague of

Perikles on the Board of Generals in an important year, elected thereto by his fellow citizens. That implies a popular belief that he would not be out of place there. We need not suppose that he contributed much towards shaping events, though his genial courtesy may have had some diplomatic value. The important point is that he did not withdraw, because a poet, from active participation in public affairs to contemplate them from without. In this he followed his master Aischylos, in contrast with Euripides—with Tennyson, too, and most modern poets. Even as poet an Athenian playwright made his plays for the great popular festivals, to please and be judged by the whole assembled throng, who placed Sophokles often first and never third among the contestants of the year. Again, he was not, like Shakespeare, playwright and theatre-manager as a matter of business, setting his great endowment to win him bread and a competence. I would not say a word against Shakespeare for accepting the necessity of his situation. I would merely recall to mind the significance of facts that are well known. The Attic theatre was not a daily business, purveying amusement for cash honestly earned, but an occasional function of the national religion. The dramatist honored the god and served the state by contributing to the annual festival, in competition with fellow poets, a set of four plays, which a wealthy citizen and a group of amateurs united to produce magnificently. It was all a religious and patriotic service. The successful poet won fame and enjoyed his victory, but got no other personal reward. His prize was at once dedicated as a thank-offering to the god. Play-writing could not be a profession or business. For Sophokles it was merely one side of a richly endowed nature, the natural outflow of broad and active living in a stirring time, such a life as a patriotic gentleman was expected to live. And at the time our plays were written, age and the affectionate esteem of a nation had brought calm, with no diminution of force.

Taken together, these facts, most unusual in their combination, throw light on his manner of viewing life, and make his presentation of it the more significant.

Some years ago a scholar of repute inferred that suicide must have been very common in Athens, especially among women. Do not four women and two men stab or hang themselves in four of the seven Sophoklean plays? Why not go farther and infer that the Athenians must have been altogether a mournful folk? The whole tragic world is far from cheerful; death is much to the fore, there's a deal of wailing and beating the breast. But then, there is Aristophanes too. What shall we infer from comedy? In this crude form the fallacy of such reasoning is glaring enough; we all know that we must proceed cautiously in gathering from a particular class of compositions a judgment on contemporary life or even on the attitude of an author. Yet the famous passage of Fromentin, comparing the vastly different pictures that one scene contains for the several classes of painters, is quite as applicable to playwrights. The same world, one society, presents to comic and tragic poets alike the material which they re-present as two social worlds radically different. Within each class, too, the selective vision of each observer is subtly dependent on his individual nature, and reveals it, if we seek it with due intelligence.

Suppose we follow a little farther this question of suicide. We will keep to our complete plays, because in such a matter the full setting is necessary for a fair judgment, and the fragments leave us really so ignorant of the wholes from which they are broken. It is noteworthy that Aischylos has no instance of suicide; Euripides only two, of which but one, that of Phaidra, is made at all prominent. Evidently the difference between the dramatists is not due to changes in Athenian life. It is connected somehow either with the point of view or with the artistic aim of the respective poets. And lest I seem unfair to Euripides, recall that scene in his

"Herakles" where Theseus wins the despairing hero from his suicidal intent. Nowhere is the appeal to reason and honor, supported by the unshakable loyalty of a friend, directed to that end with more moving simplicity. Going a little farther in the same direction, we note that Euripides portrays five examples of self-immolation, of voluntary acceptance of death for others, four of women (Alkestis, Makaria, Polyxena, Iphigeneia) and one of a youth, Menoikeus, the son of Kreon. For some reason Aischylos and Sophokles were not sufficiently attracted by a tale of that nature. On the other hand, recall the deeds of fierce personal vengeance that Euripides loved to portray—that of Hekabe, of Medea, of Aphrodite through her victims and instruments in the "Hippolytos," of Herakles upon Lykos, of Dionysos upon his opponents in the "Bacchants." The nearest Aischylos comes to any of these is in the deed of Orestes in killing his mother and her paramour. But that is very different—the rightful heir of the kingdom inflicting by divine command on the usurpers, who are also the adulterous murderers of his royal father, that just punishment which no human court could at any age of the world execute on sovereign rulers. Aias planned such a deed but was divinely prevented from effecting it. We shall speak of him later. In the "Seven against Thebes," Polyneikes and his brother are made to kill each other in mutual hate; but there a larger question is involved, and Aischylos does not make them deliberately plan it so. Klytaimestra's murder of Agamemnon and Kasandra may be considered to approximate the Euripidean scenes; but it rests on broader motives and is far more complex, so that the total effect is not the same.

Five cases in Sophokles are notable for the avoidance of such a scene. Haimon in the "Antigone" attempts, in a sudden burst of anger, to kill his father, but is foiled, repents, and kills himself instead. This is one of the suicides. Oedipus curses Polyneikes, who in spite of his sister's explicit warning proceeds to execute the curse by his own act;

Herakles would gladly rend the wife who in ignorance has brought him to a death of agony, but she has slain herself; Philoktetes proposes to shoot Odysseus, but is prevented; Ædipus threatens to put Kreon to death, but yields to the entreaty of the chorus. On the other hand, how much forgiveness the characters of Sophokles exhibit. I cannot guess what the late Lewis Campbell meant, when he spoke of "an element of unrelieved vindictiveness, not merely inherent in the fables, but inseparable from the poet's handling of some themes." Ædipus, at last fully acknowledging that his suspicion of Kreon was unfounded, recognizes fully the generosity of the man he has wronged. The sharp words in which Antigone clashed with her weaker but womanly sister do not break the tie of sisterly affection; each forgives and continues to love the other. Aias, though he had tried to murder Odysseus, was to find in his rival and intended victim a generous champion, who secured for him the honor that others would withhold. And Deianeira, though she unintentionally compassed her unfaithful husband's death, refrains from every word of blame for him, or for her innocent rival. She has long ago learned to forgive the hero for the defects of his qualities. He is her hero still; death by her own hand is her only way of attesting adequately her repentance.

These rapid summaries do not penetrate very deeply, but they suggest some of the ways in which Sophokles viewed life, in his mature years, at a different angle as compared with his two compeers. All three propose to retell in a play, to please and edify the people at the god's festival, a famous and striking story. Gods or heroes and heroic men and women are the characters; often the tale recounts the origin of a local institution or rite. Aischylos would thereby point a religious doctrine, exalt the power and righteousness of God, warn of the judgment of sin. Euripides, while bringing the old stories nearer to daily life, held his audience by a series of effective scenes, a succession of dramatic contrasts;

and he loved to stir them with searching queries that would dissolve, if followed far, the very foundations of the religion in whose service the play was given. But Sophokles aims rather to hold and charm by making the old tale live as a dramatic whole, showing what manner of men and women they were of whom the tale was probable—what were the human characters, of heroic mould, who could not, being what they were and placed as they were, do otherwise than act and suffer even so. Therein for him, and for us in his plays, is the tragedy. We too, so circumstanced, might so act and meet a like fate. He is master of just that which Freytag points out as preëminently the stuff of drama—the motives of action and the effects of action upon the soul. His plays are thus preëminently, in Matthew Arnold's well-coined phrase, a criticism of life.

Can we define more precisely some of his judgments of life? Yes, if we do not forget certain precautions.

Elsewhere I have emphasized the variety of form under the general type of Attic tragedy. Great as that variety is, here we must emphasize the unity of general type underneath, in tragedy as in every great art. No doubt the ritual of Dionysos had much to do with fixing the type, and the tomb-ritual something. Sophokles received the type from his predecessors, and was free to express himself within its limits. For an accepted type means freedom for the artist, not constraint. He could modify the type, and did so, but only within limits. The serious side of life, its errors and catastrophes, could alone be presented in tragedy, although Aischylos and Sophokles both could anticipate the Elizabethans by introducing a touch of the comic to heighten the tragedy by contrast. Nor need the play end in death; from Aischylos down, there may be a happy issue—reconciliation, rescue from peril, peace after suffering. But sorrow of many kinds, imminent danger of death, lamentation in traditional forms,—these and their like must make the substance of the play, on a subject falling usually within a range of

well-known myths, and involving great human interests. These features are therefore not Sophoklean or Euripidean, but simply tragic. Also there is a store of sentiments, *γνώμαι*, responses, connected with such themes, even commonplaces that are not quite worn out, which do not by their substance characterize any individual poet. At most some personal turn of phrase may give them individuality. When, for example, the old men of Kolonos dwell on the miseries of age, and we remember that the poet was a nonagenarian, we have to remember as well that he was simply, with delicate tact, fitting a theme as old as Homer, reworked by the Theognidean elegist, by Herodotos, by Bacchylides, and probably by many others, to a dramatic situation,—fitting it there so deftly and with such poetic beauty that it is new again. But of the personal thought of Sophokles about old age this gives no hint, much less of his thought of his own old age. Again, when Euripides turns the old myth, presents it from the human side, and cunningly raises those far-reaching questions about Olympian gods that men were in fact then raising, that is Euripidean. But to utter in exquisite verse the old orthodoxy is not especially Sophoklean, except in a negative way. For dramatic purposes, that is, he did not care to introduce the problems that his younger friend used with such telling dramatic effect. We may infer from the quality of the religious sentiment which he makes his characters utter that Sophokles neither took his orthodoxy with Aischylean earnestness nor was so deeply interested as Euripides in sifting tradition by the application of reason. His interest, at least as dramatist, probably also as man, lay elsewhere—in the permanent elements of the life and emotion of his kind. He did not care to attack orthodoxy nor to preach it, but to understand and portray the heart of man.

And of course we must not without warrant attribute to any dramatist in his own person what his characters say. Where, then, in his plays shall we find the poet's own mind?

First of all, in the play as a whole. I mean in the special turn that he gives to the tale, in the treatment that develops the myth into a plot. An illustration or two will presently make this clearer. Secondly, in the type of character which he treats with more intimate understanding and sympathy. You may say the test here is wholly subjective. Perhaps so. But in the study of works of art we shall never be able to depend much on tests that are quite impersonal. Only they are competent to judge an art—music, painting, literature, or whatever—who know it through enjoyment that is at once keen and discriminating; and they rightly put more confidence in the trained judgment of themselves and their compeers, when these are many, than in the impersonal mechanical test or in the critic who has no feeling in the matter. Without accepting Tolstoy's entire theory of art, we may agree that emotion transmitted to many others through a work is the only indication that the maker of the work felt a corresponding glow. So I repeat, if certain characters are eminently alive and attractive, we may conclude that their creator took special pleasure in them, that in an eminent degree they embody him, phases of his thought, of his moral attitude. Finally, in some of the choral lyrics. The old doctrine that the chorus represents the "ideal spectator" has a pretty sound, but little meaning. That "ideal spectator" eludes us; I do not know who he is. No Sophoklean chorus has a leading part, as the Aischylean "Suppliants" or "Eumenides" have. But a Sophoklean chorus is always inside the action, not a by-stander. It is always a well-characterized group, differentiated from other like groups. The women of Trachis and the young matrons who come to sympathize with Elektra are perhaps most alike. But the sailors of Neoptolemos are not the sailors of Aias; the privy council of Œdipus, the old men of Kolonos, and the old men who reluctantly support Kreon in the "Antigone" have distinct personalities. On the other hand, because their part in the action is minor, and because they do, in pauses of

the action, in what I have called a musical curtain-fall, sing their emotions and reflections upon the preceding episode, they come nearer than anyone else, and they sometimes come very near, to being the direct mouthpiece of the poet. Especially so those bands of elderly men, of approximately the poet's own age, when their lyrics chant not so much of immediate incidents, but rather of deep-flowing currents which those incidents bring to the surface.

We may take one of his latest plays, the "Philoktetes," to illustrate how Sophokles builds his play on character. The keen sense of honor in Neoptolemos, his revolt at practising deceit on one who trusted him, is the heart of the plot. There is no finer figure, boldly and delicately drawn, of a frank, high-minded youth. And Sophokles was eighty-five when he drew it. In the brief hour of the test Neoptolemos grows from an ambitious boy, burning to emulate Achilles, his great father, to a mature man, ready to sacrifice all hope of fame to retrieve his honor. If he can retrace his false step and make reparation, he will quietly return to his island obscurity. In the crisis of hesitation he exclaims—

*ἅπαντα δυσχέρεια τὴν αὐτοῦ φύσιν
ὅταν λιπὼν τις δρᾷ τὰ μὴ προσεικότα.*

All is unhappiness when one has left
His proper self to do things alien to him.

Has Browning proclaimed more distinctly the doctrine of individuality, which people fancy is modern, or at least not antique? Since he makes the whole play grow out of it, and makes the embodiment of it so winning, Sophokles plainly expressed here his own sentiment. And then, still more to enhance the character, his foil, Odysseus, is no vulgar cheat, no selfish politician. He is a man of the world, it is true, accustomed to indirection and skilled therein; yet he is an unselfish patriot, admired, and not unworthy of admiration—a successful leader of men. Dramatic suspense is almost wholly due to the interplay of these two characters, and of

one and the other of them with Philoktetes, himself a frank, trusting man, embittered by wrong. His nature, his confidence in the son of his old companion Achilles, is what most appeals to the straightforward youth. And character, as Sophokles drew it, is the product and summation of life, as well as its foreshadowing. That Neoptolemos is so modern simply means that he is fundamentally true. The aged Sophokles drew him so well because he knew, understood, and loved such young men—as did Sokrates and Plato, and as we do, though the understanding of them is apt to grow dim before we reach fourscore.

For other glimpses of the poet's mind take the "Œdipus." The story, before one knows his version, is unpleasant enough. Laios is warned to have no child, since if he has one the child will kill his father and marry his mother. The child is born, and fulfills the prediction. How can a beautiful as well as a moving play be made of that? One might have expected such a result as befell Shelley in "The Cenci"—a play too unpleasant to be saved by any merits. The first difference, it is true, is inherent. In Shelley's play the root of the tragedy is the unredeemed villainy of the incestuous father, which makes him revolting and makes the fate of his victims not tragic, but painful; while Œdipus, even in the older versions, was no villain, but a victim of fate. But the significant point for us is that in the Sophoklean play Œdipus is a kingly man, whom we admire from beginning to end, yet fulfills the prediction, and yet is not properly a victim of fate. The special horrors, the killing and the marriage, were not willed. They are the unintended consequences of acts which in themselves, after the exposure of the dangerous babe, were all free from guilt, and with one exception rather praiseworthy. In constructing a plot, as was said, Sophokles first inquires, Just what were those men and women who, acting freely, did and suffered those things? The main incidents are given; the characters are his creation, his divination. The vital problem that here

interests the poet is, How did so kingly a man, determined to sacrifice all in his own career and fortune to avoid the pollution of which he was warned, run directly into it? A slight deviation from perfection at the critical moment is the answer—an answer of universal application—a tragic answer. None could more persuasively urge towards humility and charity. The tragic theme is the struggle of *Œdipus* to escape from the deadly net which an irrevocable past has woven about him. The action of others, all friendly, unless you except his father and mother, spread the warp of this net. The herdsman saved the infant instead of leaving him to die; the Corinthian shepherd carried him to devoted and royal foster-parents; they in turn cherished him as their own. The woof was furnished by his own action, all voluntary, mostly well-intended, largely directed towards avoiding his doom. An act of too vigorous self-defense was his only error. There is 'terror in the perception that we, too, may by our own act bring on ourselves and others an avalanche of woe. Our compassion for humanity is enlarged—which is the end the poet sought.

What is the conception of fate that Sophokles here reveals? It is very simple, surprisingly modern. "Deep in the man," the tragedy says, as plainly as Emerson's line, "deep in the man sits fast his fate." Or as the quatrain of E. R. Sill puts it, with an echo of old theological discussion audible under his classical phraseology:—

In spite of all necessity
The *Parcae*'s web of good and ill
They weave with human shuttle still,
And fate is fate through man's free will.

Sophokles does not represent fate as a predestined course of events arbitrarily determined, enforced by superhuman power from without. The oracle foretells; it does not pre-determine. The action of others could not alone have snared *Œdipus*. The fatal circumstance is a flaw, none the less fatal

because slight, in his own character, so high and noble as a whole. The Corinthian prince, when attacked by the elderly stranger, had just renounced home and a throne that he might not slay his father, and was striding, a lonely exile, in the opposite direction from home. He was in no mood for trifling, and was accustomed to deference. First an attendant and then Laios himself tried to thrust him out of the way with unseemly violence. The blow Œdipus struck in self-defense turned out unexpectedly to be mortal. His assailants all disposed of, he had no mind for delay to ascertain who the miscreants were. So the rest followed. Had he been a man of exceptional self-control; had he under provocation so severe been able to say, "This insolent man is gray-haired; let him have the road," fate would have been defeated. Only, by the hypothesis the god foreknew that Œdipus would not do that. He was the true son of his father. No other interpretation than this of the element of "fate" in this play can stand, though editors have generally failed to see it.

In none of our extant plays is anything inconsistent with this reading of the poet's conception. Subordinate characters, or a chorus, holding popular notions, may exclaim upon fate, or declare that it was fate or an ancient curse that destroyed someone. But the course of action never justifies such a view. In the "Women of Trachis" it was no mysterious power that effected the fulfillment of obscure prophecies of the death of Herakles. A devoted wife, deceived by his enemy, hoping simply to win him back by a love-charm applied to a gift, in wifely affection and human ignorance destroyed him according to prediction. And Herakles himself it was, by yielding to a weakness and being unfaithful to his wife, that brought it all on. Again, the aged Œdipus curses Polyneikes, invoking upon him a shameful death. But his sister points out to him how the curse can be nullified. And when he replies that he cannot, as she begs him to do, thus publicly retrace his path,

renouncing his ambition and even his legal right, which have by his past action become interwoven with present duties to his followers, Antigone points out that he will thus be bringing on himself the fulfillment of the curse. Which he proceeds to do—"even as you and I," in matters large and small. An approach to such a conception of fate appears in Aischylos; Euripides has no hint of it; in Sophokles alone it is clear.

The plot of the "Aias" is also one of character, and involves an interesting group of judgments on ethical and theological questions. After the death of Achilles the wonderful armor made for him by Hephaistos was offered as a prize for him who had done most for the Greek cause, and was given to Odysseus instead of Aias. The latter brooded over the blow to his pride until he could bear it no longer. He resolved on vengeance, and went out alone at midnight to kill Agamemnon, Odysseus, and the other leading chiefs. He would have succeeded, Athena is made to say, had not she intervened. At the critical moment she drove him mad and turned him against some captured sheep instead, which he killed with their keepers, imagining they were the hated chiefs. At this point the play opens. When he comes to himself, overwhelmed by his disgrace, he resolves upon the only issue possible for him, and falls upon his sword. This brief version does not suggest a great play. It is the tragedy of one so convinced of his own greatness that he can brook no other estimate than his own. Yet Aias is in fact, as his rival himself declares in the last scene, the one best man of the Greeks after Achilles. He is also one of the special heroes of Athens. The whole man is revealed, with no softening of his gross fault, yet Sophokles makes him worthy of his fame.

Years before, his father had warned him: "My son, desire to be victorious ever, but ever with God's help." To which he replied: "With gods to help, a weakling would be strong; I will clutch fame without them." And once in battle he

bade Athena take her stand with others; never where he stood should the line be broken. These haughty words offended Greek feeling much as they do ours. In terms of Biblical theology such pride is a flagrant sin, which God punishes. Mythologically stated, Athena was offended and took vengeance on him. But in our play what does Athena do? Aias was sane when he planned the murder, and he never repents, but only regrets his failure. Athena's intervention, driving him mad, saved the chiefs and saved him from the crime he planned, letting him kill sheep and mere captive slaves instead, which in the setting hardly counts as crime. Her vengeance consisted in substituting personal humiliation, appropriate to his pride, for the guilt of a murder that would have been a public calamity. Her mockery of him in the opening scene is part of his humiliation. It is no personal trait on her part, as her talk with Odysseus makes plain. She is not vindictive; the goddess of wisdom fits the chastisement to the sin. Her act is one of benevolence to him and of beneficent protection to the common weal. This conception of divine action, in outward form wholly within the lines of Greek orthodoxy, is in spirit far more subtle and philosophical than anything of the sort in Aischylos. Our fathers understood better the manner of the Old Testament prophet; we appreciate better than they the more penetrating thought.

For in the Sophoklean version there is nothing inconsistent with a modern physician's explanation. Such a temper, however great one's merit, is peculiarly prone to the mental disorder known as paranoia. Aias, we should say, lost the sense of relative values; everything was distorted by his exaggerated estimate of himself. The crime of murder finally came to seem the right way to redress the wrong he had suffered. The excitement so natural in executing a plan like his was likely to upset his mental balance completely and balk his purpose—fortunately, and laughably if it were not so serious. That excitement past, he again

became sufficiently normal to realize his disgrace, though not sufficiently to realize his criminal folly, and to repent. He was paranoiac still, fancying that gods and men were his enemies, but fully responsible, as when he planned the crime. In short, with clear understanding of that type of character and its dangers, the poet fuses, in the orthodox language of his people and time, a rational psychological explanation of the human experience and a profoundly religious conception of divine agency. And this fusion is made highly dramatic, deeply moving. If Aias can survive this one day, the seer Kalchas declares, Athena's wrath will no longer pursue him. The audience know that Athena's attitude has not been one of wrath, but of pity. Sophokles is putting in theological phrase the fact that a day's reflection may turn the hero's humiliation to humility—may initiate the recovery of moral and mental balance.

But for Aias this is impossible. And while Sophokles in no way justifies suicide, he does not overlook the facts of life. Aias knows that he deserves and is likely to receive the penalty of death. By inflicting it on himself he does away with the need along with the opportunity for other punishment—except the refusal of burial, which was terrible enough to the ancient mind. His removal, by his own act, from farther contact with those he had offended leaves them free to recall his great past, his real worth. Compared with that, his faults, even his criminal attempt, fall into the background. Men can honor him again, and forever. This is true to nature in every age. The contest over his burial is the logical settlement of that point. Not only as a picture of life, but as a play, the piece would be a torso without it. And the man who effects this conclusion is his rival, Odysseus. At the end, after a sufficient interval of reflection to make his words the more significant, he urges on the other chiefs the just as well as generous view which he took in the opening scene with Athena. Wisely here he confines himself to the point in hand, that Aias shall not be dishonored,

that hostility must end with death. "He was mine enemy, but noble." "His worth outweighs by far his enmity." But in the first scene, alone with the goddess, he puts it more broadly:—

I pity him, unhappy soul, despite
His hatred, bound as he is in woe, herein
Looking not more to his case than my own,
Because I see that all of us who live
Are naught but shadows.

It is that sense of common humanity, the solidarity of mankind, their equality of need, which we are told the Greeks did not feel. How could it be more clearly expressed? This indeed is a note that Aischylos touched long before, when he made Prometheus appeal for sympathy with the words, "Affliction in her wandering course alights now here, now there, on all alike." But, one may reply, that sentiment was not extended by the Greeks to other races than their own, as it is with us. Is it? What is to-day the real attitude of the majority among the so-called white races towards those of a darker skin or of differing faith? We must distinguish, on both sides, between the ideal of the few and the practice of the many. I do not see how any mere words could be more inclusive than those of Odysseus, "all we that live."

Another striking recognition of the essential equality of men underneath all differences runs through the "Elektra." The old attendant who helped Elektra save Orestes at the time of his father's murder has an important part in the plan of vengeance. When the recognition scene between Elektra and her brother is causing dangerous delay, and the old man comes out and scolds them roundly for it, Orestes makes him known. And Elektra, greeting him with deep affection, exclaims, "My father! 'tis my father I seem to look upon." He is a slave; she is a princess; her father was Agamemnon. From beginning to end no one, even by a form of address, hints at any other attitude towards the faith-

ful servitor. He is simply their devoted friend, the saviour of their house. If you run through the short list of slaves in the other plays, you find surprisingly little allusion to the legal status. The herdsman of *Laos* was a trusted retainer, who cringes at the end only because he is aware of his unhappy and unwilling part in the ruin of the house he had served. *Deianeira's* nurse offers good advice, which is accepted with due gratitude. *Teknessa* is a captive and slave; but she is a princess, and is recognized by all as the true wife of *Aias*. She bears herself after the discovery of his corpse with a quiet dignity worthy of her rank. I will not make the comparison with corresponding scenes in *Euripides*. It would call attention to false notes that *Sophokles* never sounds. The latter is both more democratic and more simply the gentleman.

Of the passages where we may see the poet himself in the song of a chorus of elderly men I will only mention two. The first is the famous stasimon of the "*Antigone*"—a poetic review of the rise of man, in subduing to his use the stormy sea-winds, the soil of mother earth, the strength of cattle and the horse, the fishes and birds and beasts, in devising shelter and developing speech and civil order and all the wealth of wind-like thought—with resources against all foes but death. What moves him is the variety of power in the human mind. And the culmination, in which lies the fitness to the action at this point, is the moral nature in relation to the community. The original is not sermonizing and not philosophy, but poetry, musical and untranslatable. The essence of it stated in prose is trite; but it is not antiquated, and was deeply felt by the poet.

Again, in the "*King Ædipus*," the opening of the second stasimon, the prayer for purity. No version can preserve at once the doctrine, the beauty, and an equivalent lyric form. I offer none, but hasten to say that I have no notion of making *Sophokles* out a preacher, still less a saint. He was a genial and tolerant man of the world, master of his craft

as a popular playwright and poet. But with his kindly and penetrating vision he could not but see life, in the later years in which we know him, as resting on a moral order antecedent to any generation or people, and transcending any. So therefore he presented it—as the major poets of all races have done.

It is not in this agreement with his peers that we catch the special note of Sophokles, but rather, speaking broadly, in the harmony of two qualities, each notable by itself. First, that in language quite orthodox to a pious contemporary, raising no contention or disquiet of mind, he packed safely for the long journey down the centuries thoughts of universal and lasting appeal, ideas easily separated from the perishable wrapping, and so fundamental that after any period of theological formalism, when the spirit has once more freed itself from temporary bonds, those ideas are still modern and at the very base of spiritual life. Second, the unfailing skill with which he embodies them in dramatic form—in a form already traditional, yet still plastic to the hand of a master. The originality of a poet is not in the novelty of his thought. Ideas that are fundamental and permanent are all trite, in a sense commonplace. We do not care to hear them reiterated in commonplace terms. We receive them with edification in old Bibles and liturgies with their wealth of associations; we are stirred anew by them in a great work of art. They come with special freshness and charm in Sophokles, as in Shakespeare.

Why then have so few recognized them in Sophokles? Well, as I recall the slow growth of understanding in the only mind I can get inside of, I am constrained to reply, because so few have known his language well enough. Who of us would claim that he really knew Goethe, if he found a Latin version on the opposite page a help in reading him? And if the rhythm of his lyrics were a mystery? Robbed of so much of what makes him poet, the greatest poet remains rather distant, dimly guessed at. I venture to

doubt if even those of our poets who knew Greek, and who would in many ways feel a near kinship with Sophokles, have had the requisite command of his language. In saying this I merely recognize that the barrier between us and Sophokles is a natural one. To realize the nature of the barrier is the first step towards leading more to pass it. What seems artificial or crabbed, so long as the effort to find equivalents for a foreign idiom spreads its fog between the Greek verses and the reader's mind, may be found to have a peculiar clarity and grace when the words in their native music speak directly.

Yet as regards the spirit the greater English poets on both sides of the Atlantic have much in common with him. It is not here that they or their successors have still to learn from Greek, but rather, as Gilbert Murray reminds us, in craftsmanship, in the larger matters of it. At fifty, and for forty years thereafter, Sophokles had complete control of his instrument. Athenian tragedy in his hands was a facile and adequate expression of his mind. We see no trace that he felt cramped by it. Its limitations—no greater than those of Elizabethan forms to Shakespeare, though partially different—he tranquilly accepted, while using to the full its wealth of resource. The seven masterpieces spared by the tradition stand with the sculpture of Pheidias. And in one respect Sophokles is the more fortunate. While the gold and ivory of his friend's masterpieces were consumed in baser uses, leaving only a faint memory, a few written rolls, offering no temptation to man's cupidity for lesser goods, have remained, nearly intact, to enrich us and our successors.

BOOK REVIEWS

Multitude and Solitude. By John Masfield. Mitchell Kennerley. New York. 1912. \$1.85 net.

The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays. By John Masfield. Mitchell Kennerley. New York. 1912. \$1.25 net.

The Everlasting Mercy, and The Widow in the Bye Street. By John Masfield. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1912. \$1.25 net.

The Story of a Round-House, and Other Poems. By John Masfield. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1912. \$1.30 net.

England has a new poet of the true old English breed: like Chaucer, like George Crabbe, like Kipling: his work solid with a right material handling. Here is meat for strong stomachs. If Gissing's "Demos," Zola's "La Terre," and William Clark Russell's sea stories (bating their romance) were put into verse, something like this poetry might result. No idle singer of an empty day is this, but a man who has shipped before the mast and knows the ways of sailormen. The description of rounding the Horn, in "The Story of a Round-House," is one of the most terrific passages in the literature of the sea.

Ashore this poet has worked among west country agricultural laborers: knows the west country roads, the Shropshire villages, and the Welsh border. It was no idyllic picture of rural life that was painted by George Crabbe—"Nature's sternest painter, yet the best." But even "The Village" and "Tales of the Hall" do not get so close to the harsh actuality as these Shropshire pastorals. For the author of "The Tragedy of Nan" is, first and last, a dramatist: incidentally he is a poet. Every figure in these stories is bitten in like a full-length character in a play, and talks as such.

Tush, "access"—

No wide words like "access" to me!

There are no wide words in Masfield's vocabulary. Curious to see how the old romantic measures—Scott's octosyllables, Chaucer's rime royal—split in his hands into dialogue:

"You closly put."
"You bloody liar."
"This is my field."
"This is my wire."

"I'm ruler here."
 "You ain't."
 "I am."
 "I'll fight you for it."
 "Right, by damn."

Wordsworth was reckoned in his day a bold innovator, who had stretched the concept of poetry to the breaking point. But if one wants a demonstration of the progress of realism, let him compare, say, "The Everlasting Mercy" with "Peter Bell"; or "The Widow in the Bye Street" with "Michael." That celebrated poetic diction of Wordsworth's—that "selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation"—"select" enough it is; but how "real" or how "vivid" is it when set beside the actual speech of Cumberland dalesmen; or beside the oaths, dialect, slang, and bad grammar talked by Mr. Masfield's people? That bitter word which Tennyson abstains from, out of consideration for Lady Clara, is used in these poems with Elizabethan freedom. "The Everlasting Mercy" tells of the change of heart in a drunken, cursing, brawling, wenching village poacher. "Peter Bell," it will be remembered, was also the tale of a conversion. The hero, like Balaam, was rebuked by an ass. Sterne had employed the ass for sentimental purposes, but it was reserved for Wordsworth to use him as an agent of moral reform. Just how Mr. Masfield's ruffian was turned from his evil ways, let the reader discover for himself. But the vigor and plainness of speech with which those ways are set forth leave nothing to be desired.

Now what did old Daddy Wordsworth know about wickedness in the concrete? He assures us that Peter Bell was a bad man; but, asked for specifications, he tells us only that Peter had no appreciation of primroses, but had "a dozen wedded wives." Yet none of the twelve Mrs. Bells is put upon the stage.

The old shepherd's son in "Michael" goes to the city, takes to vicious courses and disappears. Yet the poet's imagination does not follow him; but returns to the desolate father, and studies the wonderful strength of love which outlasts the unworthiness of its object, and endures to the end. For Wordsworth's art embraced homely lives, but not the psychology of crime. In "The Widow in the Bye Street," the widow's son is caught in the toils of a bad woman, kills his rival in a vulgar brawl, and is hanged. This old mother, like Michael, is "too strong to die," being one of

. . . the noble souls austere and bleak
 Who have had the bitter dose and drained the cup
 And wait for Death face fronted, standing up.

But the process of the son's ruin is traced through every one of its ugly, squalid details, with the same clinging fidelity to fact that follows, for example, the degradation of Gervaise in "L'Assommoir."

The question of the *roman naturaliste* is an old one; and almost as old is the other question, whether—supposing the portrayal of certain sides of life to be permissible at all—poetry is the proper vehicle. Neither of these questions need be debated here. In general, the artist may be left to choose his own means; and in particular, Mr. Masfield's realism in verse is better than in prose. His novel, "Multitude and Solitude," is so heavily documented that it reads more like the report of a commission appointed to investigate the sleeping sickness in South Africa, than like a work of the imagination. The tsetse fly is a worse burden than the grasshopper. Of the dramas—also in prose—it is high praise to say that they are perhaps the nearest English equivalent of Brieux. These plays are eminently actable,—having veracity, intensity, quick movement, and thrilling situations. The "Campden Wonder," a bitter little ironic tragedy, was produced at the Court Theatre in 1907. Before this notice is printed, "The Tragedy of Nan" will have been presented at the Hudson Theatre, in New York. In this powerful, domestic melodrama there is but one thing that we would wish away, that whim of symbolism with which Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Yeats have indoctrinated the contemporary stage. The incoming tide which haunts Nan's imagination recalls the white horses of "Rosmersholm" and similar fantasticalities. It is an affectation unworthy of Masfield's manly, sincere art.

But after all, the poems are the best. And perhaps the justification of such tales in verse is the need of beauty to lift these sordid horrors into a region where they are seen in universal relations which give them significance and harmony. And beauty is here, though it is not lavished. When the brute in "The Everlasting Mercy," after a night of low debauch, comes out into the fresh morning with a revulsion of self-disgust, this is what he finds:

The mist drove by, and now the cows
Came plodding up to milking house.
Followed by Frank, the Callows' cowman,
Who whistled "Adam was a ploughman."
There came such cawing from the rooks,
Such running chuck from little brooks,
One thought it March, just budding green,
With hedgerows full of celandine.
An otter 'out of stream and played,
Two hares come loping up and stayed;
Wide-eyed and tender-eared but bold.
Sheep bleated up by Penny's fold.

I heard a partridge covey call,
 The morning sun was bright on all.
 Down the long slope the plough team drove
 The tossing rooks arose and hove.
 A stone struck on the share. A word
 Came to the team. The red earth stirred.
 I crossed the hedge by shooter's gap,
 I hitched my boxer's belt a strap,
 I jumped the ditch and crossed the fallow:
 I took the hales from farmer Callow.

Lowell praises Chaucer's "low tone." There was no falsetto in Chaucer: he, too, was a realist, said whatever he chose, used dialect, slang, "cuss-words," familiar colloquialisms, and vulgar speech; and touched all kinds of life. But it has taken five hundred years for English poetry to recover Chaucer's freedom and impartiality.

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Mark Twain, a Biography: The Personal and Literary Life of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1912. \$6.00 net.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, the author of the present elaborate and authorized biography of Mark Twain, is a miscellaneous literary worker whose best previous achievement was a life of Thomas Nast, the greatest of American political cartoonists, who outlived his fame, lost his public, and died of yellow fever caught in the petty South American consulate which had been given him, in his need, as a final recognition of large services to his party and his country. Nast's pathetic story, the tragedy of success, was so well told by Mr. Paine that it almost directly led to Mark Twain's acceding to Paine's timid, and in his own opinion almost presumptuous, request that he might undertake the life-record of the author of "The Innocents Abroad." Readers of Harper's Magazine for some time past, as they have followed the successive instalments of the resultant biography, have become well aware of Mr. Paine's absolute devotion to his task; the unusual facilities afforded him by his subject; and his combined power of interestingness, fair-mindedness, and comprehensiveness.

Now that the completed work is before the reader, in three volumes of more than seventeen hundred pages, the first question raised is whether it is not too big. Swollen biographies have long been common in England, where an Earl of Shaftesbury is glorified in three octavos

and a T. Wemyss Reid in two; but in American literary biography we have never had anything on this scale save Pierre M. Irving's rather thin and watery life of his uncle—a work inferior in every way to Charles Dudley Warner's single duodecimo on the same theme; and Horace Traubel's "With Walt Whitman in Camden"—still unfinished, after the publication of three stout volumes—which is frankly constructed on the plan of recording everything that Whitman said on every subject, beginning with the celebration of himself. One modest volume sufficed for Professor Lounsbury's Cooper, one of the best biographies produced on this side of the Atlantic; Ticknor's semi-classical life of Prescott was not much larger; two ordinary volumes were all that were needed for Cabot's Emerson, Morse's Holmes, Julian Hawthorne's "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife," and Ingram's Poe (a work which, though full of faults from start to finish, is still the indispensable authority on its subject); while the apparent bigness of Godwin's Bryant, or Samuel Longfellow's life of his brother, is chiefly typographical.

Two reasons might justify so large a scale: first, that such a man as Mark Twain represented his whole time, in a peculiar degree; and second, that he was a greater author than any of the American celebrities just mentioned. For the first claim much may be said. These two hundred and ninety-six chapters, and appendices down to the letter X, cover a large part of American social and political, as well as literary, history from the Civil War to our own time, and from Mississippi flatboats in the period just after Dickens satirized us in "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" down to the recognition of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, Doctor of Civil Law, in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford. Again, to mention no more than the single most nearly related theme, the work intimately touches on the careers of all the later humorists, and has much to do with Mark Twain's steady friend and best literary adviser, Mr. Howells. As regards this part of the question, it is enough to say that few readers will find the voluminous record tiresome, and that every social historian must, having read it, preserve it as an indispensable document.

The second excuse for nearly three hundred chapters is not, in the opinion of the present reviewer, an indisputable article of literary faith. Add together the early, obvious, coarse fun of "The Jumping Frog"; the unique "Innocents Abroad"; the heartfelt experiments towards higher things called "The Prince and the Pauper," "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"; grant that "A Dog's Tale" is as good as "Rat and his Friends," and that "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," as Mr.

Paine claims, "takes its place with the half dozen great English short stories of the world," and is morally the mightiest of all; follow the singularly full chronological list of Mark Twain's writings from his contributions to the "Hannibal Journal" in 1851 to his unprinted manuscripts of 1910; and erect mental statues of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer and Pudd'nhead Wilson—one still cannot banish old-fashioned ideas of a world-author named Edgar Allan Poe, or a native of Salem who used the English language, and knew the universe of allegory, as no other American ever did.

But *audi alteram partem*; and you will hear such a little protest drowned by the statement of one critic that Mark Twain is the Lincoln of American literature; of another that he gave us the Odyssey of the Mississippi; of Mr. Howells that he "transcends all other American humorists in the universal qualities"; of "the highest-paid journalist in the United States" that "for more than a generation he has been the Messiah of a genuine gladness and joy to the millions of three continents"; and finally, by Rudyard Kipling's declaration that he was "great and godlike," "the biggest man you have on your side of the water by a damn sight, and don't you forget it." Under such circumstances one may say, in the language of the naïvely Boswellian Mr. Paine himself, on one occasion when Mark Twain had been laying down the law, that it is "the part of wisdom and immeasurably the part of happiness to be silent and listen."

Mr. Paine, like William Allingham in the presence of such men as Tennyson, Ruskin, and Carlyle, seems to have made himself almost indispensable to one who was both "subject" and companion; and it is because of his pious enthusiasm that he has made so good a book. In this world of uncertainties it is not for nothing that a man writes, as does Mr. Paine on page 1505: "There could hardly have been a closer daily companionship than was ours during this the last year of Mark Twain's life. For me, of course, nothing can ever be like it again in this world. One is not likely to associate twice with a being from another star."

A hundred citations of every sort might be made from these rich pages: of humor, wit, anecdote, personalia, downright terrible conviction, as in the arraignment of our governmental policy in the Philip-pines, and what not. Mr. Paine's chapters concern all things and a few other matters, and are by no means uniformly eulogistic. The author, for instance, quite agrees with Mark Twain's characterization of himself after his amazing lack of good taste in coarsely lampooning Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes, in their presence, at a dinner to Whittier: "I am a great and sublime fool"; and he frankly reprints the speech,

which was on Artemus Ward's lowest level of cowboy humor, in order that the reader may be able to estimate the justice of Mark's autobiographical opinion. Nor does Mr. Paine omit accounts of rejected or unsuccessful plays; sharp criticisms by the ever-friendly Howells; and far sharper ones by Mark Twain himself. All these things give character to the full-length picture, which certainly is not whitewashed or retouched.

In fact, this candor on the part of Mr. Paine and his subject goes so far as narrowly to escape leaving, on the mind of the reader, as he lays aside the work, a sense of profound and incurable depression. Mark Twain, with no belief in immortality and naught but a feeble and swaying idea of any moral evolution in this mysterious universe, presents a picture as tragical as that of the hypochondriacal Englishman in the old story, who, half insane in his morbid gloom, and recommended by his physician to go to see a certain clown, replied: "Sir, I am he." It was no fleeting mood but a regularly recurring and deeply-seated obsession that led Mark Twain to say "I have been thinking it out—if I live two years more I will put an end to it all. I will kill myself. . . . I am so tired of the eternal round"; or again, to his devoted friend, the financier H. H. Rogers: "Well, Rogers, I don't know what you think of it, but I think I have had about enough of this world, and I wish I were out of it." Rogers replied: "I don't say much about it, but that expresses my view"; and Paine adds: "This from the foremost man of letters and one of the foremost financiers of the time was impressive." Nietzsche or Schopenhauer, Tom Paine or Robert G. Ingersoll, never wrote an arraignment, at once so bitter and so brilliant, of the God of the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures, and of human life in its entirety, as that by Mark Twain given in full on pages 1354-57. It is the very apotheosis of the gospel of despair, and is, as a piece of literature, almost enough in itself to justify those who bracket Mark Twain with Swift or Rabelais—personally I am very ready to admit his superiority to the latter, whose traditional fame is chiefly confined to those who have got no nearer him than the literary histories.

All Mark Twain's associates in the American humor of his time—the ebullient Nasby, the philosophical Josh Billings, the coarse-grained Artemus Ward, the sentimental Harte, the reticent Hay, the gentle Warner, the earnestly socialistic Howells—were optimists, or, if you prefer the word, meliorists. Mark Twain, alone among them, seemed to have no answer to the question of the old song: "What is it all when all is done?" Certain intimations of this blackness of great darkness had been given in Howells's fine "My Mark Twain" articles, but nothing like those printed, again and again, by Mr. Paine, of which the most

concise summary, perhaps, is Mark Twain's recorded but undated remark: "Adam, man's benefactor—he gave him all that he has ever received that was worth having—death." To his own theological and philosophical conclusions Mark Twain had the indisputable right of every intelligent man. But, as a matter of fact and not of ethics, negation, whether it be right or wrong, tends to eat into literary product and resultant reputation. So George Eliot, with a hundred merits, is an author of dwindling fame, while Dickens, with a hundred faults, rules with a broader sway than ever.

It is not only permissible but necessary for the reader of these volumes chiefly to consider the inner heart of the man, for Mark Twain, in most reader's minds, stands for a personality rather than a production; a miscellany rather than a masterpiece. He touched many things which he did not adorn, but none upon which he did not leave his own indisputable and ineffaceable stamp.

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

Dartmouth College.

The Three Brontës. By May Sinclair. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$3.00 net.

A large, excited book. The author is sensitive about the length and explains characteristically: "I certainly never meant to write so long a book. It grew, insidiously, out of the little one. Things happened. New criticisms opened up old questions. . . . So because all the best things about the Brontës have been said already, I have had to fall back on the humble day labor of clearing away some of the rubbish that has gathered round them."

This is modest, but misleading. It is as no "patient log man" that Miss Sinclair does her appointed task. There is tumult and shouting in her parts of speech, the clash and hurtle of tilt and tourney in her opinions. Her championship is as open and unashamed as any crusader's. Never perhaps was a book, with an avowedly judicial object, written in a less judicial temper.

Miss Sinclair hates "the literary taint," and all "the dreadful, clever little people," and she loves Emily Brontë and genius. Therefore the new hearing, awarded in the Brontë case, resembles very little the formal proceedings of a Court of Review. It has more in common with the procedure of the French Court of Cassation.

The outward form is elaborate. There is a Prefatory Note, an Introduction, Appendix I, Appendix II, and an Index. The Index, alone, escapes from the author's prepossessions. They are set forth as critical

problems, but they are as little such as the utterances of the Old Testament Prophets. The author of "The Creators" has reaffirmed her own fictions in providentially well-adapted illustrations from biographical literature.

One wonders what the Brontës would have thought of it all. Patrick Brontë suffered Mrs. Gaskell's fable about him gladly, for the sake of her services to Charlotte's memory, and had energy and charm enough left to hold a son-in-law in intimate friendship for the rest of his life. Charlotte was Emily's best critic—not Rossetti, not Maeterlinck, not Doctor John Brown, and not another. Branwell was an inexhaustible source of inspiration to his sisters. Poor Maria's troubled tale of years never closed her story in her family.

Miss Sinclair has carefully called her book "The Three Brontës." "Three of the Brontës" would have kept closer to the facts. In this group, the influence of no one member was negligible. From their earliest to their latest adventure in the experience that their critics so often call monotonous and uneventful, their phrase is "we Brontës"—"what any Brontë could do." Their strangely nurtured genius echoes the obstinate assurance of Wordsworth's little heroine, "We are seven."

The influence of place has been substituted for that of family, by Miss Sinclair, in her estimate of Anne, Charlotte, and Emily. She finds them all more interested in the discovery or expression of their own literary genius than in living out the Brontë ideal of life. Has she overlooked Charlotte's repeated cry of dismay at her own lack of animal spirits, her conviction that she is a passionate fool, after all; or Emily's stern acceptance in words of her inability to pick up a dropped comb? It is hardly possible that Miss Sinclair has overlooked anything.

Her book is full of matter—some of it brought from far afield. She prints the Greek of Parmenides, with the comment that perhaps it had not penetrated to Haworth Parsonage. She does not translate the crooked little text, however, for a generation of readers possibly quite as impenetrable, and far less Spartan in their training. She presents one of the most widely translated passages from Dante, in Italian; perhaps to see what disguise will do for it. She quotes St. Augustine as if English were his native tongue. In short, she does as she pleases. And what pleases her, stimulates her readers.

But she has not said the last word about the Brontës. She has laid no ghosts; avenging, or suffering, or even critical. Her verdict *in re* Brontë is a reopening of the case with a new principal. Emily, as she inspired Charlotte; Emily, as she might have been; Emily, as she is in Miss Sinclair's constructive imagination of "the Three Brontës,"—the greatest of these is Emily.

As a result, old friends of the Brontës will reread the family literature, and those who know not Rochester, or Paul Emanuel, or Heathcliff, will be strongly tempted to make their acquaintance. A result not unconsidered possibly by Miss Sinclair.

MARY A. JORDAN.

Smith College.

The Modern Reader's Chaucer. By John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1912. \$5.00 net.

The success which has attended most of the Chaucer-paraphrases hitherto may safely be predicted of this latest modernization, the joint labor of an American poet and an American scholar. The "United States Publishers' Catalogue" for 1912 lists ten publishers as carrying in stock modern versions of Chaucer's tales in some form. This counts neither Mr. MacKaye's independent version of the Prologue and ten tales (1904), nor such demi-modernizings as that of Arthur Burrell in "Everyman's Library," who devised a novel form of bowdlerism. Upon the theory, evidently, that antique diction would prove no barrier to those who chose to read what the Millere "and other mo" had to say, and that pains spent in translating the moral tales of Melibeus and the Personne were but a waste of time, Mr. Burrell left the profane and the prolix untouched. The others he mauled with a pretty waywardness, omitting a word here, inserting a phrase there, spelling "two" "tuo" to keep the antique flavor—creating, in a word, the "Strawberry Hill Chaucer."

But none of the more serious competitors with Burrell's bastard Gothic can compare in fullness and completeness with the work of Messrs. Tatlock and MacKaye. Here we have not only the "Canterbury Tales" and the minor poems, but the "Troilus," which has not been satisfactorily brought to the easy comprehension of the polite world since Kinaston, in 1685, turned it into Latin verse.

The reviewer has taken this book to the laboratory, and subjected it to a double test. It was first recommended to some undergraduates, whose chances of passing a threatening test in the "Knights Tale" were but slim. The report, in brief, was as follows: "I don't know whether I'll get through this exam or not, because six of us clubbed together to buy that Chaucer trot, and George got it first, and he's reading it through, and says we've got to wait till he finishes the whole thing."

The second test consisted in submitting the book to some older spirits, wise in years but as yet strangers to Chaucer's charm. The general

verdict was the same: "It reads." Thus, fortified by the approval of two expert boards, the MacKaye-Tatlock translation may, we think, be safely guaranteed under the Pure Rendering and Translations Act of 1918. A minority report, with some minor fault-finding, is, however, appended.

In the praiseworthy endeavor of the translators to avoid the verse rhythm of Chaucer in their prose, they have sometimes failed to obtain any satisfactory prose-rhythm of their own. They seem, at times, too anxious to evade any appearance of an iambic rhythm. Yet this is needless; everybody knows that decasyllables occur in prose; and still, the constant prose-tune will be such that ears must be responsive to the touch of delicate rhythms to detect the drone of iambs in the general monotone. The result of undue fear in this instance seems to be, that the smooth flow of Chaucer is in places scarcely suggested by the somewhat uneven style of the translation. But readers must decide this nice point for themselves; the space to prove the fault cannot be granted.

There are, moreover, some passages which need revision by the authors. The translation of "veyne" by "vine" in the third line of the Prologue to the Tales may be a mere slip of type. But the rendering of "mete" by "meet" instead of by "dream" (*pace Skeat*), at the end of the "Parlement of Foules,"

That I shal mete somewhat for to fare
The bet—

does not bring out the real meaning of the passage. Again, Professor Tatlock, in his pamphlet on MS. Harleian 7334, calls "gladly" in "Prologue" 704 "an officious correction" of the scribe; yet he and his fellow-translator follow Skeat without remark in employing this reading. Similarly, while the translators are at pains to change "bachileer" to "young soldier" (a phrase which does not quite translate, since it gives no hint of the aspiration to knighthood), and to call "vavasour" "vassal" (thus quite losing the dignity attaching to the Frankeleyn), on the other hand they are content to leave an idiom, such as "put a dupe in the man's hood and in his wife's," unexplained. In altering "For he so yong to Crist did reverence," to read "Because he did reverence to Christ so young," they made what was before perfectly clear, ambiguous. The translation of "souning" as "tending to" in "Prologue" 275, "Souning alwey thencrees of his winnunge," is hardly so clear in the context as "with regard always to." Why, too, should we change "as ye shul here" to "as I will now tell you"?

In such a case as the following, the words italicized by the reviewer do actual violence to grammar, and with injustice to the poet, who does

not have them. "It is a full fair thing to be called madame . . . and to have a mantle carried royally *before them*." It is, likewise, hard to see what is gained by "'sblood" for "by corpus bones." There is a similar wavering between the mediæval and the modern in capitalization, as witness "O Lord . . . Thy name" on page 102, and "O God . . . thy laud" on page 104.

Finally, to put an end to the unwelcome task of "pinching" at a little ill in so much that is good, one may grant willingly the deference to modern taste which so prunes the *Miller's Tale* that the jest is lost; and yet protest against the same plea in the case of the *Prioress*. The saintly ferocity of that lady is an element in her fascinating character, which it is a pity to miss.

And now we have done with dispraise. One can only wish the authors all success in popularizing the most friendly and companionable of poets. It is grateful to see that the volume which presents Chaucer "al newe" is so stately and so worthy a piece of printing. And although there came for a moment the thought of inventing a new verb, "to gobble"—meaning "to make illustrations which do not illustrate,"—yet one must forgive Mr. Warwick Goble his pictures. If Chaucer's "*Zenobia*," with her tame leopards, suspiciously resembles the same artist's "*Circe the Enchantress*" in "*The Illustrated London News*" for last Christmas, still let us forgive him, for the sake of the pleasure and gain to many that this book must bring.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Yale University.

Yale Book of American Verse. Edited by Thomas R. Lounsbury. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1912. \$2.25 net.

It would be idle to dilate upon Professor Lounsbury's qualifications as editor of a collection of American poetry. His wide acquaintance with the material and his imperturbable sanity of judgment will be doubted by nobody. It is no disparagement of his skill as an anthologist, but rather a proof of the stimulating quality of his criticism, to say that the most interesting portion of his "*Yale Book of American Verse*" is the preface. Here he discusses in shrewd and acute fashion the cardinal questions of shifting literary values, of variations in individual taste, of contradiction between popular and expert literary opinion. Many compilers of anthologies have freed their minds in their prefaces, but no one has rivalled Professor Lounsbury in precisely this

kind of disengaged and engaging frankness. He has written a veritable Bishop Blougram's Apology for anthologists.

Nothing could be more delightful than his bland confession: "There are certain cases in which I have inserted in it poems, not because of the estimate I personally entertain of their excellence, but because of the estimate entertained by others, whose critical opinion I respect." "In general, the work represents my own taste, or, if critics so prefer to consider it, my lack of taste." He thinks that the "Psalm of Life" is "one of the least worthy of quotation" among Longfellow's poems; yet he prints it, "in deference to a sentiment which I do not share." He likewise prints Bryant's "Waterfowl," "not because of the opinion I entertain of its merit, but because its actual or assumed popularity with most educated men leads me to distrust my own judgment." But Professor Lounsbury is also quite capable of writing a declaration of independence, as this vigorous characterization of Samuel F. Smith's "America" will prove:

Such sentimental twaddle as

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,"

such apostrophes to one's country as "sweet land of liberty," is a sort of stuff which might appeal to the feelings of a body of gushing school-girls, but is hopelessly out of place in the expression of fervent patriotic sentiment. The wretchedness of taste displayed by the average man is forced painfully upon the attention as a consequence of the wide acceptance which these rapid verses have attained.

No confidences could be more interesting than these, except some more of the same sort, characterized by even greater frankness. Browning's clever Bishop, it will be remembered, had other apologetic cards up his sleeve, which he did not deign to use with Gigadibs; and might not a critic equipped with Mr. Lounsbury's complete defensive armor have ventured upon a more uniform boldness, and have given, in the case of each poem printed, an indication of his personal assent to, or dissent from, the popular opinion? Does he print Stedman's "Ballad of Lager Bier"—seven whole pages of it—out of piety towards its allusions to the ancient "ways of Yale," or because he really believes that it belongs in an anthology of American verse? H. C. Bunner, of gracious memory, is lucky enough to be allowed twenty-three pages of the Yale Book, and Eugene Field sixteen, while Emerson has eleven and Walt Whitman one. Very possibly the editor's position is unassailable, but the curiosity of your Mr. Gigadibs in such matters is insatiable. Could we not have had a Key? The volume gives generous space to poems

inspired by the Civil War; yet there is nothing by George H. Boker or H. H. Brownell, and the reader wonders why Francis M. Finch's "The Blue and the Gray"—perhaps the most widely admired poem ever written by a Yale man—is excluded from the Yale Book. If Professor Lounsbury prints "The Psalm of Life" and "To a Waterfowl" out of deference to the opinion of others, does he omit Holmes's "Old Ironsides" and "Dorothy Q."; Poe's "Israfel" and "City in the Sea"; Emerson's "Snow-storm," "Forerunners," and "Terminus," out of deference to his own? Would that the clever Bishop might throw all of his cards upon the table! The preface went too far, if its author were not willing to go even farther.

Cavillers against the omission of this or that poem are, it is true, effectually estopped by the editor, who points out plainly that this collection "puts forth no pretense of being representative or inclusive of American verse or verse-makers." That task has already been attempted in Stedman's *Anthology*. But as one turns the pages of the Yale Book, one cannot help asking how completely, within a space somewhat less than one fourth of that allotted to Mr. Stedman, and less than one third of that taken by Professor Curtis Hidden Page in his "Chief American Poets," Professor Lounsbury has been able to keep to the general proportion of qualities which have hitherto characterised our American poetry. It makes little difference, after all, whether certain minor poets are "placed" in this or that collection. It is more important that the selections from the greater men should be wisely chosen, and that the individual pieces by lesser authors should somehow keep to the dominant notes of American writing.

One fact is fairly evident. The workmanship of the great mass of American printed verse is of a certain average quality, and it seldom rises far above this general level of excellence. One might be inclined to think that the reduction of the fifty or sixty thousand lines of verse presented in some other American anthologies to the fourteen or fifteen thousand given here would result in a noticeably higher standard of craftsmanship in the smaller book, just as Dr. Hutchison's recently published "British Poems" exhibits page by page a perfection of expression beyond that conveyed by the "Oxford Book of English Verse." What remains, after this exquisitely careful assaying by Dr. Hutchison, is pure gold. But American poetry rarely approaches the highest ranges of British poetry. The fifteen thousand lines of American verse in the Yale Book do not yield any new impression of American power and performance in this field of art. The reduction in quantity, wise as it has been in making a book for familiar reading, has scarcely affected the question of poetic quality.

Perhaps Mr. Lounsbury's generosity towards *vers de société*—which ought surely to be delicately polished, but which Americans have turned out over-hastily, and his fondness for "occasional" pieces of Civil War poetry—which had no leisure for the labor of the file—have tended to depress the scale of purely poetic performance. It must be remembered that he expressly disclaims the assumption that he is selecting the Best Two Hundred and Fifty American Poems. But one is nevertheless conscious of the omission or scanty representation of certain forms of verse in which our American writers have done their most refined and delicate work. There are, for example, but five sonnets in the volume, each of them interesting in its way, but none of them approaching in technique or in charm the sonnets of Longfellow and of Aldrich. The latter used to think his Fredericksburg sonnet his best production, while Longfellow's skill as a sonneteer is surpassed by only a few Englishmen. One misses in the Yale Book, in short, something of the eagerness and thrill of the pure lyric, the wistfulness of reflective verse, and a certain note of largeness, which have been thought to characterize the representative passages of American poetry.

Comment upon Professor Lounsbury's skill in selecting characteristic pieces from the various poets represented would be unremunerative. In many cases, noticeably as regards the selections from Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier, one has only to utter a loyal "ditto to Mr. Burke." But all such choices, unless aided by the long winnowing of time, are personal matters, as the preface wisely and adroitly maintains. Nevertheless, one may venture to hint at a certain impression of the American temper which a fresh perusal of these pieces has made upon one reader. It will be noted that, by the plan of the book, no poems by living authors are included. Two poets recently dead, Richard Watson Gilder and William Vaughn Moody, are, however, admirably represented. These men were troubled about many things, questioners of contemporary society and thought, but full of passionate idealism, and of faith in the ultimate America. Their poems add distinction to the Yale Book, but they seem, somehow, curiously out of place in it. "The Yale Book of American Verse" is a delightful compilation, expertly made, pleasant to look at, pleasant to read; but its America is primarily an America of the eighteen-eighties, a middle-aged America, in a skeptical, kindly, after-dinner mood.

BLISS PERRY.

Harvard University.

Modern Italian Literature. By Lacy Collison-Morley. Little, Brown & Company. Boston. 1912. \$1.75 net.

Italians are annoyed when their country is spoken of as if it were a vast museum, in which everything of later date than the sixteenth century is to be condemned or ignored. They are all the more proud of their material and intellectual achievements because, while other nations were at least occasionally cultivating the arts of peace, the best intelligence of Italy was for many years unremittingly occupied in fighting for the elemental rights of independence and unity. Goldoni reformed the stage, while Alfieri's tragedies, conventional in form, taught hatred of oppression; Baretti showed common sense in criticism, Parini in social satire; Manzoni drew a picture of the iniquity of foreign rule, and Pellico and Foscolo felt its heavy hand; Giusti and other patriotic poets stirred the people to untiring effort, while the hapless Leopardi symbolized in his own life the condition of the enslaved country. So these and many other writers had their part in the liberation of Italy, as well as soldiers like Garibaldi, statesmen like Cavour. Even Monti, with no convictions except as to the necessity of flattering whoever was in power, cannot be understood without a knowledge of political movements. The student of modern Italian literature must, then, constantly bear in mind its environment. The wonder is that, under such conditions, so many of these men achieved work of permanent literary value, and that their successors were worthy of them.

This subject Mr. Collison-Morley attempts to cover in 350 pages. He gives a concise, orderly account of Italian literature from the seventeenth century to the present, including all the principal names and many of secondary importance. Some of the material is new in English, and his index will be useful for reference. A number of misprints in the original English edition have been perpetuated in the American reprint. Unfortunately, the work as a whole gives the impression of being a laborious compilation—from the best authorities, to be sure,—but without the unity, personality, and force that result from independence of judgment. Its lack of distinction in literary style is chiefly due to the fact that the material is imperfectly assimilated. What shall we say, for instance, of a sentence like this?—"He was passionately fond of music, but, though very short-sighted, he always refused to wear glasses." How different is the vibrating style, the personality, in books like Mr. Howells's admirable "*Modern Italian Poets*," and the late Dr. Everett's "*Italian Poets since Dante*"! Mr. Collison-Morley would have done well to study these two books, which he appears not to have seen; and his meagre "Bibliographical Note" might well have been expanded to include all English

translations from modern Italian authors, as well as all books in English on the subject.

Another fault is his attitude towards the different periods treated. It is of course necessary to understand the conditions from which the nineteenth century arose. But only from this point of view have Metastasio and the Arcadians, for example, any place in modern literature; they are at least as antiquated as Filicaja or Tasso, and far more so than Dante or Petrarch. The innovators in the second half of the eighteenth century had indeed a glorious past to inspire them, but they were separated from it by a dreary intervening waste. We wish that Mr. Collison-Morley, instead of deciding by date what is to be called "modern," had omitted from the earlier portion of his book all that does not throw light on the really modern period, and had given more space to contemporary writers. Much of what he says shows familiarity with recent literature, but he is not always up to date. He quotes books published in 1911, and mentions Fogazzaro's death in that year, but not the death of Pascoli and Rapisardi early in 1912; and a number of works have escaped him;—he says, for instance, that Pascoli published "his last volume" in 1908.

Good criticism of all phases of recent Italian literature is not wanting in English, whether in periodicals or in books like Villari's "Italian Life" and Zimmern's "Italy of the Italians." But Mr. Collison-Morley covers a longer period, and in spite of its defects his book will be useful in spreading information on an interesting and important subject.

KENNETH MCKENZIE.

Yale University.

Play-Making: A Manual of Craftmanship. By William Archer. Small, Maynard & Company. Boston. 1912. \$2.00 net.

From Ibsen's Workshop: Notes, Scenarios, and Drafts of the Modern Plays. Translated by A. G. Chater. Introduction by William Archer. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1911. \$1.25 net.

Is the blunt challenge of Mr. Archer, "There are no rules for writing a play," a sign of critical progress? At first sight it would seem like a triumphant proclamation of defiance to all past ages. As a matter of fact it turns out that Mr. Archer is not so bold as nervous. He has the modern diffidence and a certain romantic fear of stating the obvious in dogmatic form. For once past that opening sentence, Mr. Archer goes on to describe a pragmatic method for learning dramatic technique, a method which incontestably establishes at least one rule—that a man may write a play to suit himself, provided it is a play. Unlike the

Eighteenth Century, we distrust ourselves, and hence to begin with an apology for our opinions has become the accepted method of writing about them. Yet at the end of Mr. Archer's book, the playwright would find that

...rules as strict his labour'd verse confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.

It would be easy, of course, to point out that our rules are not those of the Eighteenth Century. We have come a long way from the stilted tragedy of Queen Anne. Apparently we have come further from Queen Anne than we have from Aristotle, it might be added; but say what we will, the changes in our rules are in details rather than in basic principles. To-day each author works out his own rules by the empiric method, a more laborious process than that of following convenient precepts; yet fundamentally the results are not different. In Ibsen, for example, we find tragic condensation, or, to use the correct term, unity of action, with all that this implies as to magnitude—elevation of style alone being regarded as no longer essential. The latter fact, in turn, rests upon one important distinction between ancient and modern drama. In our democratic age we strive to write bourgeois tragedy—a thing once unthinkable—and in reproducing the dialogue of bourgeois life, we discover at the end that much of the tragic spirit has been lost. Romance reaching out to idealize the commonplace—even to rear up a fictitious enemy labelled “realism,” has completed its cycle. It is the purpose or end of the modern drama that is different from the ancient. This gives so altered a spirit and outward appearance to the play that its resemblances to the ancient drama in underlying structure seem to sink out of sight.

An idea of the contrast between the method of modern and ancient, or even Elizabethan dramatists, may be gained from a comparison of Ibsen's drafts and scenarios for “The Doll's House” with the material of, say, a Greek myth or one of Shakespeare's chronicle history plays. The most striking fact is this: formerly the playwright possessed the rough material of his plot ready made. It was a matter of selecting from his story what could be “well digested in a play” and adding to that the flesh and blood of character. The modern dramatist must bring forth his play by another method. Even if the drama should be based upon a chance newspaper paragraph, as Freytag advises, nevertheless the resultant plot and characters have no traditional familiarity for the present-day audience. This is a point which Mr. Archer might have emphasized to advantage, because it underlies the entire problem of modern technique. Thus in “The Doll's House” Ibsen started, not with a well-known story, but with an idea. The idea was this: “There are

two kinds of spiritual law, two kinds of conscience, one in man and another, altogether different, in woman. They do not understand each other; but in practical life the woman is judged by man's law, as though she were not a woman but a man." That, then, he has chosen as his theme. Next he has to decide upon the outline of a story created for the purpose of illustrating in dramatic form, i. e., by means of character in action, the particular angle from which he wishes his audience to comprehend his subject. It is at this point that difficulties are multiplied for the modern dramatist. There is no longer any prologue conveniently to dispose of the exposition and warn us what to expect. The chorus no longer moralizes the spectacle or bridges awkward gaps. The soliloquy is banished; the fifth act has all but disappeared; even a variety of scenes within an act is denied the author; finally our romantic love for extreme realism demands photographic truth in detail rather than the universal truth derived from deeply studied character. Each lopping away of an old device has a reverse effect upon the long arm of coincidence, since a modern dramatist must more and more extend that useful member to make good his technical losses. All these facts are stated by Mr. Archer on one page or another, but the relation of these details to the problem as a whole is not so clearly shown. Yet in his introduction to "From Ibsen's Workshop" Mr. Archer states, without describing it, the process by which Ibsen simplified the details of "The Doll's House," gave them unity, and at the same time made his play conform to the technique of the modern stage. On the other hand, in "Play-Making" he tells us that the "whole delicate texture was woven from a commonplace story of a woman who forged a cheque in order to re-decorate her drawing-room." It would have been less misleading to have pointed out how this incident gave rise to the idea underlying "The Doll's House," and then to have traced step by step the creative construction of the play.

If there is any adverse criticism of Mr. Archer's "Play-Making," it must rest chiefly on the ground that the book is written from the point of view of the critic rather than of the dramatist. This is not to deny its usefulness or to say other than that so considered it is extremely well done. There has been much written about the stage since the drama once more began to assume literary respectability, but certainly nothing of greater interest. In fact it would be difficult to overestimate Mr. Archer's all-round services to the modern drama, even granting him entire his enthusiasm for Ibsen. The latter at least smashed some absurd theatrical idols, and Mr. Archer is right in commending him as a model for modern technique.

J. R. CRAWFORD.

Yale University.

Teaching in School and College. By William Lyon Phelps, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale University. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1912. \$1.00.

It is not always true that a series of essays on an abstract subject arouses the reader's interest, holds it, and leaves a distinct impression. Yet this is just what Professor Phelps's "Teaching in School and College" does. One reason is that the writer consistently follows the plan indicated in his preface, that of presenting "concrete facts and definite suggestions" rather than "abstract ideas and loud exhortation." We may not be willing to accept his *ipse dixit* in every case, but we read without sense of fatigue and with much approval.

It is comforting to learn at the outset that the author disclaims any knowledge of the science of pedagogy, and in consequence discards the technical terms and the airy allusions to the "psychology of the child's mind" that are so familiar to those in attendance at teachers' conventions and that inspire many listeners to rush forth, like the long-suffering teacher in one of the chapters of Professor Phelps's book, and "gnaw a post." In other words, the author professes to be no more than an ordinary teacher, possessed of common sense, one who has had to hammer out his problems on the anvil of his own experience. He is what one writer has called an "educator" in distinction from the "educationist." The troublesome questions of inattention in the class-room, of controlling one's temper at ugly crises, of snap courses, of student honor, of arousing interest in those who "don't care," of a sane enthusiasm for athletics,—these and a score of allied topics are handled in this book with a freshness and vigor that render them thoroughly stimulating.

In general we accept with enthusiasm all that Professor Phelps lays down for our edification, and we wonder that we have never thought of saying it ourselves. But in one important matter we differ from him *toto calo*. On the subject of English composition as a required course he tells us that he is a thorough skeptic. In another place, however, in connection with the theory that English literature cannot be taught, he writes: "It is false, for I have been teaching it twenty years." The present writer feels like adopting this same refutation bodily with reference to the English composition matter: "That it can not be taught is false, for I have been teaching it twenty-five years." If the argument is valid in the one case, it would seem to be valid in the other. The trouble lies in the fact that Professor Phelps falls into the common error of feeling that the teacher of English composition, if he would be judged successful, must turn out Macaulays, Newmans, Thackerays. We may, indeed, doubt whether the æsthetic qualities of style can be taught; cer-

tainly they cannot be conferred by the teacher upon the pupil who lacks them; but the intellectual qualities of clear expression, of forceful arrangement, of coherent ordering, certainly of correct form—these can be successfully developed, if the pupil is endowed with ideas. The difficulty is not so much that the teacher of English composition cannot teach his subject as that he receives so little support from his colleagues in other subjects, who, by their vicious examples and reprehensible carelessness, negative all that he can do in the small field allotted him in the ordinary courses of study. But this is not a thesis on English teaching.

In the main, as we have already said, we agree enthusiastically with all that Professor Phelps has so vigorously and concretely set before us. Everyone who loves teaching—that is to say, every sincere teacher—will read the book with quick interest.

CARROLL LEWIS MAXCY.

Williams College.

The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. Edited by P. Giles, Master of Emmanuel College in the University of Cambridge, England; and A. C. Seward, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, England. Cambridge University Press. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 40 cents net each.

This series has been in course of publication for two years, and now numbers some two score volumes, with as many in preparation. It covers the whole field of science and literature, including many new fields that have not hitherto been treated adequately in popular summary or at a reasonable price. The volumes are not usually primers in the sense of systematic treatises for beginners, but are rather short books in which principles, facts, and conclusions are stated in a well-proportioned and comprehensive way for educated general readers.

The treatment naturally varies with the particular subject and with the individual writer, but the series as a whole is accurate, clearly written, and readable. Each volume is written by a man of unquestioned competence in his field, and gives the most recent results of the leading investigations. The manuals are remarkable for compression, summarising in the most moderate compass the essentials of the subjects treated. Yet they are not mere synopses, for most of them are vigorous, vital, and interesting, and a few reach the dignity of original contributions to knowledge.

One of the most surprising things about the series is its low price. Most of the scientific volumes and some of the literary ones have excel-

lent illustrations, some have glossaries, and nearly all have bibliographical references. They are well printed on good paper, and tastefully bound in rose colored cloth. Yet they sell in this country, after paying transportation and duty, at forty cents a volume. Some painstaking bibliographer has reckoned that this amounts to about one cent for a thousand words!

The volumes can be heartily recommended to the general reader who wishes to keep himself abreast of the times, and who can enjoy a series of masterly and not too technical summaries in a wide field of activity and interest. The public librarian may confidently add them to his shelves for inquirers seeking simple, concise, and reliable information.

ANDREW KEOGH.

Yale University Library.

American Graphic Art. By F. Weitenkampf. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1912. \$2.75 net.

This book is intended to be a historical discussion of the "reproductive graphic arts" in America. Though the title is hardly justifiable, we may perhaps admit that Mr. Weitenkampf follows a common usage in so limiting its meaning. The field of his investigations at least is clear. He treats of all that part of American art which reaches its public in multiple and printed form—a category, be it said, rather practical than artistically apt.

With the most diverse and scattered material, his plan of attack is necessarily one of chapter headings, over-lapping here, harking back there, a glance at which shows us what we may expect. First, there is etching, early and late, in its commercial, illustrative, and reproductive phases (here for the moment "reproductive" specifically connotes the interpretation of paintings already before the public), and also as original painter-etching of the highest order. Next, we wrestle successively with engraving in line and stipple, mezzotint, aquatint,—“and other tints,”—wood-engraving, and lithography, early and late again, and with much the same subdivisions. At least six times so far we have approached the very portals of the twentieth century and turned our halting steps again to the eighteenth. So we proceed to the illustrators, where, as the older processes give way to photo-engraving, by an insidious transition it is no longer the engraver, but the painter or pen-man himself who is discussed. Then caricature takes our attention, and the comic paper—yea, even to the comic supplement we pursue our erring

course. In chastened mood, and in the next chapter, we seek again the straight and narrow respectability of bookplates. But soon, with renewed abandon, we make our last and most daring excursion into the realm of applied graphic art—"from business card to poster"; that is, advertising pure and simple, with an earnest plea for the advertisement which may receive the sanction of higher critical approval.

Here obviously is little hope of any sustained flight of the critical or historical imagination. These are forms of art more related by accident of mechanical procedure than in aim or scope. Yet they are interesting forms of art, and many of them invariably left unchronicled in more specialized treatises. Mr. Weitenkampf has attempted to fill a real gap in the written history of American art; and in an uninspired way, with a dryness of style that becomes dryness of humor at times, he has done the work well.

He begins far back in the quaint old days when American art was making its first struggle for existence: when here and there some pioneer engraver was hammering copper-plates out of old boilers and reading the encyclopædia preparatory to a new venture; when Paul Revere, silver-smith and copper-plate engraver, was riding a shorter cut to fame than most of his fellow-craftsmen could compass. Through those early days we meet a host of engravers, etchers, and lithographers, pioneers all, awkwardly inventing their technical methods as they worked and paving the way. To their descendants gradually through the nineteenth century came growing achievement, real success, or premature decadence. With the commercial overthrow of the older processes, in favor of the ubiquitous—and how often inglorious—half-tone, the story becomes definitely two-sided. Etching, engraving on metal and wood, and in great part lithography, are left, a rich heritage and free vehicles of creative inspiration to artists, while modern methods of photo-engraving have opened great vistas of possibility to commercialized art of every sort. On these matters Mr. Weitenkampf speaks with authority, as Curator of Prints in the New York Public Library and as author of "How to Appreciate Prints," a book of some value. The present work is a handbook of American reproductive art, very complete, and clear and brief as the subject matter will allow. It is copiously illustrated with plates well calculated to elucidate the text, and fully indexed. It will certainly be of service to the seeker for information.

HUC-MAZELET LUQUIENS.

New Haven, Conn.

New Trails in Mexico. By Carl Lumholtz. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$5.00 net.

A Mexican Journey. By E. H. Blichfeldt. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.

Northwestern Mexico is so little known that any intelligent traveller is able to bring back at least a few new facts of value to science. In so virgin a field the work of a trained observer is likely to be of deep interest and of permanent value. Such is the case with Mr. Lumholtz's ethnologic studies in Papagueria, here put in popular form without destroying their scientific worth. It is the kind of product one would expect from an ethnologist keenly on the lookout for environmental influences, and with a critical judgment already well displayed in earlier studies in Mexican ethnology and geography.

Since "New Trails in Mexico" is avowedly a "popular" book, one is obliged to criticise it as such, but this is far from acknowledging that one must say pretty things about it merely because it is entertaining. If it were not even readable, what a dismal thing would be the ordinary exploration story! Wherein lies the failure of the average book of feeble adventure in little known places? Wherein the charm of Gadow's "Through Southern Mexico," Hatcher's "Narrative and Geography," or the book before us? It seems clear from an analysis of scores of such books that it lies in the author's ability to bring to his task a trained eye, a fund of special knowledge, and some interpretative power. In at least this respect, the specialist, usually considered narrow, is the most entertaining writer of all. One is in every chapter directed from the ordinary events of the narrative and allowed to revel in a new field with an interesting companion. It is this special knowledge on the part of the author that surprises us at every turn and maintains the interest, whether we are following Gadow along the forest trails of Southern Mexico, or Hatcher on the shingle plains of Patagonia, or Lumholtz in the stern deserts of Papagueria.

Interest centres around two groups of observations: the salt expeditions of the Papago Indians and the sand-dune people of the coast. The Papagos come from great distances—some even from the Gila valley—to the coast of the Gulf of California for their annual supply of salt. On the road to and from the salinas that border the coastal sloughs, the Indians eat and drink very little; travel very silently—only the elderly men talk; no one turns back on the trail during the entire journey; nor can anyone scratch himself except with a special scratcher made from a twig of greasewood. All pray to the sun and to the sea for health, long life, and rain. They sleep only towards midnight.

On arriving at the deposits, a race is run along the border, new songs are sung, and ceremonial rites are performed with salt and meal.

The sand-dune people are among the best illustrations of adaptation to extremely difficult physical conditions. They are virtually extinct now, and formerly numbered less than a hundred and fifty. They made their homes among the dunes of the absolute desert between the Gila and the head of the Gulf of California. Their existence depended upon a knowledge of the few places in the mountains where local rain fills the small depressions, and of the spots along the coast where water may be reached by digging. In hot weather they ran down jack-rabbits in the loose sand. In the mountains they killed mountain sheep and antelope; on the coast they caught fish, and found edible plant food in the *ammobroma sonora* and the juicy *anothera trichocalyx*, that spring up after the scanty winter rains. They always travelled together and their migrations, timed with the seasons, took them from the desolate coast to the more hospitable mountains where they erected grass huts for the winter.

In striking contrast to "New Trails in Mexico" is Mr. Blichfeldt's "A Mexican Journey." We entirely agree with the author that it would be presumptuous in him to set up any claims as a discoverer. For the reader to whom Prescott, Romero, and Martin are unknown, the book may be a source of temporary distraction, but we confess to a feeling that it would be better simply to leave the wine in the old bottles. Those are indeed arid pages on which we find no theme of higher interest than the monotonous incidents of a quite ordinary journey. Witness the seventh chapter, on Oaxaca, whose opening sentence runs: "Still back over your course as far as Santa Lucrecia, then north, that is, parallel to the coast, which is to say west, two hundred miles to Cordoba, and again you touch the route that you might have taken at once. . . ."

Let us do a little analyzing. Take the chapter on "Towns and more Towns." Upon careful reading (solely for the purposes of this review!) we find that it contains approximately seven "ideas": (1) there are no important differences between Guanajuato and Queretaro; (2) Guadalajara is famous for its pottery and Guanajuato for its mint; (3) one tires of hearing about Cortez and Maximilian; (4) the tourist is likely to imbibe the quiescent mood of the country; (5) the author never saw a Mexican mule show signs of viciousness; (6) Pachuca is a unique town with a cold wind that makes sitting in the parks "an uneasy enjoyment"; (7) it has a deficient water supply, a reputation for silver and *pulque*, and it had no bank as late as 1901. If the list is incomplete, it is at least certain that the omitted ideas are all closely related to these and that there are no important omissions. This for a

chapter with more than seven pages of text, or about three per cent of the book. It would be an exaggeration to say that the entire book contains 88 x 7 ideas, even if we allow that the term is here used in a generous manner. The author's comments not infrequently remind one of the lady who went to a circus for the first time convinced that everything extraordinary was faked. Encountering a giraffe, she gazed at it with growing incredulity, and then, enraged by the imposition, swept out of the tent exclaiming, "They ain't no sech animal!"

ISAIAH BOWMAN.

Yale University.

Why Women Are So. By Mary Roberts Coolidge, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1912. \$1.50.

The tangentiality of women has always been more or less irritating to men, and even to women themselves. Man, prefacing the matter with whatever expletive their servitude permitted, has advised "letting her go," being sure that she would return to the computable in time. Woman on the other hand, while assured of her own complexity, has usually felt simple to fatuity. During the last ten years, however, the banging of the doors of home behind women who were leaving it for the day, the year, or for good, has become so reverberatory that the professional observers in fiction and in science have taken large printed notice.

Following these few years of movement among unrelated men and in contact with some of the cutting edges of outside life, it was to be expected that some women would begin to take an interest in their own reactions outside the home. They quickly discovered that weak and sheltered and dependent men acted strangely like similarly environed women; and it began to be asked whether it were not wiser to judge women more by their general than their sex characteristics—as animals are judged.

Dr. Coolidge's book is a history of this attitude, beginning with the hopeless waste of American women during the barren sixty years between the vigorous days of our pioneering mothers and those of to-day, when actual training for life as it is to be lived has come to be an ideal, with some fulfilled examples as guideposts. It is a tale of a life at once desperate and mean. Mean with a leisure for the well-to-do which meant only ignorance and tastelessness; and desperate for the country wives of good husbands who, following their vocation of domesticity, found it included an average of from six to twelve children, the boarding of eight or ten farm hands, exclusive of the active duties

of a home maker,—and this without either mechanical or flesh and blood helpers.

Other chapters deal more cheerfully with the strange vivacity, the tears and talk of the so-called feminine temperament, and with the effect of a required subserviency, the false delicacies, the absurd dress, and general vacuity of a time when—cherished by surviving pioneer mothers who remembered and revolted—the girls of that day grew up almost inhumanly ignorant of all the arts of life. Later still came the Learned Lady; only a phantom, yet her repute made it possible for women to go more and more to such schools as were open. From this time onward came the change in public and private opinion as to what might be asked of a modern woman as to health, intelligence, and training.

No encouragement naturally is found in the final chapter for those opposed to the full citizenship of women with men, for Dr. Coolidge is among those who ardently believe in the fullness of the American democracy.

To those familiar with Dr. Coolidge's work, especially her remarkable study of almshouse women, it will be looked upon as a piece of good fortune that she should have turned her shrewd observation, her long training, and her exceptional freedom from sex bias, upon the matter of the whyness of women. It is quite certain that an increasingly large number of intelligent women—not excluding a few amiable and inquiring men—desire to know more about the subject. And they seem willing to look into the plain face of truth, if must be, rather than into that of lovely fable. One wishes merely that the wholesome and solid material of the book might have been just spontaneously dipped a little deeper into that sort of mellow humor which half holds, half dissolves, and wholly convinces. For every woman must know that a sense of humor is the first requisite for being a woman at all.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

New Haven, Conn.

Sociology in its Psychological Aspects. By Charles A. Ellwood. D. Appleton & Company. New York. 1912. \$3.00 net.

This book represents an effort to place the somewhat unsteady science of sociology firmly upon the psychological basis where the author, with very good reason, believes that it ought to rest. Professor Ellwood's main thesis is as follows. Sociology is the study of the "development, structure, and functions of the forms of association." Its data are found in the activities of "psychically interacting individuals" engaged in carrying on a "collective life-process." These activities consist in

"interstimulation and response" on the part of these individuals. Now the matter of stimuli and their resulting activities is evidently a psychological question. Therefore, the only accurate and dependable study of sociology must follow psychological methods and must utilize all available psychological resources.

The first two chapters of the book are taken up with a consideration of the nature of sociology and its problems. Then follows a discussion of the relation of sociology to other sciences. This is exceedingly well done—so well that we may be permitted to hope that future writers on the subject will feel themselves freed from the necessity of going over this hackneyed and somewhat tedious ground. Then follows the most important portion of the work, the study of the psychical processes, reactions, and interactions upon which the life of society rests.

The mainspring of the social life the author finds to lie in the mind, acting spontaneously, but acting in response to certain stimuli which come from the environment of the organism. The simplest and most fundamental of these acts come under the head of the reflexes and instincts. By instincts the author means "all activities or tendencies to activity which are unlearned—are in us apart from training or experience." These he regards as of extreme importance, inasmuch as they form the basis upon which the complex structure of the social life is built.

Through a process of adaptation to the environment, certain of these instincts are strengthened, others modified. Thus they become habits, and in the multiplication of social habits lies the growth of society. Into this process the feelings enter, giving their sanction to certain activities and discountenancing others, according to their influence on the welfare of the individual. Finally the intellect plays its part, evaluating the habits and activities by higher standards than those of the feelings or desires. The author takes vigorous exception to the idea that the reason is essentially individualistic. On the contrary, the reason, in its higher developments, is much more concerned for the race than for the individual. The stimuli which it presents to the organism are ideas and ideals, which lead to the highest and most unselfish of social actions.

The author considers with care and fairness the leading theories of the social forces, particularly those which give emphasis to imitation and sympathy. He admits that both of these are of great importance in developing society in its middle and later phases, but he regards them as types or forms of interaction, rather than fundamental forces.

As a result of these processes of growth, there has developed a collective mental life, which is sometimes inaccurately styled the social

mind. Allied with this there is a strong social consciousness, which "is perhaps the most significant development in modern history." Through public opinion it operates to control the activities of individuals in the interest of the group.

The work shows great patience and diligence in research, coupled with a high ability for critical analysis and comparison. The author is especially to be congratulated upon his broad-minded and common-sense view of his subject, and his aversion to any single, all-explanatory principle of human life. These have kept him away from many pitfalls, and have enabled him to produce one of the most valuable contributions to recent sociological literature.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Yale University.

The Christian View of the World. By George John Blewett. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1912. \$2.00 net.

Dr. Blewett, whose philosophy of life is here presented, made this book out of his Nathaniel Taylor lectures, delivered in the Yale Divinity School in 1910-11. His influential life as Professor of Moral Philosophy in Victoria College, Toronto, was lamentably cut short last summer by drowning. These pages are therefore unexpectedly a memorial of the message and spirit of the man.

The statement of truth may be either apologetic or dogmatic, appealing in the one case to those who doubt or deny, and in the other to those who are convinced already. This book is frankly dogmatic, taking the Christian theology for granted. "Nature," says the writer, "is a divine activity, a form or medium of the divine self-communication in which man comes to be: the end or purpose which God has in view in thus communicating Himself and giving rise to a world, is the supreme law of nature." This is the central assertion of the book. This is what is meant by the "Christian view of the world." "The universe is a society of spiritual beings; its process is the history of such a society; and the divinely constituted laws of that history, laws in the deepest sense spiritual and moral, are the ultimate laws of every part of nature."

The dogmatic assertion is brought into apologetic service in the writer's dealing with miracle and with prayer. The difficulty in the matter of miracle, he says, arises from a conception of the uniformity of nature on its physical side. If nature is considered as the manifestation of God, as constituted by laws which are His ways of working, and which He does not supersede or contradict but uses, then miracle, or the direct

and special dealing of God with man, is intrinsically probable, and the study of it is to be undertaken on that basis.

As for prayer, the heart of it is not petition but submission. It is not "a mere external means of extorting from God the object of desires that forget God; prayer whose petitions God can grant only if there be in His administration of His world a place for that sad disciplinary wisdom in which parents give to willful children the objects of their will." On the contrary, the supreme purpose of prayer is that thereby we may adjust ourselves the more completely to the divine order.

In this reverent spirit the book is written, filled with intuition rather than with argument, the meditation of a mystic, a book of devotion rather than of philosophy, spiritually helpful.

GEORGE HODGES.

Cambridge, Mass.

Main Currents of Modern Thought: A Study of the Spiritual and Intellectual Movements of the Present Day. By Rudolf Eucken, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Jena. Translated by Meyrick Booth. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$4.00 net.

One approaches any piece of work by the winner of a Nobel prize with high anticipation. It is a great thing to have won the first place in a competition open to the whole civilized world. It is a still greater when the competition is in the realm of the spirit and the prize "for the most distinguished work of an idealist tendency." And when the winner of the prize is a professional philosopher our admiration grows greater still, for philosophers are commonly supposed to be of all men the most unpractical. It will be worth our while therefore to preface our consideration of the particular work under review by reminding ourselves who the author is and what are the qualities which led the Nobel jury to grant him so honorable a distinction.

Rudolf Eucken is a Frisian, a professor of philosophy in the University of Jena, and the author of a number of books, some of a more technical, others of a more popular character, many of which have been translated into several languages, and the circulation of some of which runs into the thousands. In his philosophy Professor Eucken is an idealist. He believes that the ultimate reality is spiritual, and that man fulfills his own destiny only as he relates his life to this independent, all-inclusive spiritual reality. But he differs from the older idealists in defining this spiritual reality in terms of activity and of progress. There is a sense in which for Eucken the world is still in the making, and it is our part to share in creating the new spiritual

environment through participation in which alone our true destiny is to be fulfilled. Thus his philosophy, idealist though it be, has points of contact with current pragmatism, which go far to explain its popularity. The name which he himself has chosen for his system is Activism, and an atmosphere of storm and stress breathes through all his writings and appears in the very titles of his books, as for example "Der Kampf um einen geistigen Lebensinhalt," which we may render, "The Struggle for a Spiritually Significant Life"; or "Can we still be Christians?"

In Professor Eucken, then, we have no closet philosopher, but a man who believes himself to have a practical message for his age. To his thinking, philosophical systems are the outcome of definite tendencies of life, the expression of aspirations as well as the formulation of theories. Naturalism is a philosophy because it is first a life. It is impossible therefore to answer it by argument alone. One must study its effects and see what consequences it produces in human life and how far it is able to satisfy that deep hunger of the soul which man has never permanently been able to stifle. The same is true of all the other great systems which have divided the allegiance of thinkers. Idealism is more than a theory of the universe. It is a working faith. And Professor Eucken is an idealist because he believes it is the most satisfying of all possible faiths.

It is this practical interest doubtless which explains the large response which Eucken's philosophy has found in England and America. With scarcely an exception his books have either been translated or are in process of translation into English, and a number of monographs have already appeared dealing with his philosophy. With the exception of Bergson, Eucken is probably the foreign philosopher best known among English-speaking peoples.

The works in which Professor Eucken has developed his philosophy fall into two groups, historical and constructive. The best known of the former group is "Die Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker," the purpose of which is very inadequately described by the title of the English translation, "The Problem of Human Life." It is an attempt to give a clue to the meaning of the history of philosophy by asking what are the controlling convictions which dominate the life as well as the thought of its greatest thinkers. Technical questions are relegated to the background, and greater attention than is usual in the history of philosophy is given to the men who have been the leaders of religious thought, notably, in the case of Christianity, to the founder himself.

This interest in religion reappears in Eucken's constructive work. No less than four of his books deal explicitly with religion, and the

best known of these, his work "Der Wahrheitsgehalt der Religion" ("The Truth of Religion"), contains some of the most characteristic doctrines of his own philosophy. But even in those books which do not deal explicitly with religion, like his recently published "Grundlinien einer neuen Lebensanschauung" ("Life's Basis and Life's Ideals"), the religious interest is manifest, and the place of religion as a necessary element in any satisfactory philosophical synthesis is explicitly recognized.

The present work holds an intermediate position between the two groups. In form it is historical. As the title, "Geistige Strömungen der Gegenwart," indicates, it is a study of the main currents of modern thought, and as such attempts an objective presentation of the existing situation in the world of philosophy. The method chosen is a study of the various problems which have emerged in the course of the history of thought, with a view to determining the significance of the positions which we find actually confronting one another in the life of our time. Thus the author passes in review such fundamental antitheses as that between the subjective and the objective standpoints in philosophy, between intellectualism and voluntarism, idealism and realism, monism and dualism, a static and an evolutionary view of the world, as well as the more specific problems which emerge in connection with such vital interests of humanity as civilization, history, society, morality, personality, and religion. In each case the meaning of the terms is discussed, the origin of the present situation explained, and the practical motives pointed out which lead the disputants to the positions they hold.

But though the form of treatment is historical, the interest of the writer is not that of the historian. He is led to study the positions which he passes in review not for their own sake but because of the light which they shed upon the fundamental ideas of his own philosophy. The book he tells us "is above all an expression of a specific philosophical conviction as a whole and claims to be considered in this light." Accordingly, the author begins his book by unfolding his own conception of the spiritual life in order that he may apply this as a test to the interpretation of the various contrasts revealed in the later study. In each case the result reached is that apart from the recognition of an independent spiritual life no satisfactory reconciliation of the antinomies of philosophy can be found, and still less no permanent satisfaction of the needs of the human spirit.

For one who does not already know Professor Eucken's thought the present book cannot be recommended. Its style is monotonous, its method repetitious. For a philosopher who chooses the name Activism to designate his type of thinking, there is a lack of progress in the

thought of the book which is, to say the least, irritating. One feels as if one were going round and round in a circle and coming out always at the same point. This is in part explicable by the genesis of the book, which is the rewriting from a constructive point of view of an earlier work, "Die Grundbegriffe der Gegenwart," in which the interest was primarily historical. But the result is none the less unfortunate. A method which was natural in the one case proves artificial and forced in the other. What is given us is neither history nor philosophy, but a series of detached studies, partaking of the nature of both. Those who wish to acquaint themselves with Professor Eucken's philosophy of history should read his "Problem of Human Life"; those who wish to understand his own philosophy should consult his book on "Life's Basis and Life's Ideals."

And yet, the reader who has the patience to follow the author through his nearly five hundred pages will not lack reward. There is something in the very thoroughness with which he follows his quest of the spiritual life through all the recondite problems of philosophy, sure that however deeply it may hide itself he will find it at last, which is encouraging to those who, like him, believe that the last word in philosophy must always be spirit, and that there is no permanent question which the mind of man has asked which can be rightly answered except by him who holds this key.

When one asks more in detail what Professor Eucken means by the spiritual life, one gains no very clear answer. It is an all-comprehensive reality, independent of man, yet kindred to him in spirit, wide enough to include in its catholic embrace all his own highest interests, art, religion, philosophy, morals, growing with his growth, yet already in some sense complete and perfect, the satisfaction of all wants, the goal of all desires, the standard for all endeavor, at once transcendent and immanent, at once task and goal, at once inspiration and reward. Such language, to be sure, suggests the mystic intuition of religion rather than the exact definition of philosophy. But prophets have never been noted for the exactness of their definitions. And it is as a prophet rather than as a metaphysician that Professor Eucken is to be judged as he approaches his description of the ultimate reality. That life is one; that it is meaningful; that it may be satisfying; but that its meaning can be grasped and its satisfactions enjoyed by those only who gird themselves to the task by spiritual consecration,—this is Professor Eucken's message to our age, and it is one for which we may well be thankful.

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THE CRUX OF THE CURRENCY QUESTION*

By A. PIATT ANDREW

THE improvement of our banking and currency system can never be a popular issue. It is abstruse. We are only intermittently conscious of its necessity. It makes no appeal to the emotions. Whatever advocacy or support it may have must come not from the many, but from the few, not from the marching clubs and cheering throngs which give color and excitement to political campaigns, but from the quiet thinking men who are moved by the dry white light of reason.

Currency questions have always been bafflingly intricate and difficult to grasp or resolve. They are in the field of economics what metaphysical questions are in the field of philosophy. They have to do with matters which underlie, and are implicit in, all other economic questions. William James once said of metaphysics that it was only an unusually obstinate effort to think clearly; and if that be true, those who discuss the currency ought, above all things, to be well grounded in metaphysics. Many years ago the English economist Jevons remarked that a kind of intellectual vertigo seems to attack most persons who devote them-

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selves to this subject, and the Scotch economist Macleod was accustomed to assert that more people have gone insane over it than over anything else except religion and love. However that may be, it is certain that when the improvement of our banking and currency law was last under discussion in Congress, there were as many different diagnoses of the situation, and as many suggested remedies as there were students of the subject. Anyone who tried to follow the discussion, and form a clear conception of the issues involved and of the wrongs to be righted, was confronted with a whirling kaleidoscope through which at every moment new arrangements of facts were presented at new angles according to new theories and with new interpretations. It is not strange if some of those who had to face such complexities went mad. We have here to do with a problem which requires an unusually obstinate effort on the part of thoroughly balanced and well-trained minds.

There is another reason why the achievement of a better banking and currency system depends for support upon the more intelligent and better educated members of the community. We suffer only intermittently from the weaknesses and deficiencies of the present banking system; and during the intervening periods it requires the exercise of memory and foresight to appreciate their momentous consequences. Ordinarily we are but vaguely aware of the rôle played by the banking and currency system in our daily life. We know of course that it ramifies all through agriculture, industry, and trade; but we are no more conscious of its operation than we are of the beating of our hearts or of the circulation of our blood. Only when some unusual strain is put upon it, and it fails to respond—or collapses, and the whole business of the country withers and succumbs—is it brought home to us that the very existence of every kind of business and commerce depends upon the proper working of our banking and currency system, and that in this country the system is sadly in need of

thorough and scientific readjustment. Even after the most distressing crises have occurred, almost as soon as normal conditions are resumed the recollection of the suffering that was entailed begins to weaken, the general appreciation of the need for preventive and remedial arrangements lapses, and interest in the subject on the part of most people wanes. Hope springs eternal that the disasters through which the country has just passed will never occur again, and hope, undisappointed for a short period, begets belief.

But for still another reason the currency question is apt never to become a popular issue. It appeals primarily to the intelligence and not at all to sympathies or sentiments or feelings of locality, party, or class. One feels intensely about wrong conditions if responsibility for them, or their consequences, centre in a particular locality or upon a concrete individual or group of people. But when one has to do with conditions to which no personal responsibility can be attached and the effects of which are not confined to any groups or classes or localities, but which influence people throughout the country in every kind of business or profession and in every branch of labor, one's feelings flag. One's sympathies with those affected become dilute. There is no one in particular to be sorry for or to envy or to blame. And proposals for remedy or improvement, because of their very scope, are likely to lack warm popular support. Such enterprises, whatever their pith and moment, unless they have the active advocacy of men of trained intelligence, are sure to lose the name of action.

Upon all of these accounts, because of the complexity of the problem, because of the intermittency of its appearance, and because of its essentially intellectual appeal, the country needs particularly the coöperation of educated men in achieving its solution.

The outlook for currency legislation has never been as favorable as it is to-day. In the winter following the great panic of 1907, Congress and the country weltered in a chaos

of conflicting opinions as to its causes and as to the appropriate remedies. There was little time during the Congressional session for any fresh or thorough analysis of these matters. Representatives of the older communities harked back to the discussions that had followed the panic of 1893, thirteen or fourteen years before, and revamped proposals which were current then, some of which had been well enough adapted to meet conditions at that time, but few of which were pertinent or adequate for the situation in 1907. Representatives of the newer experimenting States (the most conspicuous of which lacked earlier experience in these matters, having scarcely been settled by white men at the time of the panic of 1893), without waiting for any careful diagnosis of the ills requiring remedy, proceeded to prescribe intuitively out of their inner consciousness remedies for ills which had never really existed. If permanent currency legislation had resulted directly from the discussions of the winter of 1907-1908, it would have been a great misfortune for this country. We should have had laws framed either to remedy conditions of a generation before, which had for the most part ceased to exist, or laws framed to remedy evils which never had had any substantial existence outside of the minds of the legislators. It was far better to jack the system up with a temporary prop and then dig thoroughly down to bed-rock for the permanent foundations. This Congress did, and as a result the ground has now been cleared. Effects have been traced back to their causes. The essential has been sifted from the unessential; and out of the chaos of opinions and theories that prevailed five years ago a substantial agreement among competent authorities has been attained, first, as to what most needs remedying, and second, as to the general character of the remedies required. There remain, to be sure, sporadic advocates of remedies for evils that have never, or not for a long time, existed, and to these we shall devote attention presently; but there seems to be little serious disagreement

as to what are the primary issues; and the important discussion of to-day tends rather to centre around the details of these issues.

This remarkable change is the result of five years' deliberate and dispassionate discussion by leaders of thought in all parts of the country; but in a large and important sense it was brought about by the wise, persistent, and broad-minded impulse given to the discussion by one man. Whatever name the final Act may chance to bear, and whatever its details and terminology, if it embodies the essential provisions which the best thought of the country to-day has come to agree that such legislation requires, it will be largely due to the guidance and impetus given to the discussion by Nelson W. Aldrich, former Senator from Rhode Island.

I have said that the defects and remedies about which discussion ranged during the months immediately following the panic of 1907, were by no means those to which the more deliberate and better instructed opinion of to-day attaches major importance. Many at that time were primarily concerned with the insecurity of bank deposits and the possibility of insuring depositors against possible loss. Some were still inclined to attach importance to the risk to the monetary standard entailed by the continued retention in circulation of the greenbacks. Many dwelt with exclusive emphasis upon the inflexibility of the bank-note circulation, and considered a reorganization of the system of note issue as the one necessary improvement in our banking arrangements. To-day, however, not many who have given serious study to the subject regard either the insurance of bank deposits, or the retirement of the greenbacks, or even the reorganization of the note issue, as the dominant desideratum of currency reform.

True, the deposit guarantee idea still has occasional advocates even in high places, but they are few as compared with the legions who rallied around its standard four or five

years ago. Its strange, eventful history teaches memorable lessons. The idea was born in Oklahoma in the very throes of the panic of 1907, after the shortest possible period of gestation. The panic, it will be remembered, began October 28, 1907; and it was not until three weeks later, on November 16, that Oklahoma became a State, and that its first legislature began its sessions. Nevertheless the panic was not yet over, currency was still at a premium, and clearing house certificates were still outstanding throughout the country when the Oklahoma legislature passed its famous law. This first legislature of a new State had been in session only four weeks when, on December 17, it adopted with scarcely any debate a law without any precedent in any other country, and with only one dimly remembered, unsuccessful precedent in the United States—a law which nevertheless presented what was probably the most far-reaching and drastic experiment in banking legislation that had been made anywhere in the world for at least two generations. The only real precedent for it was the early safety fund system tried in New York State between 1829 and 1842, which had ended in a general banking collapse, and had been discarded sixty-five years before. The old State Bank of Indiana, with its thirteen branches mutually liable for each others' debts, has sometimes also been cited as a precedent; but the comparison is not valid, as the branches of the Indiana bank were branches of a central bank, and although they had separate capital and assets, they were not independent institutions, but were indissolubly bound together under the joint responsibility and control of the officers of the parent bank.

Yet, singularly enough, this unique and virtually unprecedented experiment of the newest of the States, although it had been adopted without deliberate or thorough discussion, and although it had not yet been tested, was promptly espoused by the legislatures of several neighboring States. Nothing of course could be more popular with

constituents than the freedom which it ensured to them to "bank" with whatever institution offered the largest inducements, without having to worry about possible loss. It was almost as if the government were to say: "Invest your money where you can get the highest dividends, and in case of failure we will oblige the more conservative low-dividend payers to reimburse you." And so with variations of detail a "compulsory" deposit guarantee was adopted in Nebraska and in Texas, a "voluntary" guarantee in Kansas and South Dakota, and the Democratic Party in its national platform of 1908 advocated the establishment of a guarantee in compulsory form for the national banks. It may seem incredible that such an idea should have attained such momentum in so short a period; but the facts are that in the legislatures of several other States it was under discussion in 1909, and that it would probably have been adopted in some of them, had not the day of reckoning begun in Oklahoma on the twenty-ninth of September of that year.

On that date the bank with the largest deposits in the State, the Columbia Bank and Trust Company of Oklahoma City, closed its doors, owing its customers almost \$3,000,000. The possibilities of the guarantee law as a stimulus to hot-house methods of banking were well shown in this instance; for under its fostering security this bank had succeeded during a single year preceding in increasing its deposits from \$365,000 to \$2,901,000, or by more than 694 per cent. The possibilities of the law as a source of expense to sound banks was also shown in the losses charged to the guarantee fund on account of this and the other failures that followed it, which during the succeeding four years amounted to more than two million dollars. In other words, during this brief period the solvent banks of the State were assessed and made to pay an amount equal to more than twenty per cent of their capital, or an average of about five per cent a year, in order to make good the

debts of unsound institutions for whose mismanagement they were not even remotely responsible. One solvent bank in particular has been cited as having been obliged to turn over no less than 84 per cent of its capital during these four years in order to reimburse the depositors of other institutions. In view of this situation, it is not surprising to learn from the Secretary of the Oklahoma Bankers' Association that two hundred of the Oklahoma banks have not earned a dividend in the last three years. Nor need one be surprised to learn from the Comptroller of the Currency that, while during the years 1908-1909—the first of the Oklahoma experiment—eighty-two national banks in that State left the Federal system to become State institutions in order to secure the supposed benefits of the State bank guarantee, during the years 1911-1912—after three or four years of distressing and costly experience with it,—no less than eighty-eight State institutions reorganized under Federal charters in order to escape its known hardships. This means of escape would probably have been still more extensively resorted to were it not for the fact that the majority of the Oklahoma State banks have not sufficient capital to meet the requirements of the Federal law.

With the collapse of the Oklahoma system, the general agitation for the adoption of deposit guarantee legislation in other States and by the Federal government also collapsed. The flood of political oratory in its behalf subsided as quickly as it had risen, and in 1912 even the political platform writers, whose word ranks only second in authority to Holy Writ and the Constitution, forgetting their solemn demands of 1908, omitted all reference to it from their sacrosanct deliverances.

Looked at in the abstract, such legislation never had any real reason for existence. It was an unwise and unjust "remedy" for an imaginary evil. It was unwise because of its inevitable tendency to lessen responsibility in bank management, its weakening of the incentives for prudence,

whether in fixing interest rates, in granting accommodation, in declaring dividends, in building up a surplus, or in any of the other matters that enter into the conduct of a bank. It was unjust because it taxed well-managed institutions for the consequences of bad judgment, imprudence, or dishonesty in the conduct of other institutions, for which they were in no way responsible, and which, however aware they might be of their existence, they had no means whatever to prevent. It was certainly unfair to stockholders in carefully managed banks to oblige them to protect persons who did not do business with them, but had preferred banks of less conservative policy. But above all the deposit guarantee legislation was uncalled for. The losses entailed upon depositors because of bank failures are not of sufficient proportions to demand so drastic a remedy. In the national banks during the more than half-century in which the Federal system has existed, these losses, according to the Comptroller of the Currency, have amounted on the average to only about three one-hundredths of one per cent of the aggregate deposits; and there is no evidence to show that the losses have been any greater in the State chartered institutions, except in those States where the deposit guarantee has been operating.

It is not altogether clear just what was aimed at by the deposit guarantee agitators; but in all likelihood the objects sought, in so far as they were reasonable and legitimate, could have been more easily and adequately and less dangerously attained by other means. If what was desired was to utilize the service and security of the government in handling the savings of people who are distrustful of banks, and so to reduce the hoarding of actual cash, this object has been far more satisfactorily attained by the establishment of the postal-savings system and the issue of postal-savings bonds in small denominations. If, however, what was desired was to make it possible for a bank at its discretion to ensure its depositors against loss in case of

insolvency, which would seem to have been the object in the States where the "voluntary" system was adopted, this could have been accomplished, as the decisions of the Supreme Court have shown, without further legislation through the agency of private insurance firms. But if what was desired was to ensure to depositors in thoroughly solvent banks the immediate availability of their deposits at all times, this end would be best accomplished not by making the assets of such banks liable for the debts of insolvent institutions, but by adding to our present banking system such facilities as would ensure to solvent banks the possibility of always translating their sound assets immediately and without limit into available funds. This we shall see is the fundamental desideratum of our currency system.

And now by way of clearing the ground further of the unessential, let us turn abruptly to another quite different corner of the currency field. Let us consider for a moment an issue which twenty years ago was urgently pertinent, was in fact the very crux of so-called "currency reform," and which still persists as a live issue in the minds of some veteran "reformers" of those days, although the conditions which then gave it point have long since disappeared. We must pause to consider the retirement of the greenbacks, not because the question in itself is of importance but because it is most important to distinguish clearly between the essential and the unessential, and not to encumber the attempt to secure constructive currency legislation with proposals which are not vital and which might arouse unnecessary friction.

In the middle Nineties, when it was estimated that the total gold stock of the entire country was only about 600 million dollars and less than 200 millions of this was in the vaults of the Treasury, the government's fiduciary currency, consisting of 846 millions of greenbacks and 400 millions or more of over-valued silver, presented beyond question a serious menace to the country's monetary standard.

It meant that the Treasury had outstanding currency obligations payable in gold to the extent of three or four times its own gold holdings, and amounting to far more than all of the gold in the country, including the holdings of the Treasury, the banks, and the general public. At that time, fluctuations in the trade balance of a single year sometimes almost equalled the Treasury's gold holdings in amount, and it was quite conceivable, in fact not improbable, that a sudden unfavorable change in that balance might drain the Treasury of all its gold, and leave the country with a currency standard of depreciated silver or paper. This was the situation which continually menaced President Cleveland's second administration, causing great financial anxiety and forcing the Treasury during those years of peace and normal expenditures to borrow 262 million dollars in gold in order to replenish its continually dwindling reserve. Such a situation inevitably led the advocates of monetary legislation in the Nineties to place first and foremost among their proposals the necessity of getting rid of the precarious greenback; and most of the plans proposed by bankers' associations, chambers of commerce, and financial experts generally at that time emphasized the urgency of this measure.

It sometimes happens that with the lapse of time and with changed conditions, infirmities, long left untreated, cure themselves; and so it has been with the one-time bothersome greenback. Twenty years ago, when the outstanding greenbacks amounted to twice the gold holdings of the Treasury and to much more than half of the country's entire gold stock, there was abundant reason for anxiety on account of their continued circulation. The situation is utterly different now. Gold has accumulated in the Treasury beyond the wildest "dreams of avarice" of the Nineties. From less than 200 millions in the middle Nineties, the Treasury's gold holdings have grown to approximately 1,250 millions to-day; and the estimated gold stock of the

country has increased from 600 to more than 1,800 millions (despite the fact that the Director of the Mint in 1907 reduced the estimate for gold in circulation by 185 millions as compared with the basis of previous years).

The greenback has thus become each year a relatively less important element in our currency system, an element of ever less and less potency for harm. Doubtless the absolute amount of outstanding greenbacks has diminished considerably through loss and destruction during fifty years, and is to-day far less than the \$846,000,000 issued during the Civil War and still carried as an obligation on the government books. Yet, taking the greenbacks at the full total of their original and unretired issue, they now fall short by 900 millions of the Treasury's holdings of gold, while in 1894 and 1895 they exceeded those holdings by fully 200 millions. With such an accumulation of reserves, it is incredible that the Treasury should ever again experience the perils of the Nineties on account of the greenbacks.

The greenbacks are less menacing to-day for the further reason that they are being rapidly transformed into small denominations which are absorbed in the general circulation, and which could only with great difficulty be collected in sufficiently large amounts to cause a serious drain upon the Treasury through presentation for redemption. Of the 489 millions of silver certificates at present in circulation, all but about five per cent are now in denominations of one, two, and five dollars; and of the 846 millions of reported greenbacks more than half are in similar denominations. So great and continuous is the demand for notes of small denominations that one may safely predict that in another decade practically all the existing greenbacks will be in small denominations in the pockets of the people. The "endless chain" with its ineffectual bond issues, the imminence of specie suspension, and the fear of Treasury bankruptcy will never again result from the outstanding greenbacks. Their dangers, lurid and nerve-racking though

they were twenty years ago, are now only memories. They require no present remedy and demand no consideration in the currency legislation of to-day.

Few probably realize the change that has come over banking discussion during the last four years. Up to as recent a date as 1909, when any economist or banker of the Eastern States spoke of banking reform (especially as distinguished from monetary reform), it was reasonably safe to assume that what was primarily, and in all likelihood exclusively, referred to, was some project for reorganizing the methods of note issue. Such books as we had upon banking (and there were some monumental works, like the four-volume "History of Banking" published in 1896 by the "Journal of Commerce") dealt only with the history of note issue and the legislation and practices connected with it. The plans for banking legislation that were widely discussed—such as that of the American Bankers' Association adopted at their convention in Baltimore in 1894, and thereafter known as "the Baltimore plan," or "the Carlisle plan" proposed in the same year by Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, or even the imposingly and energetically propagandized plan of the Indianapolis Monetary Commission of 1898,—suggested no substantial changes in our banking laws beyond a revision of the arrangements for note issue. Individuals here and there tried to call attention to other defects and suggested means for their remedy, but they were only isolated voices crying in an unresponding wilderness. The discussing public, whether of academic or "practical" or legislative affiliations, unconsciously continued to debate banking questions from virtually the same point of view, and in almost the same language as the English authorities who debated banking reform in England during the decades before the passage of Peel's great Act of 1844. They could not seem to realize that banking had become vastly transformed during the last fifty years, and that while it was formerly true that a community's demands

for credit were met in nine cases out of ten by the issue of notes, now such demands are met in nine cases out of ten by ledger balances, or what in ordinary language are mis-called "deposits." Not realizing this, they could not perceive that changed banking conditions had raised other problems and made other remedies requisite than those pertinent to banking a half-century or so ago.

It was not in fact until within the last three or four years, when the investigations and reports of the National Monetary Commission had disseminated a fresh and thorough analysis of banking as it is currently conducted, that discussion cut loose from the traditional lines upon which it had run for generations and took a new start. Then at last it began to be generally understood that in order to render our banking system properly effective, not only is legislation required which will make the issue and withdrawal of notes correspond more closely with the fluctuating needs of business, but perhaps even more urgently legislation which will render credit more freely and closely responsive in the form of ledger balances or deposits, inasmuch as these bulk so much larger than note issues in the country's credit machinery and in the conduct of business to-day. This was one great contribution of the National Monetary Commission. It established the idea that it is *credit*, not merely in the form of note circulation, but *primarily in the form of deposits, that must be made flexible and responsive*. The Commission did not discover this fact. The situation had existed for decades and many individuals had recognized it, but they emphasized it in their reports, and provided especially for it in their bill, and focussed the general attention upon it as it had not been focussed before. And whereas hitherto there had been a few who understood it, now one may say that it has become almost axiomatic with the general public, including apparently our Representatives in Congress.

A physician would probably say that what primarily ails

our currency system and causes panics and desperate stringencies is something akin to *arteriosclerosis*. The veins and arteries of credit which, in order to function properly, ought to be elastic and contractile like rubber, are hard and brittle as glass. When subjected to unusual strain they can yield but little and are very liable to rupture, and when once stretched they are apt to remain over-enlarged.

In the case of the notes, the cause of this inflexibility is too well known to require specific statement. I am not one of those who undervalue the vast service rendered to this country by the national bank notes. Their creation marked the greatest forward step made during the nineteenth century in this country's banking legislation. They brought order out of utter chaos in our bank currency; and the assertion of Judge Alphonso Taft in a letter to Secretary Chase that "if the Civil War resulted in nothing else than providing the country with a uniform currency it would not have been fought in vain," was not a very great exaggeration of the truth. The notes have been of uniform value throughout the country and as secure as the government itself from the date of their institution to the present hour. This, however, does not alter the fact that the terms of their issue, which were influenced by the financial exigencies of the government during the war, do not allow the notes to respond in amount in the slightest degree to the changing activity and needs of business. It would be incredible, if it were not true, that fifty years after the war these notes should still be made to serve as an artificial market for government bonds, when the cost to the country is the continual inability of the system to respond to crop-moving and other seasonal demands, and a continual risk of general business collapse. The temporary Act of May 30, 1908, which relaxed the rigor of the law in moments of critical emergency by permitting additions to the currency to be based upon other security by payment of a heavy and increasing tax, was no real solution of the situation. It

contained no provision to render the currency responsive to ordinary fluctuations in currency demand, and resort to its provisions in times of great stress might easily precipitate a panic if one did not already exist. It was enacted for only six years, and was regarded by its sponsors only as a temporary palliative pending the preparation of a permanent cure. *One universally recognized essential then of a proper banking and currency plan is provision for a more flexible and responsive note issue.*

When we turn to credit in the form of ledger balances or "deposits" and inquire as to the causes of their inflexibility, the explanation also rests on quite familiar facts. There are two peculiar features of our banking system which are practically without counterpart in other important countries and which render ledger balances or deposit credits in this country less flexible and responsive than such balance or credits are elsewhere. The first is the rigidity of our reserve laws, and the second is the lack of any bankers' bank or similar institution with ample resources and lending power, from which the banks can replenish their own reserves when necessary.

Outside of the United States I know of only one other country in which the law requires a cash reserve to be held against deposits. That country is Holland, and the law applies to only one institution, the Bank of the Netherlands, and that institution does not hold enough deposits to make it worth mentioning in this connection (less than \$3,000,000). Our national banking law, however, and the banking laws of most of the States are unreasonably and unsoundly rigorous in this regard. Not only must stated proportions of all deposits be held by the banks in reserve, but these reserves, according to the law, can never under any circumstances be used. It is very much as if the government, having established naval and military reserve forces in time of peace, were to insist that, in order to maintain them intact as reserves, these forces should not be used

in time of war. Whenever the cash held by a bank has fallen to the required minimum, the bank cannot legally continue to extend accommodation. It cannot issue more notes unless it has additional government bonds to deposit for their security, and it cannot enlarge its ledger balances unless it has additional reserves. No matter what may be the stress of an emergency, or whether it is due to war, catastrophe, or unreasoning fear, there are no legal means for relaxing this requirement. And so in moments of great sensitiveness and anxiety, legal spokes are apt to be thrust suddenly into the wheels of credit, and the whole machinery of business brought crunching to a standstill. *A second essential then of any adequate currency plan is some provision which will render the reserve requirements pliable and the reserves of possible use.*

Our banks also have less flexibility in their power to lend ledger balances than the banks of practically all other countries for another reason: the lack of any permanent institution or institutions which can perform for them services similar to those which they perform for their customers. An individual bank makes the money of each and all of its customers flexible in amount by rendering it of mutual service and available to those who most need it when they most need it; and in order that the money of individual banks may be similarly flexible in amount, of mutual service to each other, and available to those institutions which most need it when they most need it, they require in their turn some agency which will do for them, severally and jointly, what they do for the general public.

As this is the very crux of the whole currency problem, we must examine a little more closely what an individual bank is and does. A bank is, first of all, an intermediary between borrowers and lenders. It collects the surplus money of those who do not intend to use it themselves and lends it to those who do. But more than this, a bank, by pooling the active accounts of a community, inasmuch as only a fraction

of those accounts will be wanted at the same time, accumulates an additional reserve of lending power. And this new lending power, which it has, so to speak, created, it can also place at the disposal of its customers, discounting their paper or bills receivable, giving them its better known credit for their own which is less known, and making funds immediately available for them in place of their own unmatured obligations. Now banks need for their own self-protection and for their mutual assistance and above all in order to serve the public freely and effectively, some agency which will perform identical functions in relation to themselves. It does not matter what such an agency may be called. It may be a discount bureau, or a re-discount bureau, a national clearing house, or a national or regional reserve association. Out of deference to those great financial experts who write the banking clauses of political platforms and whose bans and edicts are blessed with sacerdotal infallibility, when such an institution is proposed for this country, it must not be called a central bank. Such an institution is perhaps most plainly designated if it is called a "bankers' bank"; but by whatever name it is referred to, the need of such an institution is the fact of primary importance in the American banking situation.

Just as an individual bank economizes and mobilizes and makes flexible in amount the funds of individual members of a community, so a bankers' bank mobilizes and economizes and makes flexible in amount the money of the banks. It collects money from institutions and localities when and where they do not need it, and lends it to others when and where they do. In like manner the active deposits of the various banks, as they are not all wanted simultaneously, furnish the bankers' bank with a large surplus reserve of lending power, which in turn is an invaluable source of flexibility to the individual banks. By its means they can, if need be, re-discount their commercial paper, exchange their unmatured assets for actual cash, and secure its still

better known credit in place of their own. By its means their reserves can be replenished and their lending power made responsive to the needs of their communities. A bankers' bank makes it possible for the money of the individual banks to do many times the work it would do if left in the separate institutions, and to do it far more effectively. It is the only ultimate safeguard, the only scientific deposit guarantee, the only sound basis of flexibility in any banking system. Hence, as we have no such institution permanently and legally established in America to-day, *the prime essential of any sufficient banking plan is the equipment of our system in some way or other with the facilities of a bankers' bank.*

We have now touched upon the three fundamental desiderata of our banking system. There are of course other defects which affect one or another kind of banking, but these are the crying needs of universal importance. We need a more flexible and responsive note issue. We need more flexible requirements for reserves. And we need some kind of an organization or institution of the nature of a bankers' bank. Others may look at these needs from somewhat different angles and name them differently, but the majority of what might, without too much presumption, be called "authorities" would agree in substance.

And now in bare outline, how should each of these needs be met?

First: Remedies for the Note Issue. In making the note issue flexible there are at least three important questions to be decided. Upon what shall future issues of notes be based? Shall the bond-secured currency be retired? And by whom shall notes in the future be issued?

It is generally admitted to-day, by all except possibly self-interested dealers in bonds, that in the future additional issues of notes can only be made satisfactorily responsive to business needs, if requirements as to the pledge of bonds

of whatever kind as collateral, are done away with, and the amount and security of the notes are made contingent upon the usual banking assets, cash and commercial paper.

Whether the security of the amount of notes now outstanding should be changed, depends upon whether the values of the United States bonds now so used can be otherwise taken care of. We have some 780 millions of two per cent bonds now marketable at par, almost all of which are used for this purpose and which would probably lose a quarter or a third of their value if the circulation privilege were removed without other compensation. Before changing their traditional perquisites as collateral, in simple justice to their owners, arrangement should be made to refund these bonds into three per cent bonds in some such manner as the National Monetary Commission proposed.

One hears rumors from time to time that some member of Congress, and it is even hinted that a certain currency expert in the Cabinet, has suggested that the government hereafter be entrusted with the issue of all notes. We have already made two experiments in this country with government paper money, and certainly no one who is familiar with their lamentable history, or with the parallel experiences of most other governments with paper money, would advocate a renewal of such an experiment except under the stress of the direst extremities. Even if there were not the continual and precarious temptation to over-issue in order to defray the expense of government undertakings, or in order to stimulate trade, which is likely to beset any government that is launched upon the boundless sea of greenbackism, the proposal would still be objectionable because no government is in a position to gauge the needs of legitimate trade or has any but arbitrary means for adjusting the issue of notes thereto. In this country we are already freighted, as no other country is, with government notes, and they have left in their course a trail of trouble. Of one thing, therefore, we may be certain. The issue of any additional notes,

and above all, an issue which is intended to be flexible in amount and responsive to business, ought not to be relegated to the cumbrous, inexpert, and ill-adopted instrumentalities of the government.

A few years ago when the sole watchword of currency reformers was "asset currency," it was often proposed to allow any of our thousands and thousands of note-issuing banks to issue notes upon the security of their general assets without special restrictions except possibly the necessity of reserving a small proportional redemption fund. The notes, it was said, could not be over-issued if they were only issued in exchange for commercial paper arising out of actual transactions. "Any amount of notes may be issued," wrote one distinguished expert whose name is almost a household word among currency theorists, "so long as the claims held by the banks are based upon actual and salable property." No greenback theory was ever more fallacious or more dangerous than this. It was a revival of the old fallacy of John Law, of the land banks, of the *assignats*, and of the directors of the Bank of England at the time of the Bullion Report. (It would have been well indeed if the currency reformers of a half-dozen years ago had read and pondered over that last named sterling document of the year 1810.) For if our 7,400 or more national banks were to issue notes with no other limitation than the requirement that they be issued only in exchange for paper arising out of the sale of goods, or paper secured by the pledge of goods or other property, there would be practically no limit to the amount of notes that might be issued except the consequent bankruptcy of the country. The ensuing rise in prices and adverse balance of trade would instigate a demand for gold for export which might easily sweep every remnant of specie from the bank reserves.

Most of the plans for "asset currency" to be issued by individual banks that were widely exploited a few years ago were fraught with this most serious danger of extravagant

inflation. If we are to have a currency based upon commercial paper and ordinary banking assets, which everyone is agreed that we require, then the determination of its expansion and contraction must not be left without check or hindrance to seven thousand or more independent institutions. Its control must be entrusted in one way or another to the judgment of the most expert and the most disinterested board or committee that the country can provide; and this board can best gauge the credit requirements of the country or of its section of the country, if it controls the agency through which the banks re-discount their commercial paper; and it can best adjust the issue to these requirements, if it can influence or control the general rate of discount in the country as do bankers' banks elsewhere.

It is worth noting in this regard that, judged by their practice, other leading countries do not regard the issue of paper currency as a proper function either of the government or of ordinary individual banks. In England, France, and Germany, with a slight exception which has an historical origin, the government issues no paper currency whatever; and in these same countries and in many others which might be mentioned (for instance, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, and Japan) during the last half-century or so, the privilege of note issue has been taken out of the hands of individual banks, in which it was formerly located, and entrusted to a bankers' bank.

Answering, then, the questions which have been raised regarding bank notes, I should say that future issues of notes ought to be freed from the requirement of bond collateral, that the bond security of the present issue should, however, only be abandoned when the two per cent bonds have been refunded into three per cents, and that future issues of notes ought certainly not to be made by the government, nor by the individual banks, but can be most soundly and scientifically issued by some superior banking agency which

can gauge and regulate their amount through the process of re-discount and the control of the discount rate.

Second: Remedies for Rigid Reserve Requirements. As to ways and means for making the reserve requirements more flexible, there has been curiously little discussion. It has usually been regarded as necessary for the law in this country to prescribe more specific standards for bank reserves and for bank administration generally than are required elsewhere, for the reason that we have so vastly greater a number of independent institutions. It is not perhaps realized that we have more than a hundred times as many separate incorporated banks as there are in all Great Britain, and more than fifty times as many as there are in Germany. Mutual comparison and supervision are therefore much less possible here, and the opportunities for lax or inefficient management are correspondingly increased. On these accounts there is every reason for reluctance to take any step which would seem to remove the reserve regulations and give the banks a freedom that some of them might abuse. Yet everyone recognizes that the law is hopelessly inept in consigning bank reserves to eternal idleness and unavailability. Here is the dilemma—to make the reserves usable and still to require their maintenance. It has sometimes been suggested that the law might allow the banks to use their normally required reserve upon payment of a tax or fine proportioned either to the extent of the reserve deficiency or its duration; but this proposal, though sound in theory, would be difficult of enforcement in practice because of our more than 7,400 separate national institutions.

I know of no more satisfactory solution of this difficult problem of making the reserve requirements pliant without largely relinquishing them, than that suggested by the National Monetary Commission, which proposed to leave substantially intact the present reserve requirements for

national banks, but to permit the banks to "count" as reserve their balances with a "reserve association," which was the Commission's name for a bankers' bank. This would make it still obligatory for every bank to keep at all times uninvested and available the same proportion of deposits as is required at present; but it would also make it possible, when occasion demanded, for it to increase its reserves by transferring some of its commercial paper to the reserve association, and receiving in exchange therefor, upon payment of the discount rate, an increased balance upon the reserve association's books. Some such arrangement is already open to the banks of every other country, and it makes their reserves infinitely more flexible and responsive than ours. Banks are thus enabled at any time within reasonable limits to transform any solvent assets into available reserve funds.

Third: Our Paramount Need—a Bankers' Bank. This brings us back again to the same inevitable point towards which all roads of currency discussion converge, to the necessity of establishing in this country an institution of the nature of a bankers' bank. From whatever direction we survey the subject, this impressive fact looms over and dominates the field.

If you review our economic history for the last sixty years, you will find business in this country ever groping, often blindly but sometimes almost with frenzy, towards this goal. In every period of unusual strain, when our banking and currency system has been on the verge of rupture, if not of actual collapse, you will find a great variety of temporary bankers' banks being hastily improvised in all of our large cities and even in many of the smaller towns to perform tardily, locally, ineffectively, and generally illegally the functions which ought to be promptly and effectively executed by permanently and legally established national institutions. You will find committees of the established clearing house associations, and where such institutions have

not already existed, of associations of bankers organized overnight, pooling part of the reserves of the banks so that they will be available for each other, making loans on collateral, re-discounting commercial paper, issuing currency and ledger balances therefor, and performing every function appropriate to a bankers' bank.

But you will also find unfortunately that these ingeniously contrived makeshifts have seldom been able to get under way in time to forestall prostration. The banking and currency system has usually already broken down; and the banks in general have already suspended payment; and all that the temporary bankers' banks have been able to accomplish has been the slow rehabilitation of the great structure of credit, which, if our banking system had been scientifically constructed, would never have collapsed.

Unfortunately, too, these temporary bankers' banks, having been organized without any legal status, have been obliged to exercise powers which they not only were not authorized by law to exercise, but from the exercise of which they were distinctly prohibited by the law. It has only been through the tolerance of broad-minded Comptrollers of the Currency and State bank supervisors, who, in recognition of the great extremities, have practically suspended the execution of the law, that these temporary bankers' banks, acting like Red Cross agencies of relief in overwhelming emergencies, have been allowed to proceed without hindrance. The participating banks in most cases, however, have made themselves liable to injunction, withdrawal of charter, receivership, and prosecution.

But most important and unfortunate of all, with all of the ingenuity and energy with which American business is endowed, it has never been possible even in the most desperate panics through which we have passed, to organize a temporary bankers' bank covering more than a single locality. No one seems ever to have even attempted to organize such a temporary bankers' bank upon a national, or even a

sectional or regional scale. No means have ever been provided, or probably ever could have been temporarily provided, for making the reserves of different cities available for each other. Yet the most serious feature of every American financial panic has been the jealous and disgraceful struggle of different localities to fortify themselves at the expense of each other, the *sauve qui peut*, which in periods of strain, or anticipated strain, has led the banks of each town and city to build up their reserves at the expense of their neighbors, and has led each region to protect itself at the expense of other regions. It is this internecine slaughter which more than anything else has caused from time to time the complete stoppage of domestic exchange and the general suspension of payments throughout the country; and this is the aspect of the situation which more than any other requires remedy.

Our temporary illegal local improvisations of bankers' banks have proved insufficient because they were temporary, illegal, and local. History as well as science, practice as well as theory, all agree in this. They agree also as to what this country needs. Shall the hand of some unknown and not over-instructed politician that on a hot June night hastily penned a clause in a political platform prevent our achieving it? Let us have enough belief in the ultimate power of truth to hope not.

WHAT THE TEN-YEAR SERGEANT OF POLICE TELLS

By HENRY H. CURRAN

IN his yearning for other lands and other days, Kipling's Tommy Atkins laments that he is "learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells." New Yorkers have been learning through the last winter something of what the ten-year sergeant of police tells. Their equanimity is not increased by the fact that this veteran's recital holds true of many another American city.

The school was set in motion by the latest accident in government by investigation. One Herman Rosenthal, a professional gambler, who had fallen out with his police protector, had agreed to call on the District Attorney on a July morning and tell what he knew. The appointment was not kept. Rosenthal stepped out of the Hotel Metropole at two o'clock that morning in response to a message that a friend wished to see him, and was shot to death the moment he set foot upon the sidewalk. The murderers made their escape from this brilliantly lighted spot in the Tenderloin with ridiculous ease. If a bystander had not caught the number of the fleeing automobile, the efforts of the District Attorney to call these gunmen to account might well have failed. As events turned out, not only were the four gunmen caught, tried, and convicted, but the police lieutenant involved was convicted of complicity in the affair, and all five are in Sing Sing Prison, sentenced to death.

Meanwhile, the horrified amazement of the people of the city had turned into fiery indignation as the revelations following the shots became more and more sinister in their indications of police complicity in the murder itself. The idea

that a lieutenant of police could turn to organized murder to protect his "graft" from exposure was enough to shake the complacency of the blindest. In less than a week from that early morning's work, a movement was on foot in the Board of Aldermen to investigate the police department.

When the investigating committee began its work there was many a wiseacre to predict that "a little graft would be dug up—enough to satisfy the public—then it would all blow over, and the game would go on as before." Others scented a political move and speculated upon the chance of elevating a moral spasm into a "moral issue." And still others, while greedy of the sensations to come, fell back upon the folly of attempting to improve conditions without changing the substantive law on gambling, excise, and prostitution. "The people want to gamble," argued these last doubters, "and laws against gambling cannot be enforced; the people want the saloons open on Sunday, and you cannot keep them shut by law; and no law for the prohibition of prostitution has been possible of enforcement since the beginning of time. These are State-made laws, and the legislators from the rural districts, who are still in the majority at Albany, have imposed their own more rigorous ideas of morality upon a liberty-loving metropolis that systematically sets the imposition at naught. Until the law represents the will of the people of this city, policemen will profit by its non-enforcement; and all the investigations in the world will not cut out the cancer." With a vigorous plea for home rule for the city in these matters, this school of critics usually dismissed the subject as exhausted and settled, on that basis.

The language of the city's charter with respect to aldermanic investigations is simple indeed:

The Board of Aldermen shall have power and it shall be its duty to see to the faithful execution of the laws and ordinances of the city; and it may appoint from time to time a special committee to inquire whether the laws and ordinances of the city relating to any subject or to any department of the city government are being faithfully observed, and the

duties of the officers of such department are being faithfully discharged. . . .

The charter framers took it for granted that law is made to be enforced. They decreed further that it be the "duty," as well as the power, of the Board of Aldermen "to see to the faithful execution of the laws . . . of the city"; and nowhere do the fathers countenance such deceitful sacrifices to a distorted conception of personal liberty as "partial" or "proportionate" or "reasonable" enforcement of law. There is no hint in the books of a twilight zone between what is and is not crime, save as the law prescribes.

The committee therefore, in obedience to its charter mandate, held aloof from that engaging field of "when is a crime not a crime," and went in straight pursuit of an answer to the question, "Is the law enforced and are the officers of the police department faithfully discharging their duties?" In other words, New York for the first time studied its police department as a problem of administration. Committees have come and gone, startling the city with the depth of their revelations and revolting their audiences to the point of satiety. They operated, but they took no steps to heal the disease uncovered; the surgeon dropped his work with his knife, and, after calling his clinic to witness what the gash revealed, left the patient to recover as he might. This committee had a different conception of its task.

The police problem is one of character, and the key to a policeman's character is the kind of administration under which he lives. A police career should be as honorable as an army career, with its incentive to ambition and its reward for merit. Is it aided, then, or hindered, by the way in which the department is managed? Is the policeman fortified by his environment and handling to resist temptation, or is the fortitude he brings into the department with him sapped and buffeted to exhaustion by bad management? Let the ten-year sergeant—one of the honest majority—give a few glimpses of his experience, as seen through the lens of this

latest investigation, and perhaps even this fragmentary kaleidoscope will reveal something of the intense directness of the pressure which administration brings to bear upon the character of the "cop."

When a square-jawed, well-framed young fellow leaves his truck or workshop and "makes the cops" in New York, he does so by way of a civil service examination, mental and physical. He may be of very ordinary mental calibre, but must be physically without a flaw. In his application he must give his previous history and employment, and answer under oath whether he has been arrested, indicted, or convicted, giving the circumstances. Then he is looked up. New York recruits its police force at the rate of thirty men a month, and the Civil Service Commission confesses to having to look up the character of this human stream with the aid of just two investigators. Prior to the present police administration, an effective character investigation bureau was maintained at police headquarters, under the capable direction of Lieutenant John Stanton, to supplement the absurdly inadequate staff of the Civil Service Commission. This bureau delved into such refinements as the detection, by watermarks, of bogus Irish county birth-certificates, whereby many an intending "copper" was caught swearing falsely as to his age and promptly prevented from beginning a police career with a successful lie upon his lips. But this bureau was abolished by the present administration, and the ten-year sergeant has seen thirty-eight men appointed by the present commissioner who were known by him to have sworn falsely that they had never been arrested. How many more of this ilk have come in since, the public will never know, for the machinery of detection has been thrown into the scrap heap. One of these men had been acquitted of murder (shooting), and of felonious assault (stabbing), after arrest, in addition to having been sued by his wife for non-support and brutal treatment. Letters against his character were on file in the department, and the boy he had stabbed, in his

barber shop in Brooklyn, had protested both to the Mayor and the commissioner against making the man a policeman. When the boy told his story before the committee, the deep red of the scar he bore from the stabbing, running from the ear to the point of the jaw, was visible across the whole space of the sideboard chamber. A present deputy commissioner accounted, on the witness stand, for the assassin's appointment as follows:

Q. Then if anybody can escape going to jail, he is a good enough policeman for you—is that right?

A. Yes, sir, he is a good enough policeman for me.

And the commissioner then explained:

I am saying that, in my opinion, when a man has been tried for a crime and has been acquitted, it is not incumbent upon any public official to condemn him or consider any further prosecution of him. . . . Any man who, after indictment, has been acquitted, is good enough for me.

The commissioner did not seem to perceive that it was not a question of prosecuting or condemning a man, but of choosing him or dismissing him, giving him a gun and a club, and making him a guardian of the peace and the State's witness for twenty-five years to come. Another applicant-performer had been arrested for seduction, discharged upon agreeing to marry, had then cruelly beaten his wife and abandoned her, and finally, had struck a bargain with his mother-in-law to pay her five dollars a month if she would keep those incidents from the knowledge of the department. They came to the present commissioner's knowledge and he promptly made the man a policeman. Still another man, appointed a few years ago and sweeping even the vigilance of the department's character investigation, had served a year in the King's County Penitentiary for burglary. Thus the ten-year sergeant, standing at the gate of the citadel of police headquarters, has seen this kind of man enter and made welcome in the place where truth should be the first quality; and many a truth-telling young fellow he has seen left stand-

ing without, because the liars spelled or punctuated a little better. He has also seen the dismissal from the force of that Lieutenant Stanton who testified to the committee, under subpoena, of his character investigation work, before the present commissioner did away with it. Following his testimony, came a charge of attempted extortion, suddenly remembered after three years by the commissioner's former policeman-chauffeur; then Stanton's trial and dismissal, though his record in the department was clean for seventeen years back. This extraordinary charge was, immediately after the police trial, thoroughly sifted and exploded before the aldermanic committee, but Stanton remains the sacrifice of the investigation.

When the new policeman has run the preliminary gauntlet and is finally appointed to be one of "the finest," he is corralled for thirty days in the school of recruits to be "halter-broken." Here he receives competent instruction in pistol practice, drilling, and humane handling of prisoners, with many a sharp fall from the wrestling teacher who shows the different grips. In the old days, there was also fruitful schooling in the law of crime, gathering of evidence, and presentation of the State's case in court, with an active moot court in session to demonstrate indelibly this vital part of a policeman's work. The mental training, however, has fallen into decay, and its old vigor is now replaced by hours of monologue from a captain to a score of perspiring truckmen who neither ask nor are asked questions. With no running stimulus to independent thinking, there is also no test at the end, in which respect the police probationer may wake a chord of envy in the collegiate heart. London schools its police neophytes for six weeks, and Düsseldorf, supplying schooled recruits to the Rhine provinces, for eleven weeks, while a German policeman must first have been a "non-com" in the German Army, with at least six years of army experience. That New York, without the extra safeguards of the British and the Germans, should turn its policemen out on

the street equipped with thirty days of mental malnutrition, serves to show another of the honest policeman's initial handicaps.

A more serious instance of starting a man on his race with a hobble about his knees is encountered in the rate of pay of the first and second year patrolmen, and this is a matter that the ten-year sergeant has been through himself. The \$800 of the first year becomes \$900 in the second, and then ranges upward by degrees until it reaches the patrolman's maximum of \$1,400 at the end of the fifth year. The \$800 is quite fictitious. It is in fact only \$556.64, as the city takes back the balance by compelling the new patrolman to buy his entire equipment out of his own pocket. Summer and winter uniforms, raincoat, boots, billet, locust night-stick, whistle, nippers, revolver and cartridges, rawhide straps, cap-devices—these and a thousand and one other expenses must be footed by the patrolman. He must even pay for his bedding at the station-house, where he is required to be when asleep on reserve; and his pension and benevolent association dues complete the rebate that he thus furnishes the city. The wives of 175 patrolmen picked at random have told the committee their experience, with figures of household budgets. They pass muster in thrift and frugality, but their little savings cannot bridge the gap between a salary of \$556.64 and an average budget for family purposes of \$848.71. It is only debt that finds room in this gap, with the tradesman and the doctor vying for the monthly pay cheque, and the loan shark ever at the door. One of these parasites finally collected \$60 from a patrolman for a loan of \$30. It needs only a slight dereliction of duty to bring down a fine upon the patrolman's head, and then it is the wife and babies who are punished. Fines are deducted from the offender's pay, and there has been much thoughtful condemnation of this instrument of discipline. The New York policeman thus begins his career in debt, and if he yields before some of the graft that is thrust at him, must the condemnation be blind

to all causes? One has little patience with those sympathetic souls who would excuse a policeman from wrong-doing because he is peculiarly tempted; the town is thoroughly sated with this maudlin fashion of talk. But has the city done its part when it fastens the shield with the city's seal on the breast of the new "cop" with one hand, and with a niggardly clutch of the other pulls him aside into unavoidable debt?

The old saying, "You must take 'em young," applies to the policeman. Let him "get away" with a fraud at his entrance, and he will try another before he has long been in. The next step is promotion, and on this point a police captain, of years gone by, has testified to the following miniature of high finance:

A. I was not three months on the police before somebody came to me and wanted \$800 to have me detailed to the Harbor Squad.

Q. Did you pay it?

A. No, sir.

Q. Were you detailed?

A. No, sir. Five or six months after that my grandmother died, and she left a little money to my mother, and the scouts heard about that, and they came around and wanted to make me a roundsman for \$600.

This captain was under examination concerning a story that he had done some negotiating for the payment of \$10,000 to a politician for his promotion to his captaincy. The colloquy over this reveals a refreshing degree of frankness.

Q. Would you be willing to pay \$10,000 for your promotion?

A. If somebody else paid it for me. I would not have paid it.

Q. You would have consented to have had it paid?

A. Most assuredly I would. I wanted to get promoted.

Q. How would you get the \$10,000 back?

A. I do not know (*laughter*). There is a legacy coming to me, and I would be able to pay it back some day.

Q. How would you get the \$10,000 back that you had to put up for a captaincy?

A. Why the job was worth it (*laughter*).

Q. How?

A. For the simple reason that you do not have to work nights. You can sleep all night (*laughter*).

If ever a department of city government should have its drawbridge up and gates bolted against politicians, however well-intentioned, the police department is that one. The insidious plague that has suddenly destroyed the chestnut trees of a continent is no more potent in its blight than is the devastation of discipline that political access can work in a police department. The police commissioners who have come and gone are a unit on this point. Is anyone yet so simple as to think that a policeman who benefits in his calling by political favor will not some day have to repay that favor by winking at an infraction of the law? And that is quite apart from many a cash payment made in bygone days, if rumor be true.

Ten years ago, Captain Miles O'Reilly, who bears the distinctive appellation of "Honest Miles O'Reilly," was in command of the Oak Street precinct and on the lookout for malingerers. So, when at three o'clock one morning, four of his men were discovered "shooting craps" in the back room of a saloon when they were supposed to be on duty, there was trouble ahead. O'Reilly was a good deal of a disciplinarian in his day, and the particular "crap-shooter" who figures in this drama was promptly dismissed from the force. With an ambition to return to the fold, the dismissed patrolman went to court; he was rejected with equal promptness by two courts, the second being the court of last resort of the State. He then accomplished the passage, by the legislature of the State of New York, of a special Act reinstating him as a policeman, which was vetoed by Mayor McClellan. Then came a general Act, with a retroactive clause to admit the "crap-shooter," but General Bingham, then commissioner, used the discretion given him by turning this bad penny down again. The fifth attempt, made upon

the present commissioner, succeeded, and "Honest Miles O'Reilly's" tarrier is back again after nine years of lobbying, with a new uniform and a service stripe, as lively as a cricket, while the passing decade has seen the honorable retirement of his old commander. The slang phrase that "they never come back" boasts two notable exceptions in Rip Van Winkle and this peripatetic patrolman. The ten-year sergeant knows this as "a reinstatement," and he has seen more than one man justly dismissed by the last administration but cheerfully reinstated under the present régime, with rank still equal to that of his comrade who had escaped this vacation by steadily doing his duty.

When the aldermanic investigation began, the ten-year sergeant had not only seen a dismissed patrolman come back after nine years of lobbying, but he had also seen eight police commissioners come and go in eleven years. Birds of passage, a former deputy commissioner has testified that "the force gets a glimpse of them flying over and hardly has time to determine their species." Commissioners come and go, but the policeman goes on forever. And with this tradition, has come about a sort of police peerage, a group of powerful barons in the department who, holding the higher offices, can make and unmake a commissioner. If the barons become disaffected, the commissioner's days are numbered. Judge McAdoo, a former commissioner, has testified that in November, 1905, standing odds of two to one were posted in every gambling house in town that "McAdoo would not last beyond the year." There were no takers, and McAdoo went when the clock struck twelve on New Year's Eve. The police barons manufacture "crime waves," bring pressure upon a mayor vested with power to remove the commissioner, stir up political sorties by the "outs" against the "ins" of police officialdom, and never yet have they failed to get the head of the ruler. That these Igorrotes administer the lair of such "crooks" as the department harbors, might well be believed, even in the absence of the recent con-

viction of four inspectors now in stripes on Blackwell's Island. The young policeman is under the command of these higher officers, and he has his own existence to look to, with always the chance of a "frame-up" if he displeases the barons by unwelcome zeal in protected fields of law-breaking. This is the "system." The presence of a number of higher officers of sterling uprightness only emphasizes the "gait" of the others. With these men so difficult to dislodge that some have, uncannily enough, been honorably retired on pension just to get them out of the department, the barons command respect in the ranks when the commissioner cannot. General Bingham has testified that when the peerage carried its power into the legislature, he was compelled, to his military amazement, to take the defensive before the legislative committee and, in trying to defeat their legislation, to face a volley of questions from spokesmen of his own subordinates. In other words, the head of the house was called sharply to account for opposing a bill emanating from his own *entourage*! That each of these commissioners who succeeded each other so rapidly has different ideas from those of his predecessor, which he invariably puts into effect, only increases the confusion of the policeman who must do his work in such a remarkable household.

There are few young policemen who do not cherish an ambition to serve in the detective bureau. The plain clothes of the "bull" are a magnet of envy that never fails to draw. With a sense of romance and responsibility begotten of boyhood, the chance of a high *esprit de corps* here would seem second to none. That opportunity is now in abeyance. Maladministration has emptied headquarters of detectives and scattered them to the precincts, with the inevitable disappearance of cohesion, team work, and conference. The "Italian Squad," a famous set of men who under the valiant Petrosino proved the first effective check to bomb-throwing, kidnapping, and the "Black Hand," has been abolished. The pickpocket squad, specialists in capturing these disciples

of Fagin, is gone. Captain Carey's homicide squad has been scattered, and his human bloodhounds are more likely now to be found on the trail of Saturday-night street brawls than of murder. In short, specialization, the main support of detective efficiency, has received its death blow. Abolished also is the "morning line-up," the daily array of crooks at headquarters for inspection and identification by detectives under mask. Worst of all, 8,400 pictures in the "Rogues' Gallery" have been burned up in the furnace at headquarters, by official order, together with the accompanying Bertillon records, and this invaluable aid to criminal justice in all parts of the country is a thing of the past. The number of arrested persons now "mugged" is so paltry as to be negligible—O personal liberty, "what crimes are committed in thy name!" With the temple thus pulled down over the departmental head, and the detectives searching for tools to work with, the rotation of members of the bureau has proceeded so fast that in fifteen months 254 men went in and 290 went out and back to patrol duty, out of an average complement of 500 in the bureau. The prophet has not yet appeared who will essay to prove that detectives may thus be made overnight.

The ten-year sergeant found the detective's climax capped when he heard of the ostrich feather exploit of a June night last year. The detective bureau, with a laudable ambition to put three known "loft burglars" behind the bars, engaged the services of a "stool-pigeon," that is to say, another "crook," who cheerfully agreed to lead his comrades into a police trap for the price. Twenty-five dollars of the city's money was spent for a kit of burglar tools, and further funds for wining and dining the three "crooks," the vouchers for all of which now lie in state in the comptroller's office. The plan was prettily set for a midnight melodrama opposite old Grace Church on Broadway, and the appointed time and place found the three burglars and their obliging "stool-pigeon" friend busily blowing a hole into the loft building which contained the goal of their hopes, the dynamite being

also a municipal investment. The trio being engaged in the loft, their automobile and chauffeur accomplice waiting in Union Square, a few blocks away, for the signal, and the department's detectives planted in adjacent doorways, the little drama came to its climax upon the collision of these three expeditions. The burglars were on the sidewalk with bags stuffed with several thousand dollars' worth of ostrich feathers, the automobile speeding to the rescue had slowed up at the curb to take aboard the thieves and their loot, when at the proper moment a swarm of detectives swept down upon the adventurers and captured the entire outfit, without a shot or a struggle. This constitutes the official burglary, but the unofficial burglary came to light the next morning when the merchant who had unwittingly provided the scenery for the drama counted up his losses and then, in the station-house of the precinct, whither the feathers had been taken, made an inventory of the capture. As the value of the feathers in the hands of the police was \$1,500 less than that of the feathers taken from the loft, and a hard-hearted burglar insurance company had felt certain enough of the loss to pay over the \$1,500 to the merchant, the disappearing difference in the feathers survived as the greater mystery. Although no one but the detectives and the crooks had been on the spot, and the detectives had captured the crooks, they vouchsafed no answer to the mystery of who had captured the missing feathers. The play became still more a burlesque when the lieutenant of detectives a few days later demanded and received from the merchant \$175 as a reward for personal bravery.

Mary Goode's testimony marked the beginning of the committee's inquiry into the department's methods of handling vice. Self-confessed proprietress of a disorderly house, she passed across the stage with a modesty of demeanor and modulated gentility of speech that well-nigh gave the lie to her vocation. When attacked by a hostile member of the committee, her discerning retort, complete in its

answer, was delivered so quietly and with such evident sincerity that her story has never since been questioned. Her tale is worn threadbare in private knowledge but seldom told in public under oath. The shifting of zones of prostitution, the dreariness of the trade, the cupidity of police officials, and the incessant payment of "protection" money to their collectors were only a few of the familiar incidents related. The ten-year sergeant knows this story by heart. It concerns more than him. He could not, however, know her estimate of the number of prostitutes, showing a total of 85,000 fallen women in New York City. One need not stand aghast when he compares this figure with that of the 10,000 similarly unfortunate women that an aldermanic committee found domiciled in the town seventy years ago. There were some 500,000 people in the present city area in 1848, where there are now 5,250,000. So the old proportion was one prostitute to every fifty of population, where now it is only one to every one hundred and fifty. Hope may lie there.

George A. Sipp, who had kept a "hotel" in Harlem, followed the Goode story within a week, and his unadorned tale of consistent payment for police protection was equally convincing. He served the additionally useful purpose of introducing the committee to the "friendly collar," a species of arrest that is visited from time to time upon protected law breakers, to keep the precinct record straight. The difference between an ordinary "collar" and a "friendly collar" is that the arresting officers suffer a lapse of memory when they appear in court against the victim of the latter, so that the case fails and is "turned out"; but the record of arrests shows a fine degree of activity, *pro bono publico*, on the part of the profiting police protectors.

The ten-year sergeant knows Sipp's story as well as he knows Mary Goode's, for the police barons rule more by fear than by secrecy. But he knows more. He is aware that citizens constantly write to the commissioner accusing

police officers of "grafting" from gambling and disorderly houses, and has learned to his amazement that the practice of the present commissioner is to refer all such complaints to the officers accused for investigation. In a test period of fourteen months, in the present administration, out of 801 such complaints, 270 are found to have been politely forwarded to the accused policemen, or their immediate superiors involved by inference in the accusation, with a request to investigate themselves. As many as 190 were referred to the officers in question merely for their "information." When these Spartan policemen investigated, they invariably found themselves not guilty and solemnly so reported to the commissioner, who must have been immensely relieved to find his officers so sure of themselves. One letter, addressed to the Mayor and forwarded to the commissioner, ran as follows:

March 27, 1912.

Hon. W. J. Gaynor:

I would like to have you investigate quietly Lieut. Becker. He is now collecting more money than Devery, and it is well known to everyone at Police Headquarters. Please do this and you will be surprised at the result.

Yours,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

This was "respectfully referred to Lieutenant Becker for investigation and report," and the Lieutenant himself, in this case, respectfully suggested in his report that someone else might better do the investigating. The Lieutenant is now in prison for the murder of Rosenthal. A complaint that one of Inspector Sweeney's "wardmen" was "grafting" was referred to the Inspector for investigation and report, and the latter promptly absolved himself. He is now confined in the penitentiary for conspiracy. With no system of informing himself of conditions, to check the reassurances of his lying subordinates, the present commissioner has coupled an honest effort to enforce the gambling law with a studied

indifference to Sunday liquor-selling and to the heyday of disorderly house activity that has reigned; and his idea of "auto-investigation" by accused policemen has led straight into the Rosenthal murder. The ten-year sergeant wonders that the explosion did not come before.

When the agitation for this investigation was begun, the sensation-loving portion of the public found its food in the committee's struggle for permission to exist. With high city officials of every persuasion offering obstacle after obstacle to a police inquiry of any kind, there was presented a steeplechase of such stiffness and variety that all New York took a sporting interest in the running. The jumps all taken and the course to the arena run, there followed the period of "great expectations." The audience clamored for blood. "Show us the graft! Give us the 'man higher up.' Produce or get off!" Thus the cry of the crowd, the yearning for a human sacrifice, with its opportunity for the turning down of thumbs. Meanwhile the committee had been going about its business seeking the answer to the question, "Is the law of the city faithfully observed and are the duties of its officers faithfully discharged?" The administration of the department was and is the problem, and the driest details received their due notice in the scheme. In December the inquiry was pointing up, in its logical course, to the department's method of handling gambling and prostitution, and its machinery was working smoothly, and fruitfully, with every promise of the beneficial results that must accrue from careful study as distinguished from sensation seeking. From the point of view of the sensation lovers, however, the affair was quite in the doldrums, and was becoming generally labelled as a humdrum, sewing-machine matter, soon to die and best forgotten. Most serious of all, the modest appropriation was nearly exhausted, and those hostile to the inquiry could prevent the granting of another dollar unless there were a public demand that would not brook denial. That a great number of thinking people

wanted the inquiry completed along its proper lines did not lessen the opportunity of the hostile.

At this point of peril, Mary Goode's story came to the rescue with the spectacular suddenness of lightning. Back came the special writers of the newspapers who had "featured" the inquiry in the beginning but had long since fled to more exciting fields. Back came the audience, which had dwindled to a dozen when Mary Goode took the stand, but now thronged the chamber at every hearing. Back came public interest, with three-column headlines in the papers and animated discussion wherever in the town one man might meet with another. The chasm was crossed, the extra appropriation granted with eulogies from friend and foe alike, and the street-corner comment changed to, "Now you're *doing* something—keep it up!"

Sipp's story a week later settled all uncertainty, and history records the punitive aftermath of that revelation of revenge: A score of policemen indicted, two patrolmen convicted and in Sing Sing, a captain and another patrolman who have confessed, awaiting sentence. And, finally, for the first time in its history, New York has witnessed the spectacle of four inspectors of police—the highest rank in the uniformed force—in stripes, with heads shaved, making brooms and mending shoes within the gray walls of a penitentiary. That the story of one man before an aldermanic committee should give the District Attorney an opportunity to carry his masterly pursuit of crooked policemen to the point already reached, was a chance by-product of an administrative investigation that looms larger and larger in its educational benefit to the police and the community. Having set the Sipp saturnalia in motion, the committee returned to its patient, closed its ears to the clamor of the clinic, and quietly finished its work.

Will the analysis be followed by synthesis? Will the public remember long enough to see that punitive destruction is followed by administrative construction? Preventive

hygiene will be required to follow convalescence. If the call is not heeded, the consequences will come in the shape of another police explosion and another police investigation. The ten-year sergeant knows this.

He will well know, too, whether the events of 1918 have helped to give the police the administrative backbone of a "career." If they have not, the adage that "the policeman's lot is not a happy one," will still apply to him, for he is of the honest and preponderant portion of an army that New York honors to a man for its courage, and wants to honor to a man for its uprightness. But if they have, the ten-year sergeant may translate Tommy Atkins for a new toast to the spirit of the corps:

When you've 'eard your city callin',
W'y you won't 'eed nothin' else.

STYLE IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE*

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

THE various followings in architecture to-day are so many and so manifest that he who runs may read, and, parenthetically, he who reads very certainly often runs—from some of the strange aberrations that beset his path. I am minded therefore, in writing under the above title, to say less about style and styles and half a style, than of the impulse—or the impulses, for they are legion—behind them, and of the goal to which in devious ways they all are tending.

There is nothing accidental in our stylistic development, or in the universe, for that matter. There was once a very wise man who, on speaking of a miracle to a friend, and being confronted by the assertion that the event was not that but rather a coincidence, devoutly said that he thanked God he was not so superstitious as to believe in coincidences. So, chaotic and illogical as our devious wanderings after the strange gods of style may be, there are grounds for thinking that even here we may find evidences of design, of a Providence that over-rules all things for good; “an idea,” as Chesterton would say, “not without humor.”

For chaos is the only word that one can justly apply to the quaint and inconsequent conceits in which we have indulged since that monumental moment in the early nineteenth century when, architecturally, all that had been since the beginning ceased, and that which had never been before on land or sea began. A walk up Fifth Avenue from Madison Square to the Park, with one's eyes open, is an experience of some surprises, and equal illumination; and

* This paper is based upon an address before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia.

it leaves an indelible impression of that primal chaos that is certainly without form, if it is not wholly void. Here one may see in a scant two miles (scant, but how replete with experiences!), treasure-trove of all peoples and all generations: Roman temples and Parisian shops; Gothic of sorts (and out of sorts), from the "Carpenter-Gothic" of 1845, through Victorian of that ilk, to the most modern and competent recasting of ancient forms and restored ideals; Venetian palaces, and Louis Seize palaces, and Roman palaces, and more palaces from wherever palaces were ever built; delicate little Georgian ghosts, shrinking in their unpremeditated contact with Babylonian skyscrapers that poise their towering masses of plausible masonry on an unconvincing sub-structure of plate glass. And it is all contemporary—the oldest of it dates back not two generations; while it is all wildly and improbably different.

The experience prompts retrospection, and we turn over the dog-eared leaves of the immediate past. Apparently it was the same, only less so, back to the decade between 1820 and 1830, and there we find a reasonably firm foothold. Here at last, at the beginning of the century, we discover actual unanimity, and with some relief we go back century after century, tracing variations, but discovering no precedent for the chaos we have left. From time to time, even to the first Olympiad, we suddenly find ourselves at some brief period where a fight is manifestly going on, but there were never more than two parties to the contest, and this once passed, we have another four or five centuries of peaceful and unified development. Our own Colonial merges without a shock in English Georgian; this, through Inigo Jones, in the Renaissance of the Continent. A generation of warfare lands us in Flamboyant Gothic, and so to real Gothic, that stretches back through logical vicissitudes to the twelfth century. Another upheaval, and in a moment we are with the Romanesque that touches Rome itself,—and behind lies

Hellas. No chaos here; definite and lawful development; infinite variety, infinite personality, and a vitality that demands a more illimitable word than "infinite." What happened, then, in 1825, what is happening now, what is going to happen, and why?

We all know what our own Colonial was like; perhaps we do not fully realize how varied it was as between one section and another, but at least we appreciate its simplicity and directness, its honesty, its native refinement and delicacy, its frequent originality. It isn't the same as English Georgian; sometimes it is distinctly better, and, however humble or colloquial, it is marked always by extreme good taste. If anything, it improved during the almost two centuries of Colonial growth, and when the nineteenth century opened it was still instinct with life. A half-century later where were we? Remember 1850, and all that date connotes of structural dishonesty, stylistic barbarism, and general ugliness! Here is the debatable period, and we may narrow it; for in 1810 and in 1820, good work was still being done, while in 1840, yes, in 1880, the sodden savagery diluted with shameless artifice was widely prevalent. To me, this decade between 1820 and 1880 is one of the great moments in architectural history, for then the last flicker of instinctive art amongst men died away, and a new period came in. Such a thing had never happened before: it is true Rome never matched Greece in perfection of art; the Dark Ages after her fall were dark indeed; the second Dark Ages after the death of Charlemagne were equally black; while the transition from Gothic to Renaissance was not without elements of disappointment; but at none of these transitional moments were people absolutely wrong-headed, never was the work of their hands positively disgraceful. Even now we put their poor products in our art museums, where they are not outfaced by the splendid monuments of the great and crescent epochs. In a word, what happened about 1825 was anomalous; it happened for

the first time; and for the first time whatever man tried to do in art was not only wrong, it was absolutely and unescapably bad.

I should like to deal with this matter in detail, but the labor would prolong itself unduly. Briefly, what happened was, it seems to me, this. The Renaissance had struck a wrong note—and in several things besides architecture: for the first time man self-confidently set to work to invent and popularize a new and perfectly artificial style. I am not concerned here with the question whether it was a good style or not, the point is that it was done with malice aforethought; it was invented by a cabal of painters, goldsmiths, scenic artists, and literary men, and railroaded through a stunned society that, busied with other matters, took what was offered it, abandoned its old native ways, and later, when time for thought offered, found it was too late to go back. Outside Italy there was at first as little desire for the new-fangled mode as there was for the doctrinal Reformation outside Germany. In France and England good taste still reigned supreme, and though the dogmatic iconoclasts took good care that the best of the old work should be destroyed, and that suspicion should be cast on what—from sheer exhaustion—they allowed to remain, though for one reason and another the new Classic style came in, the good taste of the people still remained operative, and while Italy and Germany were mired in Rococo and Baroque, they continued building lovely things that were good in spite of their artificial style, because their people had not yet lost their senses or their taste.

It could not last however; certain essential elements had been lost out of life during the Renaissance and the Reformation; the Revolution—third act in the great melodrama—was a foregone conclusion; it completed the working out of the foreordained plot, and after it was over and the curtain had been rung down, whatever had been won, good taste had been lost, and remained only the memory of a

thing that had been born with man's civilization and had accompanied it until that time.

Alberti and Palladio and Inigo Jones had dissolved and disappeared in the slim refinements of American Colonial. What followed? For a brief time, and in one or two categories of activity, the spacious and delusive imitations that Jefferson more or less popularized, the style sometimes known as neo-Grec, but more accurately termed—because of its wide use for Protestant meeting-houses in country districts—the Greco-Baptist style. It cannot be mistaken: front porticoes of well-designed, four-foot Classical columns made of seven-eighths inch pine stock neatly nailed together, painted white, and echoing like a drum to the incautious kick of the heel; slab sides covered with clapboards, green blinds to the round-topped windows, and a little bit of a brick chimney sticking up at the stern where once, in happier days, stood the little cote that housed the Sanctus bell.

Then came what is well called "Carpenter-Gothic," marked by the same high indifference to structural integrity, and with even less reliance on precedent for its architectural forms; a perfectly awful farrago of libellous details—pointed arches, clustered columns, buttresses, parapets, pinnacles—and all of the ever-present pine lumber painted gray, and usually sanded as a final refinement of verisimilitude. And with these wonderful monuments, cheek by jowl, Italian villas, very white and much balconied, Swiss chalets, and every other imaginable thing that the immortal Batty Langly, or later the admirable Mr. Downing could invent, with, for evidence of sterling American ingenuity, the "jig-saw-and-batten" refinement of crime. We really could not be expected to stand all this, and when the Centennial finally revealed us as, architecturally speaking, the most savage of nations, we began to look about for means of amendment. We were not strikingly successful, as is evidenced by the so-called "Queen Anne" and "Eastlake" products of the morning after the celebration; but the

Ruskinian leaven was working, and a group of men did attempt to produce something that at least had some vestiges of thought behind it. It is generally considered very awful indeed—and so it is, but it was the first sincere and enthusiastic work for generations, and demands a word of recognition. Its vivid ugliness is due to the fact that in the space of seventy-five years the last, faintest flicker of sense of beauty had vanished from the American citizen; its intensity of purpose bears witness to the sincerity of the men who did it, and I for one would give them praise, not blame.

We are approaching—in our review—another era in the development of our architecture: let us gather up the many strands in preparation therefor. Here are the “wild and whirling words” of Hunt, Eidlitz, Furness; here is the grave old Gothic of Upjohn’s following, Renwick, Congdon, Haight; admirable, much of it, especially in little country churches; here is the Ruskinian fold, Cummings, Sturgis, Cabot—rather Bostonian you will note; here is the old Classical tradition that had slipped very, very far from the standards of Thornton, Bulfinch, McComb, now flaring luridly in the appalling forms of Mullet’s Government buildings and the Philadelphia City Hall. Let us pursue the subject no further; there are others, but let them be nameless; we have enough to indicate a condition of some complexity and a certain lack of conviction, or even racial unity. Then the Event occurred, and its name was H. H. Richardson. The first great genius in American architecture, he rolled like an æsthetic Juggernaut over the prostrate bodies of his peers and the public, and in ten years we *did* have substantial unity. We were like the village fireman who didn’t care what color they painted the old tub, “so as they painted her red”; we didn’t care what our architecture was, so long as it was Romanesque. For another ten years we had a love-feast of cavernous arches, quarry-faced ashlar, cyclopean voussoirs, and sea-weed decoration; village

schools, railway stations, cottages,—all, all were of the sacrosanct style of certain rather barbarous peoples in the south of France at the close of the Dark Ages.

And in another ten years Richardson was dead, and his style, which had followed the course of empire to the prairies, and the alkali lands, and the lands beyond the Sierras; and a few years ago I found some of it in Japan! It was splendid, and it was compelling, as its discoverer handled it; but it was alien, artificial, and impossible, equally with the bad things it displaced. But it *did* displace them, and Richardson will be remembered, not as the discoverer of a new style, but as the man who made architecture a living art once more.

Eighteen hundred and ninety, and we start again. Two tendencies are clear and explicit. A new and revived Classic with McKim as its protagonist, and a new Gothic. The first splits up at once into three lines of development: pure Classic, Beaux Arts, and Colonial, each vital, brilliant, and beautiful in varying degrees. The second was, and remains, more or less one, a taking over of the late Gothic of England and prolonging it into new fields, sometimes into new beauties. So matters run on for another ten years; at the end of that time the pure Classic has won new laurels for its clean and scholarly beauty, the Beaux Arts following has abandoned most of its banality of French bad taste and has become better than the best contemporary work in France, while the neo-Colonial has developed into a living thing of exquisite charm. I feel too near the Gothic development to speak of it without prejudice, but its advance has been no less than that of its Classical rival—or should I say, bedfellow?

And now two new elements enter: steel-frame construction on the one hand, and on the other the Secessionist. The steel frame is the *enfant terrible* of architecture, but like so many of the genus it may grow up to be a serious-minded citizen and a good father. It isn't that now, it is

a menace, not only to architecture, but to society; but it is young and it is having its fling. If we can make it realize that it is a new force, not a substitute, we shall do well. When it contents itself in its own sphere, and the municipality says kindly but firmly, "thus far and no further"—the "thus far" being about one hundred and twenty-five feet above street level, as in the very wise town of Boston,—then it may be a good servant. Like all good servants it makes the worst possible master; and when it claims as its chiefest virtue that it enables us to reproduce the Baths of Caracalla, vaults and all, at half the price, or build a second Chartres Cathedral with no danger from thrusting arches, and with flying buttresses that may be content beautifully to exist, since they will have no other work to do, then it is time to call a halt. The foundation of good architecture is structural integrity; and it doesn't matter how beautiful a building is, if its columns merely hide the working steel within, if its vast vaults are plaster on steel-frame and expanded metal, then it isn't architecture, it is scene-painting, and it takes its place with that other scene-painting of the later Renaissance to which we mistakenly apply the name of architecture.

The Secessionist—one might sometimes call him Post-Impressionist, Cubist even—is the latest element to be introduced, and in some ways he is the most interesting. Unlike his *confrères* in Germany, Spain, and Scandinavia, he shows himself little except in minor domestic work—for at heart we are a conservative race, whatever individuals may be,—but here he is stimulating. His habitat seems to be Chicago and the Pacific coast; his governing conviction a strongly developed enmity to archaeological forms of any kind. Some of the little houses of the Middle West are striking, quite novel, and inordinately clever; some of the work on the Pacific coast, particularly around Pasadena, is exquisite, no less. Personally, I don't believe it is pos-

sible wholly to sever oneself from the past, its forms and expression; and it certainly would be undesirable; on the other hand, the astute archæology of some of our best modern work, whether Classic or Gothic, is stupefying and leads nowhere. Out of the interplay of these two tendencies, much of value may arise.

And there you are: three kinds of Classic, two kinds of Gothic, skeleton-frame, and Secessionist,—all are operative to-day, each with its strong following, each, one admits, consummately clever and improving every day; for there is no architectural retrogression in America, there is steady and startling advance, not only in facility for handling and developing styles, but in that far more important affair, recognition of the fact that styles matter far less than style. From a purely professional standpoint the most encouraging thing is the breadth of culture, the philosophical insight into the essence of things, the liberality of judgment that mark so many of the architectural profession to-day. Gone are the old days of the "Battle of the Styles"; the swords are beaten into pruning-hooks, and these are being used very efficiently in clearing away the thicket of superstitions and prejudices that for so long choked the struggling flower of sound artistic development. The Goth and the Pagan can now meet safely in street or drawing-room without danger of acute disorder; even the structural engineer and the artist preserve the peace (in public); for all have found out that architecture is much bigger than its forms, that the fundamental laws are the same for all good styles, and that the things that count are structural integrity, good taste, restraint, vision, and significance. No one now would claim with the clangor of trumpets that the day of victory was about to dawn for the Beaux Arts, Gothic, or steel-frame styles, or for any other, for that matter; each is contributing something to the mysterious alembic we are brewing; and all we hope is that out of it may come the

philosopher's stone that, touching inert matter, shall turn it into refined gold—which by the way is the proper function of architecture and of all the arts.

Chaos then confronts us, in that there is no single architectural following, but legion; and in that fact lies the honor of our art, for neither is society one, or ever at one with itself. This is one of those great five-hundred year periods of boiling activity, one of those nodes that periodically divide the vast vibrations of history, when all things are in flux, when all that has been for four centuries is plunging downward in disintegration, while all that shall be for another equal period is surging upward towards its culmination. Architecture is nothing unless it is intimately expressive, and if utterly different things clamor for voicing, different also must be their architectural manifestation. You can't build a Roman Catholic or Episcopal church in the Beaux Arts vernacular (it has been done but it is extremely silly) because the Church is the eternal and fundamentally immutable thing in a world of change and novelty and experiment; and it has to express this quality through the connotation of the forms it developed through a thousand years to voice the fullness of its genius that was developing simultaneously. Neither can you use the steel-frame or reinforced concrete to the same ends, though this very sordid wickedness has also been perpetrated, I have grounds for believing. On the other hand, think of using the consummate art of Chartres Cathedral for a railway terminal, or the Sainte Chapelle for a stock exchange, or Haddon Hall for an Atlantic City hotel, or the Ducal Palace in Venice for a department store, or the Erechtheum for a fire-engine house. The case has merely to be stated to be given leave to withdraw, and with it goes, for the time, the talk we once heard of an "American Style." Styles come from unity of impulse; styles come from a just and universal estimate of comparative values; styles come where there is the all-enveloping influence and the vivid stimulus of a clear and

explicit and compelling religious faith; and these occur, not at the moment of wild confusion when one epoch of five centuries is yielding to another, but after the change in dynasty has been effected, and the new era begins its ascending course. The only premeditated architecture I know, the only style that was deliberately devised and worked out according to preconceived ideas, the style of the Renaissance, was yet not half so artificial as it looks (and as some of us would like to think), for in a sense it was inevitable, granting the postulates of the humanists and the flimsy dogmas of the materialists of the sixteenth century. It did not develop insensibly and instinctively like Hellenic and Byzantine and Gothic and Chinese Buddhist art—the really great arts in history,—but once the great parabola of mediæval civilization curved downward to its end, once Constantinople fell, something of the sort was not to be escaped.

Now I do not feel that we shall be content with an art of the scope of that of the Renaissance; I do not feel that we shall be content with a new epoch of civilization on Renaissance lines. There are better ways of life, and saner. I believe all the wonderful new forces now working hiddenly, or revealing themselves sporadically, will assemble to a new synthesis that will have issue in a great epoch of civilization as unified as ours is disunited, as centripetal as ours is centrifugal, as spiritually efficient as ours is materially efficient; and that then will come, and come naturally and insensibly, the inevitable art that will be glorious and great, because it shows forth a national character, a national life that also is great and glorious.

Reduced to its simplest terms, American architecture is seen to have had two epochs. First, the attempted conservation of a definite style (which, whatever its genesis, had become an essential part of our racial character), and its complete disappearance exactly at the time when the serious and conservative nature of the people of the United

States gave place, with almost equal suddenness, to a new quality born partly of political independence, partly of new and stimulating natural conditions, partly of the back-wash from Continental revolution, and above all of the swift working out, at last, of powers latent in the Renaissance-Reformation itself. Second, the confused activities of many men of many minds, who had cut loose from tradition become moribund. Communal interests, the sense of solidarity, inherited from the Middle Ages and persisting in strange new forms even through the Renaissance epoch itself, had yielded to a crescent individualism, and architecture, like a good art, followed close to heel.

This is really all there is to our architectural history, and I have used many words in saying what might have been expressed in a sentence. What lies before us? More pigeon-holes, more personal followings, more individualism, with anarchy at the end? I do not think so, but rather exactly the reverse. Architecture is always expressive; sometimes it reveals metaphysical and biological truth, when in itself there is no truth whatever. If we built Independence Hall in Philadelphia, there was something in us of the same nature, and we glory in the fact. If we built the City Hall in the same town, there was something in us like that, arresting as the thought must be. If we are doing three Classics, and two Gothics, and steel-frame, and Post-Impressionism (not to mention the others) at the present moment, then that is because our nature is the same. Now, can we again prove the truth of the saying "Ex pede Herculem," and, using our present output as the foot (one admits the connotation is of the centipede), create the Hercules? I mean can we, from what we are doing to-day, predict anything of the future? Not of our future style—that will be what our society makes it; but of society itself. For my own part I think we can; for all that we are doing in architecture indicates the accuracy of the deduction we draw from myriad other manifestations, namely, that we

are at the end of an epoch of materialism, rationalism, and intellectualism, and at the beginning of a wonderful new epoch, when once more we shall achieve a just estimate of comparative values, when material achievement becomes the slave again, and no longer the slave driver, when spiritual intuition drives mere intellect back into its proper and very circumscribed sphere, and when religion, at the same time dogmatic, sacramental, and mystic, becomes, in the ancient and sounding phrase, "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic," and assumes again its rightful place as the supreme element in life and action, the golden chain on which are strung, and by which are bound together, the varied jewels of action.

Everywhere, and at the very moment when our material activity and our material triumphs seem to threaten the high stars, appear the evidences that this wonderful thing is coming to pass, and architecture adds its modicum of proof. What else does it mean that on every hand men now demand in art better things than ever before, and get them, from an increasing number of men, whether they are Pagans, Goths, or Vandals? What is the meaning of the return to Gothic, not only in form, but "in spirit and in truth"? Is it that we are pleased with these forms and wearied of others? Not at all. It is simply this, that the Renaissance-Reformation-Revolution having run its course, and its epoch having reached its appointed term, we go back, deliberately or instinctively, as life goes back, as history goes back, to restore something of the antecedent epoch, to win back something we have lost, to return to the fork in the roads, to gain again the old lamps we credulously bartered for new. Men laugh—or did, they have given it over of late—at what they call the reactionary nature and the affectation of the Gothic restoration of the moment, and they would be right if it meant what they think it means. Its significance is higher than their estimate, higher than the conscious impulses of those who are furthering the work; for back of it all lies the fact that what we need to-day in our

society, in the State, in the Church, is precisely what we abandoned when, as one man, we arose to the cry of the leaders and abettors of the Renaissance. We lost much, but we gained much; now the time has come for us to conserve all that we gained of good, slough off the rest, and then gather up again the priceless heritage of mediævalism, so long disregarded to our pain and loss.

Shall we rest there? Shall we restore a style, and a way of life, and a mode of thought? Shall we re-create an amorphous mediævalism and live listlessly in that fool's paradise? On the contrary. When a man finds himself confronting a narrow stream, with no bridge in sight, does he leap convulsively on the very brink and then project himself into space? If he does he is very apt to fail of his immediate object—which is to get across. No: he retraces his steps, gains his running start, and clears the obstacle at a bound. This is what we architects are doing when we fall back on the great past for our inspiration; this is what, specifically, the Gothicists are particularly doing. We are getting our running start, we are retracing our steps to the great Christian Middle Ages, not that there we may remain, but that we may achieve an adequate point of departure; what follows must take care of itself.

And in following this course we are not alone: we have life with us; for at last life also is going backward, back to gather up the golden apples lost in the wild race for prizes of another sort, back for its running start, that it may clear the crevasse that startlingly has opened before it. Beyond this chasm lies a new field, and a fair field, and it is ours if we will. The night has darkened, but lightened towards dawn; there is silver on the edges of the hills and promise of a new day, not only for architects, but for every man.

HISTORIC UNIVERSITIES IN A DEMOCRACY

By ANSON PHELPS STOKES, JR.

ONE of the chief dangers in a democracy is a tendency among large sections of the population to overestimate the new and to believe that anything old must inevitably be antiquated. The writer has recently had two experiences which indicate that this tendency is apt to be followed in judging educational institutions. The American public seems to have little appreciation of the deeper significance of our long established universities. It recognizes the importance of their regular work but it has overlooked their indirect contributions to the nation as factors of historic continuity.

The first experience was with a prominent officer of a correspondence school. He spoke with just pride of its usefulness and asked whether there was anything which Harvard or Yale could do for students which his institution could not accomplish in a shorter time. The writer mentioned in reply the influences derived from living for several years amid historic associations and in an atmosphere of inherited culture and ideals. The only rejoinder was a shrug of the shoulders and a statement to the effect that dollars must be substituted for traditions before the old universities could do their best work—which suggests the inquiry once made of a Harvard president: "How much would it take to reproduce this plant in my State?"

A business man was responsible for the second incident. He entered his son at a newly founded university, believing that the absence from it of any prominent social element would be conducive to democracy and morality, and that its very modernity would be a guarantee of educational efficiency. The boy was transferred at his own request, in

the middle of his undergraduate course, to one of our oldest universities, to find to his father's surprise that two centuries of corporate life had given the place a background of character and scholarship which was stronger than the first institution had been able to evolve in its brief history. He discovered that student ideals which had in the course of generations become part and parcel of the "folk-ways" of the college were more valuable than all newly promulgated faculty edicts and regulations put together.

These experiences may be taken to introduce the author's thesis that in a democracy, and particularly in a period of changing ideals, our ancient educational foundations have a special opportunity and responsibility. Their privilege is to serve as channels of transmission for what is noblest in the life of the nation. It is the purpose of this article to show that in this way they are of almost unique national significance, serving as strong links with the past, and helping to secure that continuity which is of special moment in our country. Society here is in a constant state of ebb and flow. The people are in most cases without that attachment to the ancestral home which gives even the mass of the European peasantry a certain steadying background. More rapid changes in wealth, in social position, in occupation, in place of abode, have probably occurred in the United States during the past half-century than in any large civilized community in a time of domestic peace. The changes which Emancipation, European immigration, Western settlement, and the prodigious material development of the country have brought about in cutting off tens of millions of people from the sobering ties of home and of recognized status, are little realized.

If these unusually mobile conditions of American life, and the need of evolving a higher civilization from the old, are granted, nothing is more necessary than that there should be some visible and potent national institutions emphasizing historic continuity. The absence of a ruling

house and of a recognized aristocracy, and the short terms of elective office, make this all the more necessary. No sooner have a President and a Cabinet secured a position of dignified influence than they are superseded.

This is the more noticeable as there is no great centre in which the past is summed up for the nation—as Athens does it for Greece, or Rome for Italy. We have no compulsory military service with the practically identical education for the youth of all sections which goes with it. We are thankful for this, but there can be no doubt that such training as seen in Prussia is highly influential in handing down national traditions. A couple of years of military duty, with the details of life and much of the framework of thought directed from the central government, makes it relatively easy to transmit the country's ideals from generation to generation. The American public-school system does not entirely take its place, as its connections are mainly local. It is a vital part of the life of the community, but at most its traditions are only State-wide. In spite of annual meetings of teachers and a potentially powerful but poorly supported Bureau of Education in Washington, there is no national *esprit de corps* among our public schools such as there is in the army of France or of Italy.

Nor does present-day American journalism render any adequate service here. In the multiplicity of modern newspapers "The New York Tribune" has not been able to retain the predominant influence on public affairs that it had in the North in the days of the Civil War. And no other newspaper has arisen to take its place with anything like the acknowledged supremacy held for several generations in England by "The Times." We have highly influential local papers but no one of them has a firmly established position as a national force of large proportions. In fact, for the moment some of the magazines seem to be doing more to influence the mind of the nation. Of these "The

Outlook," with its half-century of well-established tradition, may be taken as an example of our contention that a background of honorable history is at least a potential asset for any public institution.

More powerful than journalism is English literature. Yet it hardly satisfies our desideratum. It is a force for unity and continuity in the country at large, but its most important parts—the King James Bible and Shakespeare—came from across the Atlantic. They are international rather than national in scope. No writer of our own soil has as yet expressed the genius of our people in a way to compare with Plato or Aristotle for Greece, Cicero for Rome, Goethe for Germany. We must believe that the greatest names in distinctively American literature are yet to appear.

A written constitution in a measure meets the need and yet only in a measure. It is not sufficiently living to be able to reflect the *Zeitgeist* at the same time that it reminds us of the past. But we should be thankful for it and for the Supreme Court, its interpreter, as these alone are in any large degree reliable forces of political continuity in America. They are the bulwarks of the Federal Government. To them we must continue to look if we would make sure that we do not ruthlessly break with our history. Liberty and law are equally necessary in a democracy, and these ancient corner-stones of our political system help support both. If respect for them were eliminated the future would bring change but not progress.

When we turn to the field of religious life, we find similar conditions. The absence of an established church, as in England, is of special significance, for a great religious body with an inherited liturgy and ancient places of worship, always tends to prevent sudden transformations of opinion in religion, in ethics, and in the social order. We have no historic cathedrals, no St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey for centuries identified with the heroes of

the nation. The Roman Catholic Church is a factor of continuity, and helpful as a guardian of public order and of personal morality, especially in dealing with the masses of immigrants from southern Europe. But it links them with their own past rather than with that of the United States. It has been outside of the main currents of Anglo-Saxon progress. Its emphasis is neither on freedom nor on democracy; so, unless it proves untrue to its own ideal, it will not satisfy the American people.

We still have Congregationalism, a small body numerically, but of large historic significance and a force for liberty and enlightenment. It is, however, only one of scores of religious bodies, no one of which has particularly gripped the modern mind. Our tendency towards extreme denominationalism, although working for strong local and ecclesiastical ties with the past, tends to prevent any one body from becoming national in the sense of adequately reproducing and transmitting the broader currents of our history. The New England town meeting, the application of the Congregational principle to political life, survives; but it is not a visible, tangible entity. It has largely fallen into disuse, and it is too occasional in its character to be considered as potent to-day in conserving what is best in Colonial and early Federal experience.

So we seek through the domain of religion, politics, journalism, literature, and civics, with substantial but disappointingly small results, for institutions which conserve our national achievements. Let us turn, then, to the field of education to find what contribution it can make to the maintenance of historic continuity. In the first place, we notice the almost complete absence of educational institutions (other than scientific bureaus) under the Federal Government. West Point and Annapolis, the only important exceptions, are fortunately situated, for both are connected with the history of the Revolutionary period, although their academies were not founded until much later. They are

intimately identified with the Civil War and are noble memorials of its traditions. Their limitations from our standpoint are self-imposed. They train men only for two specialized professions, and are therefore outside the main currents of our American life.

The field of secondary education yields even less. Our public schools are organically local. The Government aids in certain ways, but we have not and never have had a Federal system of education. Most American schools with a broad constituency are too modern to have become effective as guardians of a national tradition. There are only a few old foundations of more than local significance. Of these the Phillips Academies at Andover and Exeter have the largest claims to consideration, but they cannot as yet compare with Rugby, Winchester, or Eton in their appeal to the popular imagination as institutions wrapped up with the country's history.

Our search now requires a consideration of American universities to see whether they can supply our special need. The experience of other countries would indicate that probably only a few of them can be truly representative of the higher life of the whole nation. In England, Oxford and Cambridge stand by themselves. They have had an effect upon the thought and ideals of Great Britain, over a long period, that is more deep than that of any other modern institution of learning upon its own country. In France there are several excellent universities, but that of Paris alone broadly represents the nation. In Germany the habit of students migrating from one centre to another so as to sit at the feet of more great masters than can be collected in a single place, has brought about a somewhat different situation. Yet the University of Berlin, at the capital of the empire, and with the unusually rich associations of a century's identification with great scholars, is the most representative institution.

There is a widespread feeling in America that a great

university can be created anywhere in a year by adequate gifts of money. This corresponds to the temper of those who seem to think that a completely reformed country can be brought about in a day by the passing of new laws. As a matter of fact, a collegiate foundation can only have its deepest effect after its character and ideals have become firmly established by a long period of corporate life. For the purpose of this study few American universities can meet the threefold test which could be successfully applied in England to Oxford and Cambridge—influence on the nation's history, breadth of constituency, and established standing in the public mind. In these respects the State universities are at a disadvantage and this through no fault of their own. They have or will soon secure adequate financial support; but they have neither the history, the organization, nor the broad student representation to be most effective as national institutions. They supply for their own States the needed element of continuity. They have lived through the struggles of pioneer days and consequently have the background which in most cases gives them long established local prestige. But until recently their outside influence has been small, except in the case of Michigan and of Virginia, which may well claim the right to be called universities of large historic significance. In some respects the example of Wisconsin, California, and other State foundations, as virile leaders of progressive public opinion in their communities, puts to shame most of their older eastern sisters. But a State university is fitted by its very constitution to serve its own commonwealth rather than the whole nation. Deriving its main support from taxation and legislative grants, rather than from endowments, and having to satisfy the taxpayer, it is apt to err in overemphasizing the value of immediate utility in education, just as its older rivals tend to underestimate it. There is no danger that the spirit of the enthusiastic supporter of the old classical course who thanked God that he

had learned nothing practical in college, will ever dominate a State institution. The latter's officers find it hard to get adequate provision for those cultural studies on which national idealism must largely depend. Their course of action must be unduly determined by the necessity of providing concrete results which will show the average voter that higher education "pays." Most of these universities, established in new communities in the latter half of the nineteenth century with the help of the Morrill Land Grant to encourage "Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts," must almost inevitably strike a different note from Harvard, founded early in the seventeenth century for "the education of . . . youth . . . in knowledge and godliness," or from Yale which received its charter half a century later for the purpose of fitting men for "Publick Employment both in Church and Civil State."

It is likely that the public educational system of our different commonwealths may some day be capped by a Federal university at Washington, which would be free from the local limitations of the State institutions and have the advantage of historic surroundings; but for our purposes this possibility need not be considered. Such an institution does not exist to-day, and should it be created it would require several generations before its roots would be sufficiently deep in the life of the American people to make it a force of broad significance.

We are therefore driven back in our search to historic and endowed universities such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. Harvard fairly maintains the position of leadership among our schools of learning that is naturally hers by right of age, while the first two universities are the only American institutions in any field which have been for over two centuries factors of national influence. They alone remain as conspicuous, visible symbols of that first century of New England Puritanism to which we are indebted for laying deep the foundations of religion and of

democracy. They are enduring monuments of that respect for education which has meant so much to all our commonwealths. Each institution has its strong individuality and hands down loyally its own interpretation, modified in the course of years, of the great purposes for which these shores were settled. Each stands prominently before the American people as a definite entity which reflects and helps to mould public opinion. They both carry, in organization and life and in the careers of their graduates, the marks of every struggle through which the people of the country have passed. In their atmosphere every student should feel conscious of the great currents of our history and should learn the lesson that the most lasting changes are those built upon experience. They have an advantage over their Continental neighbors and over many of the State universities, in that their dormitory provisions make the handing-down of institutional traditions a less difficult matter. There is the same difference in this respect that there is between a day school and a boarding school. The latter has some disadvantages, but in it it is easier to maintain a good spirit when once gained and harder to break a bad one, than in the former. So it is that residential universities and colleges, like those of New England, of New Jersey, and of Virginia, and especially those separated from the changing and complex life of great cities, are best adapted to transmit to the future a body of worthy ideals.

We can hardly overestimate the service rendered by our old collegiate foundations as links with the life of earlier generations. Harvard would not be Harvard but for her identification with the Adamses and the Lowells and with many leading American men of letters of the nineteenth century. Princeton would not be Princeton without the rich associations with Revolutionary struggles and the great name of President Madison. Columbia is justly proud of John Jay and of Alexander Hamilton; and Williams of President Garfield. At Yale it is the line of theologians

beginning with Jonathan Edwards and of scientists from Benjamin Silliman on, and the figures of Nathan Hale and of Chancellor Kent, that make the spirit of the place what it is. Most of these colleges are inseparably linked with the Indian wars of the Colonies, with the Revolution and the Civil War, and especially with the men who laid the foundations of our government. They have always been centres of intelligent patriotism. President Witherspoon at Princeton and President Stiles at Yale were leaders of public opinion at the time of the Revolution, and well represented the spirit of the graduates and students.

The fact is that American collegiate history is full of romance and of thrillingly interesting occurrences of which more should be made. The founding of Dartmouth College in the wilderness by Eleazar Wheelock for the purpose of educating Indian youth; the association of Benjamin Franklin with the plan for the University of Pennsylvania, of Rufus Putnam and of Manasseh Cutler with that for Ohio University, of Thomas Jefferson with the creation of the University of Virginia, and of the two great men memorialized in the name of Washington and Lee University; the impressive commemorative exercises at Harvard and Yale at the Civil War's close, the former identified with the participation of Edward Everett, James Russell Lowell, and Phillips Brooks, the latter with that of William M. Evarts and of Horace Bushnell; the invasion of New Haven by the British under General Tryon when good President Naphtali Daggett, musket in hand, showed his ardent patriotism; the setting-up of the first printing press on this continent at Harvard College, and Washington's assuming command of the American troops under the shadow of her buildings; the temporary holding of Congress in old Nassau Hall; the beginning of the University of Georgia with Abraham Baldwin, one of the framers of our Constitution—these are facts taken almost at random indicating the close association of some of our long established universities with the most pregnant events in American

history. They have the associations necessary to make them factors in the maintenance of historical continuity for the whole country.

And surely everything which can be done to make our people conscious of the best in the past is worth while. Mt. Vernon, calling to mind objectively the figure of the first President, the battlefield of Gettysburg, where North and South can think with equal pride of the valor of a previous generation, Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and some of the Washington public buildings, are all helpful. They remind us of the wisdom and the courage of the men who have created these United States. But no one of these, except to some degree Mt. Vernon, lets us look behind the scenes. They show us the places where great men did great deeds rather than those where they received the inspiration and training which made these deeds possible. Truly to find the latter we should have to seek for hundreds of homes, of village schools, and of country churches, scattered throughout the States, and we should find most of them long since demolished. But the colleges and universities which many of these men attended and where the torch of learning and the passion for patriotism have always existed, still remain. Some of their buildings and of their campus trees, and many of their books, pictures, customs, and foundations, go back to Colonial times. They are especially fortunate at Cambridge in the matter of old landmarks, as several dignified buildings still standing antedate the Revolution. Alumni sentiment averted the destruction of Connecticut Hall at New Haven and may still preserve, through removal to another site, the beautiful old library, replete with memories of the decades preceding the Civil War.

But our historic universities have not half appreciated their birthright. Harvard has made the best beginning. Its Memorial Society interests itself in marking the rooms of eminent Harvardians and in commemorating places of interest in and about the "Yard." Harvard, Yale, Col

bia, Princeton, Brown, Dartmouth, and some other colleges, have valuable collections of portraits of graduates and benefactors, supplemented at New Haven by the important Revolutionary paintings by John Trumbull, and at Providence by the John Carter Brown Americana. Occasionally the anniversary of a founder or of a distinguished graduate is commemorated, such as the annual service in Cambridge in memory of John Harvard, or the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards, which was suitably marked at Yale. More should be made of such events so as to interest students in the worthies of the past and to fit them to transmit to posterity its highest ideals. Sibley, Dexter, and others have preserved the historic and biographic materials connected with over two centuries of life at our most ancient seats of learning. Their books afford a mine of information for future scholars in many fields. But nothing adequate has been done to make the rank and file of students aware of their rich inheritance. The possibilities for further development are almost limitless. By tablets and other forms of memorials, the heroism and wisdom of former collegians should be kept visibly before the student body. There need be no less honor paid to benefactors but there should be more paid to the men whose books and deeds have helped to create the nation. Why should not a "bidding prayer" call to mind distinguished teachers and graduates? Why not have annual commemorative exercises when the history and achievements of the university are duly recorded? Why not develop college literature—historical, biographic, descriptive, romantic, poetic—to rival on this side of the ocean, at least in quality, that noble collection of works—scores in number—which are "in praise of Oxford"? Why not institute courses on the institution's life and its contacts with and influence upon the main currents of our history? Why should we not lay more emphasis in the academic year on patriotic days, Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Memorial Day, with appropriate references to the connection of the univer-

sity with the movements for which these men and events stood? And incidentally might we not have a course in American history as an absolute requirement for admission to every college—a strange lack to-day as it seems to the writer, but one frequently found. In a word, why should not patriotism be made a more conscious part of higher education with special reference to the identification of the university and its sons with the development of these United States?

A half-century ago there was in full sway at Yale an annual event known as the "Statement of Facts." It degenerated, like most good customs, but it always retained as its nucleus a kind of glorification of the ablest and best Yale men. It was a student event, not a faculty one—hence it was all the more effective. The orator from Linonia told the Freshmen of the achievements of former members of his society. Chancellor Kent, Nathan Hale, John C. Calhoun, William M. Evarts, Timothy Dwight, Eli Whitney, and many others were mentioned. The representative of Brothers in Unity followed; and David Humphreys, Horace Bushnell, John M. Clayton, Samuel F. B. Morse, and Noah Webster were seldom forgotten. Cannot something of the kind be fostered at our universities to-day—to give men at the outset of their college life at least a glimpse of the rich traditions into which they may enter? It is possible that the State universities of the West may some day command larger resources than their friendly rivals of the East with only private endowment, but money can never buy the latter's priceless heritage of participation in the building of the nation. Let us not forget that association with the makers of history is, in terms of the spirit, an asset of the first importance.

But this deeper realization of the sacred associations of the past—the type of thing to which men of feeling are so sensitive when they enter an ancient church where good people have worshipped for centuries—is not alone enough. With it must go a determination to meet the needs

of the present and of the future. Our most venerable universities were centres of ardent patriotism and of progress at the time of the Revolution and of the Civil War. They sent out men by the hundreds to fight the battles of liberty. This fact bound them with bands of steel to the nation's heart. They must continue to be actively on the side of progress in solving the many social, political, and industrial problems of to-day, or else forfeit their claim to represent the American people. Their contact with enthusiastic youth from all sections combined with their firm sense of dependence upon the past should make them well-balanced leaders in meeting the country's needs. The link between Harvard (1638), Yale (1701), Princeton (1746), the University of Pennsylvania (1751), and Columbia (1754)—the only existing universities* firmly established with wide influence before the Revolution—and the most important chapters in our history, will be broken by any institution which, in the struggles for freedom now upon us, throws its strength to the side of reaction. Universities may be liberal, as in Russia, or conservative, as in England, and yet continue forces for good. But the moment they become reactionary they will forfeit that respect of the people which is necessary for any successful institution in a democracy.

It is the privilege and duty of that small group of universities whose history and constituency entitle them to be considered factors of national influence to lead the country to-day in interpreting its best aspirations. In this way they will be true to their past by passing on the best American traditions to the future without any break in historic continuity.

* William and Mary (1693) and Washington and Lee (1749) are Virginia colleges rather than national universities. Dartmouth and Rutgers were founded only just prior to the Revolution (1770). Brown was established in 1765.

GIORGIONE: THE FIRST MODERN MASTER

By DUNCAN PHILLIPS

ON the fertile, pleasant plain that lies between Venice and the Austrian mountains, in the little town of Castelfranco, about four hundred and forty years ago, was born the first modern master of the art of painting—Giorgione. Before him, in Belgium, the oil medium had been introduced. Before him the scenes of Scriptural story, the formulas of the Faith, the saintliness of the saints, had been depicted in colored pictures for the instruction of the people and for the glory of the Popes. Before him, in the works of such inspired dreamers as Da Vinci and Botticelli, the principles of pictorial art had been moulded and the thoughts and sentiments of our own time anticipated. But Giorgione was the first painter really to appreciate the nature of beauty and the beauty of nature. He was the first, not merely to revive the æsthetic spirit of the ancient Greeks who had sought beauty for its own sake, but also to understand that the glorious possibility of art in the Christian civilization was to devote itself to an intensely personal expression. His new æstheticism aspired to no vast abstract beauty but to detect, by means of the individual consciousness, the myriad concrete proofs that the world is beautiful; that there is beauty in the variable expression of the human face, beauties in the trees and hills of home, in the lights of morning and the shadows of afternoon, in color and character, in music and old memories, in the evanescent moods of every passing hour. Giorgione was the glad prophet of a new spirit to a world that for many dark centuries had stifled the natural but supposedly sinful craving for beauty and truth, and was, before his coming, ever so cautiously groping its way out of ecclesiastical domains into the boundless

realms of personal impressionism. Within the space of ten years from the time that the brilliant boy from Castelfranco went down to Venice, he became as Ruskin said, "a fiery heart to it," the chief inspiration of its pictorial Renaissance. Almost instinctively he grasped the secret of artistic expression, the great principle of Unity, the subjection of parts to the whole; and to-day we are the heirs of a splendid tradition of pictorial liberty and light handed down to the nineteenth century through Rubens and Watteau in the romantic, through Velasquez and Chardin in the realistic line of descent. This historical importance of Giorgione has been underestimated, because of the greater glory of Titian, and because the erudite critics of our scientific epoch have been busy challenging the authenticity of most of the few pictures he left us.

After Giorgione's death, in the early years of the sixteenth century, when Titian was still faithfully following the example of his revered comrade before developing his own more robust genius; when even the aged Giovanni Bellini, in his altar painting for the church of S. Maria Chrisostomo in Venice abandoned his lifelong formality of style for the new romantic intimacy so successfully practised by his former pupil; when smaller men, not in Venice alone but over all Italy, paid Giorgione the tribute of imitation, and no collection of Merchant-Prince or Doge could be complete or self-respecting without an example of the lost leader's genius, it is not surprising that there should have been a lively sale of bogus Giorgiones, some of them school pieces by pupils, others copies by contemporary craftsmen. When the science of the modern scholar and connoisseur was directed to this state of affairs, a rigid investigation was conducted. Unfortunately Giorgione seldom signed his canvases and there are few existing manuscripts relating to his productions. From such contemporary writers as Vasari we learn of his general characteristics as a man and as an artist: of his love of pleasure and music, of the bold-

ness of his imagination and technical invention, of his great influence over his associates. But no pictures are definitely described. Only four easel paintings can be positively authenticated, and of these, three were seen in Venice by a certain Anonimo (1525-1575) and the fourth is the "Madonna and Saints" in the home church of San Liberale at Castelfranco. The critics therefore had a difficult task in passing judgment upon the unsigned and unidentified pictures of obviously Giorgionesque character. Attempting to confine their attributions to works closely resembling the four acknowledged genuine, they overlooked the fact that they were dealing with the inventive genius of a bold initiator, who was ever seeking new worlds to conquer and rapidly shifting from one style and subject to another. The mistake that caused Crowe and Cavalcaselle to ascribe Giorgione's own pictures to his pupils was due to the fact that they did not fully comprehend the spirit of the man, and the mannerisms of his mind and hand. They merely studied and compared brush strokes and models, heedless of two important facts: that, in processes of restoration, the original brushwork has vanished from the majority of old pictures, and that Giorgione was constantly changing his models and passing them on to his contemporaries. Therefore the true criticism should pay more attention to the personal and technical peculiarities displayed in an old picture than to its mere substance or the present aspect of its surface. Through all his changing phases there is one spirit in the work of Giorgione, a spirit unlike any other in the history of art. Let us seek out that spirit and understand it. It will be our only safe clue.

The ten or twelve pictures which are now unchallenged and generally accepted as the work of Giorgione reveal the man's mind and the artist's technical peculiarities. In these pictures we find a wide diversity of subjects but a single prevailing spirit, in which is mingled a knight's love of strong men and fair women, a poet's fondness for dreamy

moods detached from the indifferent world, and a painter's passion for color, and for light and shade. There are never any jarring notes, the taste is always exquisite, the colors harmonious, the drawing arbitrary but emotionally expressive. From his very earliest pictures, the little Biblical romances that glow, one on each side of Bellini's exquisite allegory at the Uffizzi Gallery at Florence, we may miss the distinction of feeling and the scrupulous expression of only the significant forms which we have come to expect from the mature Giorgione. But the delight in color is already apparent and the taste for delicate combinations of tints. There is also evidence in these boyish pictures of at least a dormant instinct for unity of effect. Walter Pater pointed out that two impressions must have been stamped on the sensitive plate of Leonardo's brain in childhood, the smiling of women and the undercurrent of streams. Of Giorgione he might have hazarded another flash of thought: that in his early years he learned to love the magic of evening light and the gleam of polished and reflecting surfaces such as marble, armor, and still water. In these precocious achievements, too, we apprehend, amid the immaturities and technical imperfections, the force of a genius eager for innovation. In Bellini's allegory of the Tree of Life, the landscape is more important than the figures. The pupil only needed this example to inspire him to further emancipation from the restraints of tradition. He selected Biblical episodes that could be treated with romantic fervor. Instead of the constrained presence of Bellini's compulsory saints, we behold a fascinating glimpse of the brilliant country life of the Quattrocento.

Other Italian and Flemish painters before Giorgione had looked to the many sided, many colored life about them for their pictorial representations, but never with a thought of making landscape and light, color and form, symbolically expressive of personal emotions. When in looking at a beautiful thing, our pleasure is for the first time stimulated,

less by interest in the object itself than by our impression of its beauty, then we have passed from the merely receptive to the appreciative stage of observation. Our eyes mean something to the world because the visible world means something to us. We have developed taste. We have begun to discriminate. It is only when a painter is endowed with at least a measure of this appreciative point of view that his creation can be called a work of art. The significant thing about Giorgione is that his influence seems to represent in the history of painting just what this awakening to beauty means in the life of the individual. The Romantic Idyll which he introduced and which served his lifelong purpose of self-expression created a new epoch in pictures. In the palace of Prince Giovanelli at Venice hangs one of the most epoch-making of these Idylls. Although an early work, it shows an amazing mastery of technique and glows with such realistic light and such fresh jewelled pigments of crimson, silver, and green that it is difficult to believe in its antiquity. Recently an attempt has been made to find a story in the scene depicted. It is, however, my firm belief that Giorgione was impressionist enough to realize the futility of story-telling in pictures. His Idylls are only situations and moods of mind. Here we stand sheltered in a shadowy corner of a quiet wood just as a summer storm makes its presence felt in a lightning flash, and the leaves are all aquiver with a rush of sultry air. But undisturbed by the wind or the threat of rain, in this dim retreat a young woman nurses her babe, while the father stands on guard. One feels like an intruder, so tender and so intimate is the chord of domestic sentiment.

That delightful critic of Italian painting, Mr. Berenson, has pointed out that Giorgione's tremendous vogue, a passion that created a voracious demand for "the Giorgionesque article," was the natural consequence of a subconscious craving among the Venetians for pleasurable easel pictures to adorn their homes. Giorgione anticipated their desire,

"awakened them to the full sense of their need, and satisfied it." At the age of seventeen, he conceived the idea of representing country parties in Venetia under the guise of representing Biblical episodes. Soon the Bible was abandoned for classic legends from Ovid and Statius, and finally a rustic Idyll was unhesitatingly offered to the public without any literary association whatever. The landscape backgrounds became popular and important. In them nature was no less idealized than human nature in the portraits. Both were made to yield romantic illusions, pleasurable sensations, a quickened love for the beauty of the world. Thus we find Titian practically repeating the landscape of Giorgione's Venus for his own "Noli Me Tangere" of the National Gallery in London. The same mellow light falls across the thatched eaves of the same farm buildings in the middle distance, and in the same luminous, low-lying valley the same cloud-shadows fall. But the magic of the Venus is the treatment of line, not only in the long-drawn undulations of the beautiful body, but of the hills and fields far, far away. I can think of no picture in the world so fully in accord with the old Greek ideal for representative art; an art devoted to serenity of spirit and to the self-sufficiency of grace.

Serenity, however, is not the only mood for which this poet-painter divined the symbol of expression. There are two landscape panels in the Gallery of Padua which made me catch my breath with delight. The sun-set reflections upon skies and tree-trunks, the sparkling freshness and bosky luxuriance of the forest trees, the almost fragrant suggestion of atmosphere and misty distances, all spoke eloquently to me of Giorgione's genius. The figures are extravagant and crude. Unquestionably they were done by inferior craftsmen. It would be in just such commissions as these panels for wooden chests that the master would give his pupils their chance. The subjects too are incomprehensible. Yet in one picture I seemed to feel a unity of senti-

ment. The apparent agitation of the people moving wildly through a lurid light seemed to hint at deeds dark and strange. It is that hushed half-hour when as the night descends mystery flits in and out and anything might happen. The background *is* the picture and yet remains emphatically a background. The mind may play with it as it wills. Only the chosen strain of a certain indefinite glamour is suggested. It is just this emphasis upon the background, this new importance attached to the *mise en scène* that constitutes the character of romanticism in art. The romancer is troubled by no scruples in decorating the truth with a mosaic of colors and an arabesque of lines that at least symbolize the haunting pattern of his own dream. It is his purpose not so much to instruct the mind and elevate the spirit as to delight the mind and spirit through the senses. If he finds romantic material for his fancy in the visible world, so much the better for him. If not, then he will close his eyes and tell himself fairy tales. Nowadays we know the romance of reality. Nature has come into her own, and landscape is no longer merely a tapestry background imbued with romantic suggestion. By uniting their impressions of glamour and of truth, Corot with lyric grace and Millet with epic force, have sung the union of nature and the heart of man, employing the most familiar of observations and the most truth-telling of methods. This unity of mood or emotion has only been applied to realism in our present age of science. But four centuries ago in Venice, Giorgione knew how to express unity of romantic effect. Four centuries ago he laid the foundation for much that is personal and therefore vital in modern painting.

One does not think of Giorgione as a spiritual artist. Across our minds he seems to pass like a gallant adventurous youth out of Venetian legend. And yet his two Madonnas of Castelfranco and Madrid have stirred me not only with their beauty but with a certain moral sanity and sweetness. In these two altar paintings Giorgione mastered the problem

of how to make a subject, long hackneyed and conventionalized by tradition, yield fresh interest and inspiration. He realized that the Madonna *motif* provided the artist with one of the supreme opportunities of pictorial expression. Unlike Titian, Giorgione was not merely a lover of life of earthly beauty but a genuinely spiritual man. His nature was passionate but also tender, gaily romantic but also deeply reverential. To these Madonnas, therefore, he brought a serious mind and a sympathetic, if not a pious spirit. Had the real beauty of the theme been popularly recognized as the beauty of universal motherhood, it could have yielded him an infinite variety of æsthetic emotions, but he left his fancy free to soar. As it was, the symbolical formula for the subject, dictated by the church for the purpose of propagating a favorite dogma, was gladly accepted by this great artist. His aim was to make the unreality of the composition not only symbolical but decorative; in other words, to express the spiritual beauty by means of æsthetic beauty, evoking the mood of lofty thought by the grace and sweetness of the design and the almost musical harmony of the colors. In the painting at Castelfranco the artist invented a triangular composition, seating the Madonna on a high throne, a young warrior in full armor on her right, a cowled and tonsured monk on her left. These figures represent St. Francis and St. Liberale, but they mean more than that. They mean that Christianity depends upon the knight errant as well as upon the cloistered man of prayer and peace. And the Madonna is not merely the mother of Christ. She is the mother of men, the embodied ideal of man's tenderest reverence. I like to think that for this blessed image Giorgione painted the features of the woman that he loved. The background is a landscape of exquisite simplicity, transfigured by a mellow, tranquil light, as of early morning. This sentiment of nature, radiant with fresh life and hope, has caused these people to withdraw, not in sadness, but in fullness of joy, into

sanctuary of their own thoughts. Again in the unfinished but beautiful picture at Madrid, the mother is pensive, the saints day-dreaming.

Too much emphasis can scarcely be laid upon the singularly formative influence of Giorgione's spirit. His romantic symphonies of color and of chiaroscuro, together with the best pictures of his followers, and Titian's glorious Bacchanals, have undoubtedly exerted a wider influence upon modern imagination in painting than any other pictures ever painted. They remain moreover the last word in pure romanticism, greater than the magnificent improvisations of Rubens, the delicate reveries of Watteau, the dramatic visions of Delacroix, the operatic scenery of Böcklin, and the fading fairy-land of Matthew Maris. In their most subjective moods the poetic realists Corot, Diaz, and Inness come nearest to the spirit of the Giorgionesque Idyll. Whistler's portraits, in spite of their Spanish and Japanese pedigree, have something of Venetian chivalry and romantic charm. But it was the noble mind of Watts that seriously conceived the idea of reviving the emotional portraiture of Giorgione and of Titian's Giorgionesque period. These old masters did not merely record facts. They revealed moods. They fathomed thoughts. Giorgione loved to paint eyes that gaze at us without seeing, eyes that are looking back to some faint memory or forward to some beautiful dream. Morelli suggested that the melancholy Antonio Brocardo at Budapest seems ready to confess to us the secret of his life. Giorgione was certainly intent upon the introspective character of this sitter, and it must have been in a mood of deep insight into the grief that does not speak that he conceived this face and hand so poignantly expressive of a troubled spirit craving sympathy. The kinship of these Venetian portraits to the portraits of Watts in London must be apparent to all serious students. Look, for example, at the Swinburne in his pathetic neo-pagan youth, with his earth-red hair and sea-blue eyes, all

sensibility and yearning. Giorgione's spirit is in that picture.

Morelli startled lovers of art by questioning Giorgione's authorship of the famous "Concert" of the Pitti Palace, Florence, and ascribing it on his own initiative to Titian. Berenson, Claude Phillips, and other authorities now agree with him. Yet in what picture of Titian's, may I ask, was ever such feeling as this displayed? The men portrayed by Titian, with the single exception of the Dr. Parma, are self-contained and reserved as in life—not surprised in unguarded moments of intimate emotion. The inner life was Giorgione's particular field of study. His pupils could imitate his chosen subjects, as with creative ardor he took them up, one by one. But his spirit they never could approach. It is this which is the touchstone—the final test of what may be accepted as genuinely the conception of his brain. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in taking "The Concert" as the Giorgionesque standard and formulating their mould of the man's mind and method in accordance with it, were nearer the truth than the usually more dependable Morelli, who was (I believe) led astray by a supposed resemblance of jaw bones, hands, and ears to certain other jaw bones, hands, and ears done by Titian. The technique is most emphatically Giorgione's: the triangular building up of the lines, the arbitrary glow on the faces, the favorite color chord of black, orange, and gleaming white. But the most positive evidence of the earlier master's authorship is the emotional rapture of the music mood. This picture might be named "The Mood of Music," that language which, saying nothing, means so much, steeping spirit and sense in a drowsy spell where thought may wander where it will provided it pass through the Dreamland Gate. It was Carlyle who said that "Music leads us to the edge of the Infinite to let us, for moments, gaze." Ah yes, it is only for moments. And here in this picture the great young poet-painter has revealed the pathos of that moment, when,

as the last chord dies away, the dream of the music lingers a little wistfully in the eyes. The sweet, low harmony has stilled the clacking tongue of the young worldling with the plume, and now behold him sobered in the presence of beauty. But what a contrast in quality are the other faces! The older priest has ceased to play his viol and at the closing strains of the clavichord, he has touched the shoulder of his friend to suggest perhaps some new selection. But his eyes are held with sudden and respectful wonder as he beholds in the face that is half turned to him a light of more than inspiration, almost of secret knowledge, as if indeed this man had stood on the edge of the Infinite just for a moment. It may be interpreted as spiritual ecstasy, or as unsatisfied longing, or as unspoken passion—the intensity of feeling that has made this young monk's face so eloquent. But whatever it is, Giorgione has drawn it forth from its retreat. A golden light has come into the dark room and cast its glow over these music-makers. It is a light that fails to pierce the surrounding blackness, an unearthly light shining only where it wills, from an inner source. Such is the light of self-revelation. Only in those rare moments may we know it, when the soul is stirred out of its lethargy, when the swift, strong current of its own thrill fuses a flashing vision in the eyes. Here then we have a painting that so far abandons the conventionality of contemporary subjects as to depict an uneventful moment in any life, when the inner consciousness romantically responds to an evanescent influence of beauty from without; when that beauty is so frail and fugitive a thing that it lingers only on the instant of suspended sound—to leave the soul in another instant only a little richer for the memory.

But the masterpiece, the culmination of Giorgione's art, is the "Pastoral Symphony" of the Louvre. Denied him by Crowe and Cavalcaselle because the forms were held to be of too free and coarse a type, Morelli has restored the glorious Pastoral to Giorgione and all critics are now glad

to agree. It is true that the figures of the women lack the grace and refined feeling of Giorgione's earlier nudes. It is also true that Sebastiano del Piombo enjoyed just such robust peasant types of beauty, and that the faces and golden-brown flesh tones resemble his Giorgionesque period. I consider it, therefore, possible that this picture, perhaps the last work of the master, was left unfinished at his death, and was completed by Sebastiano according to the master's original intention. Certainly, the romantic conception, the luxurious color, the inspired landscape, and the intricate design, are not only the work of Giorgione beyond the shadow of a doubt, but represent the very climax of his achievement. On this pleasant upland, this soft Italian hillside, the massy verdure of the forest trees seems interwoven, as Pater imagined, with gold thread. And the long-lingering sunshine seems to mellow the very grass and soil to a luxury of warm tones: green, straw-color, and golden brown. At a marble fountain, a wood nymph of amber flesh and languorous charms pours water into a basin, listening drowsily to its tinkling fall, as the sound of it mingles with the sound of lutes and viols, which the crimson-clad young gentlemen of Venice are wafting upon the golden air, "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." This is the Land of Make-Believe, eternally young and willfully fantastic with the spirit of romantic comedy. And in the last analysis, this land was the dream of Giorgione's short and brilliant life—the goal of his æsthetic aspiration. For here at last the poet-painter found, for the strange, sweet spirit that had haunted his every conception, a pictorial symbol as meaningless and as exquisite as the dream of life itself, from which he never wished to wake. A lover of music and of color, he beheld a vision of the very mind of music, and while within its trance, he composed a symphony upon the very soul of color. Come to my Earthly Paradise, he seems to say; to a land "where the air is always balmy and the forest ever green; where

life is but a pastime and music the only labor." Come to my golden land and feast upon beauty, where the richness of tones that thrilled you once for a moment shall be your portion all the day; and the dreams you once yearned to hold shall soothe you into forgetting that there is any such thing as passion or any such thing as pain.

I have said that the "Pastoral Symphony" of the Louvre may be regarded as a perfect expression of Giorgione's spirit. It is even more significant than that. It represents the æsthetic ideal and reflects the philosophic temper of the great Venetian Renaissance from which we have derived the personal impressionism of modern art. Contrast this Pastoral with characteristic masterpieces of Florentine painting at the same period—with a Madonna by Raphael and a Portrait by Leonardo. Raphael's Madonna is a thing of grace, as learned, as accomplished, as devoid of individual emotion, as a fine Greek marble. It is a creation of perfect equipment and proportion, proceeding from a wide culture and a faultless sense of balance. It is an eclectic assemblage of very noble design, and color, and sentiment, and subject. But no ardor of imagination has gone into its making. No interest in the visible world has made it realistic. No pious reverie nor other-worldly dream has made it, in any genuine sense, religious. No intimation of the elusive glamour that pervades both fancy and fact has made it, for so much as one bright moment, romantic. It is a triumph of hand and eye, but as tenantless of flesh and blood as a slab of mortuary marble. Leonardo's Portrait, on the other hand, reveals a creator so fascinated by both body and soul, so sensitive to the absorbing interest of reality and the elusive glamour of romance, that in a fever of experiment, his too intricate genius and too learned love of life have stimulated the intellect but only baffled and dissatisfied the sense of sight, to which all pictures must primarily appeal.

Turning back then from either Raphael's Madonna or

Leonardo's Portrait to Giorgione's Pastoral, we pass out of the doors of Mind, out of the temple of Thought, into the sun-bathed, wind-stirred splendor of the woods and fields in summer. At once we are conscious of the beauties of the earth and, in the very act of appreciation, we become aware of our own mysteriously sentient personalities, of the surging emotions within us that alone can make the beauties of the earth worth while. It is with this individual perception of beauty that the painter has to do. Seeking to perpetuate the thrilling pleasure of a moment's visual impression—he attempts to create a corresponding synthesis or unity of expression. The Venetians of the sixteenth century were the first painters really to comprehend the scope of pictorial art; and Giorgione, in his important work of inspiring and inaugurating this new birth of æsthetic understanding, was the first modern master of the art of painting.

POEMS

TRAIN-MATES

By Witter Bynner

Outside hove Shasta, snowy height on height,
A glory; but a negligible sight,
For you had often seen a mountain-peak
But not my paper. So we came to speak.

A smoke, a smile,—a good way to commence
The comfortable exchange of difference!—
You a young engineer, five feet eleven,
Forty-five chest, with football in your heaven,
Liking a road-bed newly built and clean,
Your fingers hot to cut away the green
Of brush and flowers that bring beside a track
The kind of beauty steel lines ought to lack,—
And I a poet, wistful of my betters,
Reading George Meredith's high-hearted Letters,
Joining betweenwhile in the mingled speech
Of a drummer, circus-man, and parson, each
Absorbing to himself—as I to me
And you to you—a glad identity!

After a while when the others went away,
A curious kinship made us want to stay,
Which I could tell you now; but at the time
You thought of baseball teams and I of rhyme,
Until we found that we were college men
And smoked more easily and smiled again;
And I from Cambridge cried, the poet still:
"I know your fine Greek Theatre on the hill
At Berkeley!" With your happy Grecian head
Upraised, "I never saw the place," you said.
"Once I was free of class, I always went
Out to the field."

Young engineer,
You meant as fair a tribute to the better part
As ever I did. Beauty of the heart
Is evident in temples. But it breathes
Alive where athletes quicken airy wreaths,
Which are the lovelier because they die.
You are a poet quite as much as I,
Though differences appear in what we do,
And I an athlete quite as much as you.
Because you half-surmised my quarter-mile
And I your quatrain, we could greet and smile.

Who knows but we shall look again and find
The circus-man and drummer, not behind
But leading in our visible estate,
As discus-thrower and as laureate?

FROM JAIL

By Witter Bynner

Though ignorant of my offense,
My faith in justice is so firm
That here I am to all intents
Imposing my own term.

Out of myself I will not move,
My jail and cell, until at last
My time is served—so well I love
The chains that hold me fast.

Choosing the doorway of the dust
And building my own bolts and bars,
I will not take, until I must,
The freedom of the stars.

ADESTE

By Marguerite O. B. Wilkinson

Then is this the hemlock, this the nauseous death-draught,
This, which my soul in utmost terror flees,
This, which my soul must meet in utter meekness,
Bow to and quaff? Be with me, Socrates!

And is this the bullet that would break my body,
That would slay my hope, and wake old wounds to smart,
That would lay me helpless just beyond the conflict?
Then I pray, be with me, Lincoln's mighty heart!

Must I bear a cross and, anguished, hang upon it,
After racking hours of mental agony,
Ay, bereft of God's face, darkened in foreknowledge?
Then be with me, Jesus, of the soul set free!

When I drink the death-draught, yield me to life's breaking,
Lift my face from shame's tree to shine upon mankind,
Be with me, ye spirits, virile and unconquered,
Ere I faint and perish, cold and dumb and blind!

WEED AND FLOWER

By Madison Cawein

Spurge and sea-pink, hyssop blue,
Dragonhead of purple hue;
Catnip, frosted green and gray,
With a butterfly asway,
These shall point you out the way.

These and Summer's acolytes,
Crickets, singing days and nights,
Tell to you the road again;
And adown the tangled lane
Guide you to her window-pane.

Goldenrod and goldenglow
Crowd the gate in which you go;
To your arm they cling and catch;
Kiss the hand that lifts the latch,
Lead you to her garden-patch.

O'er the fence the hollyhock
Leans to greet you; and the stock
Looks as if it thought, "I knew
You were coming. Gave the cue
To the place to welcome you."

And the crumpled marigold
And the dahlia, big and bold,
With sweet-williams, white and red,
Nod at you a drowsy head
From the sleepy flowerbed.

Where all day the brown bees croon,
Honey-drunk; and stars and moon
All night long lean down to hear,
In the silence far and near,
Whippoorwills a-calling clear.

While adown the dewy dark
Flits a flame, a firefly spark,
Leading to a place of myrrh,
Where, in lace and lavender,
Waits the Loveliness of her.

ORION

By Anna Blanche McGill

Strong with the sun and morn we rise,
Girt for the strife and toil of day,
But ah, at eve the weariness,
The doubt, the spirit's old dismay.

When lo, the night!—and up the East,
Fearless with flashing sword and shield,
The starry Hunter leads his hounds,
Triumphant in the heavens' wide field.

Triumphant there,—triumphant too
Within the heart! For now once more
That high celestial bravery
Heart's morning valor doth restore.

Led forth and up across the dark,
One with Orion's gleaming train,
The hunt of morning hopes is on,
Faith's clear halloo is heard again!

Lead shining Hunter up the night,—
Thy golden, star-gemmed horn I hear,
Bugling adown the wintry sky
To rout the pack of doubt and fear.

Lead Hunter! Golden Bugle blow!
Gleam starry shield and armor bright!
Till heart's despair and Taurus fall
Before thy splendor and thy might!

THE NERED

By Clark Ashton Smith

Her face the sinking stars desire;
Unto her place the slow deeps bring
Shadow of errant winds that wing
O'er barren gulfs of foam and fire.

Her beauty is the light of pearls.
All stars and dreams and sunsets die
To make the fluctuant glooms that lie
About her; and low noonlight swirls

Down ocean's firmamental deep,
 To weave for her who glimmers there
 Elusive visions, vague and fair;
 And night is as a dreamless sleep:

She has not known the night's unrest,
 Nor the white curse of clearer day;
 The tremors of the tempest play
 Like slow delight about her breast.

Serene, an immanence of fire,
 She dwells forever, ocean-thralled,
 Soul of the sea's vast emerald;
 Her face the sinking stars desire.

THE ANVIL OF SOULS

By William Rose Benét

Above the darkening forest, from his red-doored smithy,
 Loomed forth the huge artificer of all the years to be.
 "Now, on the steeps of vision, what wanderer thou, I
 prithee?"

"I climb from Man to find the plan!" "Then learn of me!"

His sledge is oak and mountain crag. Its weight is thunder.
 The souls are on his anvil laid like sword blades bright.
 His sledge's swing is lightning and cataclysmic wonder,—
 Its impact on the leaping soul both Morn and Night!

And this is the song that he hath for mighty singing:
 "The blade that writhes beneath the sledge, white-hot—
 cold-blue!

The anvil—the anvil—the anvil's giant ringing;
 And, hissing from its bath of stars, the soul steeled true!"

The smithy's walls are lightened as by a forest fire;
 And first the smith was imaged wrath, and then vast peace!

His lineaments are joy and peace. His thews can never tire.
The starry bath beside his hand is called Release.

The souls are hot with flashing sparks. The souls have
voices;
But drowned in the reverberance of that huge din.
And in his strength the smith is glad, and in his calm rejoices,
And flings the trued steel to Release, to hiss therein.

His face glows joy. His face is ever lightened
Not angrily, but glowing with the justice of his trade;
For lo, the dulllest metal to beauty brightened,—
The bent and dinted, flawed and scarred, like blue steel
made!

“For Man I toil—for men have no regretting;
So toil I, joying to be just to each for all.
As due them all, I true them all, no flaw forgetting;
And in a like perfection they hang upon my wall.

“For Man is mine, but men are not my doing.
So some shall writhe through furnaced pain to dazzle
whole.
Not smith of dispensation I, but smith of trueing.
Hark! From the well-brink of Release chants soul on
soul!”

“And what is called your anvil? You name names madly!”
“The state men flee and cling and flee—and would re-test!
For all the glory of mine anvil, Heaven sings sadly.
The soul of all perfection knows mine anvil best!”

I keep within my heart this song of his for singing:
“The steel that writhes beneath the sledge, white-hot—
cold-blue!
The anvil—the anvil—the anvil’s mighty ringing—
And, hissing from its bath of stars, the soul steeled true!”

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

By CHARLTON M. LEWIS

ONE of the great poets of our day died in 1910. He had created no public furor, but his power had been deeply felt by many; and to them his untimely death was a disaster. The recent publication of his collected works has reawakened their enthusiasm, for some of his best poetry is posthumous; and a wider appreciation of his genius is sure to come soon.

One's first impression of Moody is that he was a Symbolist—that his poetry marks the high-water level of the Symbolist movement. But Symbolism is in fact no longer a movement; it is partly a memory and partly an achievement. Even before Moody's day the tide had begun to recede; but it had first overflowed all the adjacent fields, and there the waters linger still, widespread and disconnected. The truth about Moody is rather this: that he, of all recent poets, best succeeded in absorbing what was essential and vital in Symbolism, while rejecting what was merely accessory and decadent.

Symbolism led a successful revolt against the material, the obvious, the commonplace; but it also sometimes parted company with the intelligible, the natural, the real. It explored many untrodden regions of poetic thought; but the search for new refinements of feeling involves some peril to the seeker's health. Moody escaped this peril, and effected a remarkable compromise between the claims of a delicate poetical temperament and the claims of a vigorous humanity. Perhaps he had not quite the genial otherworldliness of Mr. Yeats, nor the elusive subtlety of Paul Verlaine; perhaps he had no such astonishing robustness of heart as Browning, or even Henley; but for fineness and

robustness together, in so equal a fusion as Moody exhibits, I do not know where to look among the moderns.

Symbolism at its best was capable of great things. It was at its best when it cleared itself of obscurity, of irrelevancy, and especially of that narrowness of poetic vision which is the penalty of too curious insight. It was at its best, for instance, in some of the lyrics of Mr. Yeats, which with all their quintessential fineness are yet intelligible and natural; they utter a real human cry. But, even at its best, Symbolism was commonly not tonic. It played with virtuosity on many strings of the human heart, but it seldom touched with firmness the strings of resolution and courage. It avoided them, because they belonged to a foreign key. But the tonic quality is just what we do find in Moody. A specimen can hardly show him at his best, for Moody's best, more than that of most poets, is in the whole and not in the parts; but the specimen which I quote will show at least a high level of poetic attainment, and it will show especially how Moody made Symbolism the servant, not the master, of his own robust temperament. It is the second of Pandora's songs in "The Fire-Bringer." The hero, Prometheus, has just failed in his first attempt to snatch fire from heaven, and is ready to despair of further effort for mankind:

Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay; . . .
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the grey disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!

One of the Symbolists with whom Moody is in most ob-
 contrast is Francis Thompson—though Thompson was
 like Mr. Yeats, a Symbolist of the extreme left.
 Thompson and Moody were mystics, and both, though
 different ways and degrees, found much of their inspira-
 tion in religious instinct. But Thompson went far in the
 against the natural and the real, and, though an epic
 imagination, he was an ascetic by conviction. It is ch-
 aracteristic of him to express only revulsion at the wickedness
 the world. Man is born

To sweat, and make his brag, and rot,
 Crowned with all honor and all shamefulness; . . .
 Like fierce beasts that a common thirst makes brothers
 We draw together to one hid dark lake.

Characteristic, on the other hand, of Moody—and so no
 characteristic that I wish to lay special stress upon is
 a passage which I will quote from "The Masque of J
 ment." Two angels are discussing the waning of the joy
 heaven, and one asks where lies the cause. The death-
 answers as Thompson might have done; but Raphael,
 loves mankind, curiously turns the answer into the pec-
 channel of Moody's own thought:

Angel of the Pale Horse.

The cause is here, . . .
 Here in the wild and sinful heart of man,—
 Of all the fruits upon creation's vine
 The thirstiest one to drain the vital breast
 Of God, wherein it grows.

Raphael.

Too fiery sweet
 Gushes the liquor from the vine He set,
 Man the broad leaf and maid the honeyed flower!

These last lines, I repeat, are especially characterist

Moody. They reveal that peculiar conception of life which found expression in nearly all his writings. He was as much preoccupied as Thompson with the problems of evil, but he approached them from a widely divergent angle. Moody saw in evil not exactly the implacable foe of good, but rather its twin brother, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh, since both good and evil are children of passion and will. Life is rich and wonderful because our spirits are charged with aspiration and liberty and love. If we are swayed also by jealousy and wrath, license and lust, these are but other manifestations of the same primal forces. The concords and the discords are sounded on the same strings, and are essential parts of one divine harmony.

This is not an opinion, it is merely a point of view; but in a point of view there may be much philosophy. And this point of view is seized so vigorously and held so persistently by Moody that it becomes, as a philosophy, almost the set thesis of his most important poems. This is true especially of his trilogy of verse-dramas, "The Fire-Bringer," "The Masque of Judgment," and "The Death of Eve."

The first of these dramas is a retelling of the old myth of Prometheus, but Moody gives the story a new symbolic significance. Before the opening of the poem, Deukalion's flood has not only overwhelmed the earth with physical disaster, it has also extinguished the fire of passion and of will even in the most secret places of the human heart. The survivors of the flood are left abject and torpid, without choice or hope, incapable of either good or evil; and the first part of the poem, in scenes of extraordinary power, shows us what life must be under such conditions. In the second half of the drama, Prometheus brings the lost element. The flood recedes, starlight pierces the thick darkness, and the fire of life enters the souls of men, rekindling them to rapture and also to agony. Out of the mysterious dawn of the new light a man's voice is heard crying:

My soul is among lions. God, my God,
 Thou see'st my quivering spirit what it is!
 O lay not life upon it! We not knew
 The thing we asked for.

But other voices give utterance to other emotions. A chorus of girls, awakened to the possibility of love, proclaim their sense of the love-god's presence:

He came up out of the sun, yet he goeth not down therewith;
 For, ever warmer, closer, as the evening falleth pale,
 His arm is over our necks, and his breath
 Searches whispering under our hair; and his burning whisper saith
 A thing that maketh the heart to cease and the limbs to fail,
 And the hands to grope for they know not what;
 We would not find what he whispers of, and we die if we find it not!

The poem ends with a somewhat insolent chorus of youths just awakened to a sense of the triumphant destiny of manhood. I borrow the epithet "somewhat insolent" from Professor Manly's just and illuminating introduction to the collected edition, and I own that when I first read "The Fire-Bringer," some ten years ago, I did not perceive that this chorus was meant to sound insolent. But Professor Manly is right. The insolence is there, and it is an essential feature of the poem. The first member of the trilogy ends appropriately with blended notes of enthusiasm and of ominous license. Good and evil have come into the world together.

Before "The Fire-Bringer" was written, Moody's friend Trumbull Stickney had published his "Prometheus Pyrophoros." Moody's indebtedness to Stickney is in one sense very great, for without his "Prometheus" it seems unlikely that "The Fire-Bringer" would have been thought of. But the indebtedness is for fertile suggestion rather than for direct contribution. Stickney tells of the darkness and the bringing of the fire; but the symbolism, which makes the later poem what it is, was not in the earlier. Some of

the most striking passages in Moody's drama are the songs of hope sung by Pandora—rays of light that both relieve and intensify the gloom. The idea of interspersing these songs was borrowed from Stickney, but not their lyrical splendor. Occasionally a detail is directly transferred from one poem to the other, but always in such manner as to strengthen the impression of Moody's originality. Thus, after one of Pandora's songs, Stickney wishes to suggest its effect upon Deukalion and Pyrrha:

Deukalion.

What a strange mournful voice is hers!

Pyrrha.

No, no! I feel a happiness bringing leaves
Upon the branches, and the night is less
Between now and tomorrow!

Moody seizes upon the idea, and realizes it with an ampler symbolism. We hear out of the darkness voices of men and women:

A Man's Voice.

Hearken! One sings upon the upper slopes.

Another Voice.

She opens sunny doors, which ere we look
Are closed for everlasting, and their place
Not to be guessed. . . .

A Woman's Voice.

Hush, hark, the pouring music! Never yet
The pools below the waterfalls, thy pools,
Thy dark pools, O my heart—!

A Young Man's Voice.

Delirious breast!

She jetteth gladness as a sacred bird
That o'er the springtime waves, at large of dawn,
Off Delos, to the wakening Cyclades
Declares Apollo.

In the cry of the "woman's voice" we recognize the supreme touch of authentic Symbolism. This is, for once, the Symbolism of Mallarmé and Symons, the Symbolism which sought its subject matter in the inexpressible, the Symbolism which therefore aimed not to express but to suggest.

The fundamental idea of "The Fire-Bringer," the idea of using the myth of flood and fire to explain the genesis of good and evil, was not in Stickney's poem; it was Moody's original creation. But here, too, I suspect an impulse from without. Giacomo Leopardi, in a curious philosophical romance called a "History of the Human Race," tells us that in the golden age men were bored to death because the world lacked variety. Deukalion's flood destroyed all but a few, and then Jove set about establishing life on a better basis. "He had learned by this time that human nature will not be satisfied with merely living, or with mere freedom from bodily pain. Whatever be its lot, the heart of man longs always for the unattainable; and it is afflicted most grievously with this vain desire when it is least beset with other ills. Accordingly Jove resolved upon new devices for the conservation of our wretched race, and his first device was this: to inject real evil into our lives. . . . And, to put an end to the torpor of the race, he sent among men . . . divers vain phantasms whose names were Justice, Power, Glory; and among them was also Love, who like the rest then came upon earth for the first time."

Had Moody read this? I think so. The parallels between his drama and Leopardi's romance are not many; my quotations almost exhaust them; but even so they are rather striking for mere coincidence. And Moody, who was a passionate lover of many literatures, among them the Italian, is unlikely to have passed by Leopardi. But he borrowed from him not the letter, and least of all the spirit—for Leopardi's was the gospel of irony and despair—but at most a hint for the process. As Stickney had anticipated Moody in dramatizing the myth of Deukalion, so had

Leopardi in philosophizing it. Moody left Stickney far behind because his genius was riper; and he quickly parted company with Leopardi because his genius was more wholesome and sound.

"The Masque of Judgment" stands as the second member of the trilogy, though it was composed first. As "The Fire-Bringer" suggests that both good and evil are sprung from the seeds of divine fire and must stand together, so "The Masque of Judgment" suggests that they must fall together, if at all. The growing sin of the world is the growing anguish of God. But God knows that man is as necessary to him as he to man; and when, as the anguish becomes unbearable, he resolves upon the Judgment, he knows that he will be destroying the good with the evil, and that he himself must perish also. The Great Day is the end not only of the world, but of God's eternity.

The third member of the great trilogy was to have been "The Death of Eve," but Moody did not live to complete it. We have only a lyrical sketch, contributed before Moody's death to a magazine, and one entire act of the projected drama, now first published. These, however, suffice to outline the plan of the whole, and to reveal at last the full meaning of the trilogy.

Moody seems to have found the germ of his last drama in "La Vision d'Ève" of Léon Dierx—the man who, at the age of sixty, succeeded Verlaine and Mallarmé as the poets' chosen "prince of poets." "La Vision d'Ève" is a poem of some thirty elegiac quatrains. It relates that once on a still morning, three years after the expulsion from Paradise, while Adam was hunting and the birds were singing, Eve sat by a spring watching her babes at play, and communing with the God whom she still adored. She praised him for his justice and mercy, and declared that her lot was happier now than before the Fall, for now it was made perfect with perfect human love. Just then the infant Cain was suddenly seized with wrath; his eye flashed

savagely, and with clenched fist he struck Abel, who cried for help. Eve rushed to them, pale with a sudden horror, and fondled and soothed them both to sleep. Then came to Eve her "Vision" of the days to be. The death-angel, Azrael, showed her the crime of Cain, and Cain's long agony in his beleaguered city of Enoch. He showed her the after world, reeking with cruelty, wrath, and sorrow; and she comprehended that this was the real fruition of her love. She sat motionless beside her children, and from her eyes, which had been filled with infinite peace, fell streams of scalding tears.

I cannot doubt that Moody found here his first suggestion for "The Death of Eve." He reproduces the death-angel, Azrael; and much of the first act pictures Cain's life of horror in the city of Enoch. There is, too, a reminiscence of the central incident of the French poem. Cain, in his extreme age, says to Eve:

The first that I remember of my life
Was such a place, such a still afternoon,
I sitting thus, thy bright head in my knees,
And such a bird above us as him yonder
Who dips and hushes, lifts and takes his note.
I know not what child's trespass I had done,
Nor why it drove the girl out of thy face,
Clutched at thy heart with panic, and in thine eyes
Set shuddering love. . . .

But the main resemblance of one poem to the other is at the point of their most significant divergence. Dierx boldly made Eve justify the sin of Paradise *before* the crime of Cain, and the justification was love. Moody, still more boldly, designed to justify that sin *after* Cain's crime, and the justification was to be the whole of life, good and evil together. Eve in her old age resolved to seek Cain in his exile, and to go with him back to Paradise, there to confront the wrath of God. Her purpose was to declare to God her knowledge that she had done well, and that even the fruits

of her disobedience were but the fiery fulfillment of His creative will. When she broke her enterprise to Cain he at first hung back, as others had done, fearing the wrath of the sky; but Eve said:

I had a son
Who questioned his own wrath, the skies thereof,
His own heart's wrathful skies, what they were prone to,
And seeing where his will went, followed it.
I came to find that son. And shall I find him
But as the rest, whose marrow in their bones
Curdles to hear Eve's whisper? Nay, thou Cain,
Whose soul is as a torch blown back for speed,
'Tis thou shalt light me on that fearful way
That I must go, and that I haste to go
Ere darkness fall forever.

For this striking variation of the theme it is barely possible that Moody took a hint from a little poem of Baudelaire's. But the somewhat flashy blasphemy of Baudelaire was of course alien to Moody's thought—which is, indeed, but the culmination and consummation of the whole scheme of the trilogy.

It is plain that Moody's mind was eclectic and absorptive. Scholars of the next generation will find strange joy in tracing him to his sources. Professor Manly has pointed out his love of Euripides, and especially the influence of the "Bacchæ" upon many passages in his poetry. In one of these passages, to be sure, (the episode of the Prelude in the "Masque of Judgment") Professor Manly will grant that the chief figure is the Orpheus of Apollodorus rather than the Pentheus of Euripides; but the general influence of the "Bacchæ" is indisputable and essential. Moody is Euripidean, sometimes, even in the ambiguity of his religious ideas! But indeed there are few of the great poets whom Moody may not here and there recall. He reminds us of Shelley in his lyrical ecstasy. He sometimes echoes the vague poignancy of the Pre-Raphaelites. His "Good

Friday Night" and "Second Coming"—two companion pieces upon Christianity—are very suggestive in form (though not in spirit) of the two Obermann poems of Matthew Arnold. He recalls now and again the great odes of Coventry Patmore; and occasionally, it must be admitted, he even plays Patmore's trick of closing the gaps in his inspiration with a rubble-work of very clever rhetoric. But the gaps in Moody's inspiration are rare; and I trust I have sufficiently shown that, with all his echoings, he makes a final impression of distinct and powerful originality.

Moody wrote for the stage two prose plays, "The Great Divide" and "The Faith-Healer." Both plays show true genius, and both breathe the same liberal philosophy as the trilogy in verse. Good may be wrung out of evil, and the highest aim of man is to wring out as much of it as possible. In each play this principle is wrought into a subtle and profound study of the workings of soul upon soul; and the fault of each play is that the theme is too subtly and profoundly treated for stage effectiveness. Seeing Moody's plays is something like reading the later novels of Mr. Henry James. In "The Great Divide," however, the main theme was imbedded in a melodramatic action of crime, separation, and grief; and its melodramatic qualities made the play one of the brilliant popular successes of the last decade. People did not understand just why Ruth Jordan clung to her husband, or why she left him, or why she came back to him; but in her doing of these things there was so much passion and excitement that nobody cared much for her reasons. "The Faith-Healer," on the other hand, was equally profound, equally clever in detail, and perhaps even superior in style; but it had no story that could be read from beyond the footlights. Instead of a gorge in the Rockies, the scene was the sick-room of an Ohio farmer's wife. Instead of the fury of a drunken cowboy, the main motive-force was the self-questioning spirit of a mystical revivalist. The play failed.

In view of Moody's early death, one must regret that some of his best vigor was put into these plays. I would much rather have now a finished "Death of Eve." But if he had lived it would have become clear that there was no time wasted. Study of the stage was teaching Moody a needed lesson in consideration for his audience. A great poet cannot be too independent of his hearers, but he may easily be too forgetful of them; and this is what Moody too often was. "The Death of Eve," however, shows a marked gain in clarity and orderliness—and this without loss of power. It is noteworthy, too, that the last drama is more dramatic than the others. It is not meant for the stage, to be sure; but even in the purely literary drama there is room for those effects which the stage cannot dispense with. The long dialogue between Eve and Cain is literary drama at its best. There is but one seriously exceptionable passage in it—a too salient reminiscence of the ghost of Banquo:

Thou hag of hell,
Glare not upon me with those caverned eyes!
Whoever has done this, his life shall pay.

Such a defect would never have passed Moody's final revision—"The Death of Eve" is obviously unrevised)—for he was a keen critic of his own work. Evidences of this are apparent in successive versions of the same poems. "Old Pourquoi," for instance, appeared several years ago in a magazine, and now in the posthumous edition reappears much altered. Throughout the poem there is a strain of grotesque humor which weirdly enhances its imaginative power; but in the earlier version the strain was too insistent. Nearly all Moody's changes were softenings-down of this element of humor. Enough of the grotesque is retained to serve its artistic purpose, but it is not allowed to run riot. Moody knew the value of discords, but he also knew the limits of their usefulness. On this point one wishes that he might have given lessons to Browning, who marred his

stateliest edifices by scattering gargoyles too lavishly. Moody had the rare advantage of possessing a critical faculty which curbed his liberality without paralyzing it.

I have already hinted at Moody's most serious fault, which was obscurity. It is natural that obscurity should be the evil genius of Symbolism, for it is not easy to make the ultra-violet rays visible; but is not this difficult task a part of art's function? We all have rare emotions which we cannot express, and the business of the artist is to word them for us. When he leaves them in the dark, his art is only half achieved. Puzzles are not poetry. I have no right to say that any of Moody's puzzles are insoluble, but some of them baffle my most resolute efforts; and of others it may be said that they grip the reader's imagination mightily, but his intellect must be exercised to the point of fatigue before his imagination will come into play. In "The Moon-Moth" there are lines which show Moody's lyrical faculty at its highest, and other lines are models of poetic style:

We cry with drowsy lips how life is strange,
And shadowy hands pour for us while we speak
Old bowls of slumber, that the stars may range
And the gods walk unhowled-at;

but what does the poem mean as a whole? We shall doubtless be told, some day; but at present the uninitiated reader can hardly divine.

But the charge of obscurity is dangerous to make. It is always uncertain, and it often recoils upon the critic. Poetry is an experience which the reader must share with the writer, and there are kinds of experience of which some minds are incapable. I may fairly demand that everything be made clear; but suppose the poet asks, "Clear to whom?" And of course it must not be forgotten that a great deal of Moody's poetry is clear enough for anybody. Such poems as "Gloucester Moors," "Song-Flower and Poppy,"

and "Old Pourquoi" demand no more effort than indolent readers may make unconsciously; and these are poems of a high quality.

Much of Moody's work, like that of the Symbolists, was intricate analysis of emotion. What men do was of less interest to him than what men feel. But the feeling that fills his poetry is commonly the great feeling that is stirred by great issues, not the sentimentality of mere temperament. True, he is alive to the beauty of delicate sensations:

O heart of mine, with all thy powers of white beatitude,
What are the dearest of God's dowers to the children of his blood?
How blow the shy, shy wilding flowers in the hollows of his wood?

But he was a man of too much intellectual power, and also of too critical humor, ever to be mawkish or trivial in his imaginings. When, as in "Gloucester Moors," he gives utterance to the cry of modern humanitarianism, it is with stern recognition of the inexorable difficulty of our problems. In "The Daguerreotype," a poem upon a picture of his mother, there are many curious and remote strayings of fancy, but his vigorous originality secures a final effect of masculine directness. This poem, indeed, bears well the inevitable comparison with William Cowper's familiar "Lines" on the same subject. Those lines are touching and sincere; their very simplicity is a potent charm to all whose taste is unspoiled; and for my part I treasure them none the less affectionately for being locked up in the dear old general-housework couplets that our grandfathers loved. But Moody has attempted a higher flight and has sustained it. As a record of actual past experience his poem may seem not so inartificial as Cowper's, not so free from traces of conscious after-analysis; but as a passionate utterance of present emotion and present burning thought, it is a great achievement.

It is indeed one of the remarkable things about Moody that, with all his subtle emotions and subtle imaginings, he

is almost free from over-elaboration and from frigid ex of heat. These are too common weaknesses in re poetry—in the poetry, for instance, of Francis Thomp Crowding of the emotions is, indeed, one of the defect the qualities of Symbolism, though of course it has analogues in the poetry of other schools. Honest E bethan rant, the vice of heroic drama, was not dissim That, however, was but stage thunder, and it offend because the noise is out of proportion to the accompan illumination. The vice of Symbolism is more like lightning; all creation is transfigured by the lambent g and one only wonders that there is no shock. When find these effects in the work of the Symbolists, we gl back with increased affection to the imperishable ar Cowper. But Moody's critical judgment and robust kept him out of danger; and consequently, when it i work that we are reading, our prevailing impression is r that Symbolism added a rich territory to the domai modern poetry, and that Moody has taken this for his by divine right.

If I have over-emphasized Moody's affiliations with Symbolists, it would require another article to correct error. It is his manner that recalls them more than matter, for he was an interested student of much that ignored. Indeed he promised, if he lived, to create fo just that satisfying poetic interpretation of the very com life of to-day which the world is so eagerly looking The three great Victorians, while perhaps more stron established than ever as classics, are becoming every less contemporary; they are great poets, but they are *our* poets. The social sense that is stirring in us finds l satisfaction in the dogmatic individualism of Brown our scorn of intellectual compromise makes Tennyson longer gospel; and even Arnold, in some respects the ne to us of all, seems hardly to have realized that the wor alive and still young. What we most miss in these p

is just what Moody was beginning to give us; and he was not giving it in the spirit of ultra-modern naturalism, for he was saturated with the old world's culture and he had the poetic vision.

I like to remember that among the first to recognize Moody's genius was Richard Watson Gilder. Moody was the subject of his stanzas entitled "A New Poet." I do not know whether this identification was ever publicly announced; but it cannot be impertinent to quote some of the verses here, and so link the memories of two fine and generous spirits. Gilder's praise was discerning and just; but his fear, alas, has been too tragically realized:

Friends, beware!

A sound of singing in the air!

The love-song of a man who loves his fellow-men;

Mother-love and country-love, and the love of sea and fen;

Lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and thoughts that linger long;

There has come to the old world's singing the thrill of a brave new song.

They said there were no more singers,

But listen!—a master voice!

A voice of the true joy-bringers!

Now will ye heed and rejoice,

Or pass on the other side,

And wait till the singer has died,—

Then weep o'er his voiceless clay?

Friends, beware!

A keen, new sound is in the air,—

Know ye a poet's coming is the old world's judgment day!

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

By AVARD LONGLEY BISHOP

THE recent rise in prices is a matter of great interest. This is because it affects so vitally the living—a question which has become of the utmost concern to the great majority of people, especially the earning and salaried classes, and others of relatively low incomes. The rise in prices is, by no means, solely of our concern; for, in other countries than the United States, according to the best evidence available, a similar movement has been in progress. In Canada, retail prices for food have averaged five per cent higher than for the previous year, and they are still on an upward trend; while statistics have been prepared for the United Kingdom which point in the same direction. A government commission has recently made a noteworthy inquiry into the question of rising prices in New Zealand. Of late, an American consul has reported that this is the leading economic question of the day in Germany. Again, in Buenos Aires, one hundred thousand persons took part in a recent demonstration against the advancing prices of the necessities of life; and the Japanese press, in discussing the same general topic, has drawn attention to the fact that Tokio exceeds all other cities in the world in the increase of the cost of living. Numerous other instances of a similar nature could be cited. It is hardly necessary to multiply them in order to draw the conclusion that an upward movement of prices, resulting in an increased cost of living, is now well-nigh universal.

Naturally, such a state of affairs, involving far-reaching social consequences, has provoked much discussion, and many investigators have tried to find the causes. B

this case, unfortunately, causes are not easy to seek out; and while many are asserted, none as yet are capable of scientific demonstration. In most respects, explanations reduce to matters of individual belief, and no single diagnosis has received more than local recognition. This is so well recognized that a movement has begun in this country to arrange for an international congress which shall find out, if possible, the cost of living in different countries, the causes for its increase, and the remedies. Until a great deal of light has been shed upon the question of rising prices, by this or some other well-ordered plan, it is necessary that present conclusions should be held open for revision if fuller discussion reveals errors. In the meantime, however, there is no reason for not surveying the problem in the light of such data as are available. Certain basic principles already are being elucidated, and a wealth of facts is being gathered which are serving to illuminate the field.

Inasmuch as the usual procedure nowadays is not to barter commodities the one for the other, but to exchange goods for money or *vice versa*, it is clear that a rise in prices may be referred to either one of the two factors, goods or money. Probably the majority of economists hold that the recent rise in prices is due primarily to the increased production of gold, and to various influences referable to the monetary systems of the different countries. Some economists and many practical business men refuse to accept this theory, but point to certain conditions affecting, either directly or indirectly, the goods themselves as being fundamental. More specifically, they do not go so far as to deny that gold inflation has affected the price level. But they believe that the recent rise in prices, particularly of farm and other food products—those upon which the present discussion of the high cost of living centres—is due chiefly to the exertion of influences upon the commodities themselves, and not, first of all, to the increased gold supply.

For those who reject the gold inflation theory and accept the other alternative, there is opened up a wide field of inquiry. Some point to the alleged operations of the trusts, and to various trade agreements as being at the root of the evil. Others throw the blame entirely on the tariff, and think that its downward revision or abolition would work the desired effect. Others contend that a shortened working day has resulted in a smaller return for labor; hence the upward movement of prices. Furthermore, it has been stated that the modern cold storage system, which was supposed to be an unalloyed boon to humanity, is largely responsible for the rise in prices of such commodities as meat and eggs. It is said that "the enlargement of the facilities for storing, transporting, and selling these products has been misused by the warehousemen, on the one hand to compel the grower to regulate production, and on the other hand to maintain artificial market rates to the consumer, based on the restriction and the non-perishable quality of the visible supply." Still others point to the disproportionate increase of the urban population—the growth of the cities at the expense of the country—as the basic cause for the high prices of foods. And a host of other reasons, more or less contradictory of each other, have been advanced at one time or another.

There are two principal reasons for such a wide range of explanations. First of all, the problem is extremely complex and subtle. Under a much simpler social organization than now exists, or in the light of history, it is a comparatively easy task to analyze a problem, and to perceive the interplay of cause and effect. But when, under the highly organized industrial and social conditions of to-day, we try to examine any important problem within the field of the social sciences such as the one now under consideration, it is next to impossible to determine the causes. For there is great difficulty in getting at all the different sets of facts, isolating them, and weighing their relative importance. Hence, there is ample room for controversy,

each investigator being influenced, both in his methods and conclusions, by his own peculiar temperament and by his outlook upon life in general.

The other important reason for the lack of agreement in diagnosing the case of rising prices is that the phrase means different things to different classes of people. Those of a theoretical or scientific bent generally take an academic rather than a practical view of the subject; hence they are likely to have in mind chiefly the broader aspects, such as the general rise of the price level in the wholesale market, as shown by index numbers. But to the masses, index numbers, being based upon the average of prices of many commodities some of which in all probability they never will use at all, are either unknown or are of comparatively little concern. Their vital interests are centred upon the advancing retail prices of those goods which of necessity form the largest item in their weekly budgets. Consequently, the public unrest in this country and elsewhere has been due chiefly to the soaring prices, first, of the necessary articles of food, then of shelter and clothing. And this is why the rank and file of people, whether educated or not, who do not understand the purely economic aspects of the phenomenon of rising prices, view it as related primarily to the retail charges of those things which are regarded as the necessities and comforts of life for families of limited means.

Let us consider, first of all, the claim that the high price of food products is due to the increasing proportion of the population which may be classed as city rather than country dwellers. Everyone knows that in the United States and elsewhere the cities have been growing for decades at the expense of the rural districts. And it has been assumed that those who have remained on the farms have not produced a surplussage of the staple food products large enough to meet the ever increasing demands of the non-producing urban population. Hence, there are those who have concluded that it is in accordance with the law of supply and

demand that prices have advanced. But if we accept the statement as set forth in a recent publication of our Federal Department of Agriculture, we are forced to the conclusion that the lure of the city has caused no diminution in the world's annual output of food products. On the contrary, in recent years when food prices have been soaring to their highest, the world's annual output has actually increased faster than the yearly growth of population. Leaving China out of account, the population of the civilized world increases at the rate of a little over one per cent annually. But, since 1895, the average annual increase of the output of cereals (including wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley) has been about two and one-half per cent. And what is true of the cereals applies equally well to most other crops. The investigation just referred to covered eleven products in the United States, which include over three-quarters of the acreage and about seventy per cent of the value of the farm crops. It was believed that the list was sufficiently inclusive, and that the commodities mentioned showed such a uniform increase in output as to warrant the conclusion that "agricultural production, during the years of enhancing prices, has increased more rapidly than population"; and that "recent advances in the cost of food are not due to the scarcity or lessening of agricultural products." An examination of the data covering meat production pointed to the same general conclusion. It indicates "the aggregate supply of animal products, as in the case of crop production, has kept pace with population during the past decade." These results, however, represent a conclusion applicable to the whole world; whereas, with respect to any particular country, they would not necessarily hold. For each political unit is by no means a self-sufficient economic area, and it might very well be that a demand should exist for certain food products entirely beyond home supply. And it is quite within the bounds of possibility to imagine that a protective tariff is instrumental

keeping out the surplus from other countries of just such foods as are in general demand. However, omitting these questions as apart from the main point now under consideration, the contention is made that to assume that there must be a certain fixed ratio between the numbers in the city and in the country to insure an abundant food supply is an error. The development of machinery in farming operations, the progress of scientific agriculture, and other important factors have made it possible to dispense with the services of numerous hand laborers whose work, under an earlier method of farming, was essential. Therefore, all things being considered, the claim that the growth of the city population at the expense of the country is the cause of the high prices of foods is not supported by facts.

Let us turn now to the theory that the general rise in prices is due primarily to over-production of gold and to other factors in the monetary system. It will be seen that, whereas the theory just disposed of rested upon the supposed scarcity of goods on the commodity side of the price-ratio, this is based upon the idea that there is inflation on the money side of the price-ratio. The heart of this proposition is that gold inflation has reduced the purchasing power of gold, so that it now takes more money than it did to buy the same article. It now requires, on the average, about a dollar and a half to purchase what could have been bought in 1896 for a dollar. Every intelligent person admits that the purchasing power of gold has decreased; but many are not convinced that rising prices are due as much to the inflation of gold, and to a consequent reduction of its purchasing power, as to causes operating upon the commodities. In spite of this disagreement, there is good reason, however, for commending the recent plan for standardizing the dollar, for this would unquestionably make its purchasing power more stable. Fortunately, the proposal is meeting with approval by many who are the best qualified to pass judgment upon its merits; and, if it is carried through, it will check

the rise of the general price level, in so far as this is due to influences connected with gold. But it would of course, touch the problem of rising prices in so far as these are due to causes outside the monetary system. The present-day discussions of this question have been so much upon gold inflation that other factors have not received the attention which they merit. It has been largely disregarded that, apart from the influences which affect primarily the rise of the general price level, there are others which are responsible directly for the rise in price of many articles of general use. The latter influences are grounded in the modern commercial and social systems; and though difficult to trace, they are unquestionably of far greater importance than usually is supposed. Moreover, they would continue to operate under any monetary system whatsoever until they themselves were removed. Such being the case, it is their significance that we now wish to emphasize.

Consider, for example, the effect of the middleman upon the prices of certain commodities. The hard-headed customer, who by force of circumstances must make his dollar buy as much as possible, cannot see that overproduction of gold plays any important part in a valid explanation of why he has to pay out increasingly large sums of money for what, let us say, is a good cut of beef. He reasons that prices in the market where he trades are no longer governed by the law of supply and demand; but that a strong organization, which he can only contemplate, though not with pleasure, and never see in its workings, is arbitrarily fixing the prices. And if he could but know by how much each of the many middlemen intervening between the producer and the retailer before him has raised the price, he would be able to cut away a rather large share of the sum now being asked for the goods he is buying.

The force of this line of reasoning may be illustrated by some instances of price enhancement which have recently been reported. A short time ago a gentleman who

in one of the larger cities of the Canadian Middle West—one which is provided with good railway facilities—bought a barrel of apples from a retailer in that city for \$5.25. Upon examining the contents of the barrel, a note was found from the eastern grower saying: "I got seventy cents for this barrel of apples. What did you pay for it?" In this case, no one should accuse the fruit farmer of being responsible for the high price charged the final purchaser. On the contrary, it was due to the imposition of a nowise moderate tax by the several intervening middlemen. Although we are unable accurately to analyze the situation, it was about as follows. First the original buyer made a profit which was added to the purchase price; a jobber or wholesaler then added his toll. The railroad company received a reasonable charge, against which there is no complaint, for its service in carrying the fruit to its destination. Then the wholesale fruit merchant in the western city made his profit in selling to the retailer; and finally the retailer figured in his profit, which included the delivery charge, with the result that the consumer was required to pay between seven and eight times the first cost of the apples. Another similar case was reported last October at the convention of Southwestern Growers which was held at Dallas. A farmer was given \$58.00 per carload for watermelons which soon were retailed at a price yielding \$750.00 a car. The amount of profit taken by the middlemen here was inordinate, to say the least. Again, at a recent conference of producers and consumers held in New York City, a Long Island gardener reported that the selfsame cauliflowers which had been sold out of the fields last season for forty-five cents a barrel were followed to Washington Market, where they were found selling at twenty-five cents a head. Another told of disposing of beans for thirty cents a bushel, and of tracing them to the city stores where they were selling readily enough at fifteen cents a quart—a rate of four dollars and eighty cents a bushel. The number of similar

instances which are now coming to light reminds one what of the methods employed and the profits taken by old-time frontier traders. For a mere trifle they sold goods which were in great demand in the world's markets from those who were altogether unaware of the price to be obtained, thus making a fabulous profit.

It is true that the few cases here instanced are extreme: doubtless they are. Nor is it the intention that many foods are grown at a greater expense to-day than formerly; and this is likely to increase their cost. Lands have advanced in value, and so has the price of labor. The same is true of feed, lumber, machinery and other items of outgo which are necessary in farming economy. And so, as a general proposition, higher prices must be obtained for their products by the owners of farms in order that they may continue to live and produce. There is evidence that, on the whole, the farmer is overcompensated, to some degree at least, for such additional burdens. But anyone who is acquainted with the modern conditions of production and distribution knows that the few examples of arbitrary advancement in price illustrate an important cause for the high city prices of many farm products. The movement of goods from the farm to the city market is accompanied by expenditures which, in many cases, are entirely uncalled for. In all probability, production can no longer be done efficiently without the intervention of the middleman. At the present day, however, he is performing many unnecessary functions, with the result that through numerous lines of trade, too many middlemen have been supported at the expense of the public. And here is the basic reason why it is impossible to convince the thousands of intelligent consumers, who have a knowledge of market conditions, that over-production of gold is in any way responsible for such increases in prices as have been mentioned. They would readily admit, however, that it has been a factor in breeding extravagance, and in placing

public at the mercy of certain keen-witted individuals who must continue to squeeze out extortionate profits in order progressively to raise their standards of living.

Another important cause operating in the direction of high city prices for farm products is waste. Their movement from the original producer to the final consumer is marked nowadays by a high percentage of deterioration which, under a less complex state of society, did not take place. With better methods of handling in transit and of storage at the terminals, much of the waste could be checked. Time was when there were practically no losses due to the perishability of commodities. Each farmer took his surplus of butter, eggs, poultry, potatoes, and other products to the neighboring town and disposed of them at once, either to the final consumer or to some shopkeeper who soon doled them out to his customers. The growth of cities, making it necessary now to call upon wider areas for the food supply, has rendered this simple method of distribution wholly impracticable. And so the large city market has developed. The traffic in perishable farm products has grown very much faster than have the facilities for their economical handling; hence an enormous waste. It is impossible to obtain full and accurate statistics, but those which are available point unmistakably towards a great annual loss. In New York City, for example, the Board of Health condemned and caused to be destroyed in the year 1911 eight and one-half million pounds of fruit, two and one-half million pounds of vegetables, three hundred and fifty thousand pounds of fish, seventy-three thousand pounds of eggs, and ninety-five thousand pounds of miscellaneous market produce. There is every reason for believing that this list represents but a small fraction of the actual waste of these commodities in the markets of New York City. Consider, in this connection, the enormous quantities of perishable goods which the retail dealer is forced to throw away each year because they have spoiled on his hands. It is a reason-

able supposition that all over the country similar conditions prevail, resulting in an annual loss of hundreds of millions of dollars. To give a single instance, it has been estimated that about ten per cent of the total output of the egg and poultry business of the country is wasted in marketing. If such striking figures as are now available are shown, after further investigation, to be capable of general application, it may be found that the annual waste in many farm products goes a long way towards offsetting their yearly increase in output. So that, taking deterioration into account, the actual supply to be sold at retail may be no more than keeping pace with the growth of population.

This question is worth a good deal of study and must have it before accurate conclusions can be drawn in their application to the problem of high prices. It is clear, however, that waste leads to the increase in price of such goods as survive the process of transit, in that the loss is shifted in large part to the consumer. Those who have given some study to these matters have come to the conclusion that the equipment of railroad or union terminals with refrigerators, warehouses, and other up-to-date facilities for handling perishable products is the best solution of the market problem. Furthermore, they believe that, if "the enormous waste" can be eliminated "that comes from the lack of facilities for unloading and handling perishable stuff, the saving will mean not only a more plentiful and better supply, but a general reduction in prices."

In addition to what may be called the economic causes of price advancement, of which only a few have been considered here, there are others which lie more within the field of sociology, in that they are based upon various customs and fashions which now prevail. This group of causes merits far more attention than it has yet received. Take, for example, the present-day custom of selling goods in individual packages. A generation or two ago, no long rows of attractive boxes graced the pantry shelves; the household

supply of spices, cereals, tea, coffee, sugar, and butter was bought from the grocer in bulk. Such commodities were weighed out as sold, brought home in paper bags, there to be kept and drawn upon until the supply needed to be replenished. This may have been an inconvenient method for those who had charge of the larder, and it was undoubtedly less sanitary than the present style of handling, but it had the redeeming feature of economy. To-day, such goods almost universally are put up in relatively expensive and supposedly attractive packages, adapted in size to meet the needs of every type of buyer. Of course the majority of the public now prefer to buy their supplies in accordance with the fashion, and no argument is here being advanced for a return to the more primitive and simple methods of dispensing commodities. But the fact should not be overlooked that, for such convenient packages which the families of a generation or so ago did not enjoy in their household economy, the people of to-day are paying many millions of dollars annually. Their cost, as well as that of the labels and printing connected therewith, is not borne by the maker, wholesaler, or jobber. Nor is the enormous outlay for advertising such wares deducted from profits. All such expenses are shifted, in large part if not wholly, to the consuming public who, if the seller gets a fair margin of profit, are forced to pay more than would be necessary under a simpler method of handling.

Another cause of high prices, which is based upon custom and fashion and for which the complaining public itself is largely responsible, is the expensive service now demanded of the merchants. There have crept into our economic and social life certain customs and methods of having things done for us which have made life easier and more comfortable. And those whose business it is to create new demands for various goods and services, and then grow rich in catering to such demands, have learned to a nicety how to appeal to the vanity and other weaknesses of human nature. The

modern methods of retail business, in so far as they are based upon such customs and newly created demands, serve to illustrate this point. They call for the performance of certain services on the part of merchants for which not only the wealthy, who set the pace and can well shoulder the additional charge, but also the vast majority, who can ill afford it, are now paying a big price. In a word, the public has come to demand the furnishing of a high-class service from those with whom they deal. The problem has been worked out for their patrons by different merchants in all sorts of ways, of which attractive waiting and lunch rooms, free organ recitals, free use of the telephone, and express deliveries are a few examples. It is the public who enjoy such services as are provided, and who pay for the entire upkeep.

Let us consider in some detail the matter of delivering orders. The plant which the different retail firms in the cities must maintain for this purpose represents the investment of a great deal of capital. Auto-deliveries, rubber-tired wagons, horses, and men cannot be at the beck and call of the public, at a moment's notice, unless somebody pays the bills. There is little doubt but that the system is entirely too costly, and is altogether out of proportion to the volume of business transacted. There are merchants engaged in some lines of retailing who readily admit that ten years ago more business could be done with a few teams than now can be carried on successfully with twice the former number. One has only to observe the number and character of the orders delivered during a day on a single residential street of any of the large cities to be impressed with the burning necessity of establishing in this work the principles of conservation. A dozen or more teams and men representing as many firms are now engaged in doing that which, under a better organized system and one in which the public was less exacting, could be done by one. In order to keep the trade of a good customer, the retailer

feels that he must be prepared upon a moment's notice to deliver a rush order, though it may be for only a few cents' worth.

A generation or so ago such exacting conditions were largely unknown. The usual run of customer visited the grocery or dry-goods store in person about once a week, and bought a supply of all the articles needed in the family economy for several days in advance. Seldom, if ever, was anything forgotten; and the goods, if not too bulky, were actually carried home by the purchaser instead of being left for delivery. At any rate, if the shopkeeper were called upon to deliver them, he had a large order to handle and could take his time in forwarding the bundle along with others which went in the same direction.

To-day, however, with the common use of the telephone, and with a pronounced change in social customs with respect to marketing, orders are sent in each morning at least, and often several times a day from a single house. And so the problem of getting the petty orders ready and delivering them so as to satisfy his customers becomes an enormous one for the merchant to handle. The housekeeper now will not wait for the goods to be sent at the convenience of the merchant: they must be sent up at once else the future trade will go to a rival. Everyone knows that it is not unusual nowadays for a team to make a duplicate trip, covering a distance of perhaps a mile or more, with some trifling article which may be essential to a palatable luncheon, but whose market value is less by far than the actual cost of its delivery. It is flattering indeed to know that such a rapid and attentive service is at one's command. But those who enjoy it should remember, when complaining about high prices, that this is paid for in no other way than by the merchant adding the full charge for the service to the prices of his goods. And if it be true that the few concerns which maintain no deliveries do not undersell their more accommodating rivals, it is highly probable

that they are taking refuge behind the more generally adopted system, and are receiving a larger margin of profit on their sales.

In conclusion, it should not be overlooked that rising prices do not bear the sole responsibility for the fact that it costs more to live to-day than it did formerly. If prices had not advanced during the last decade, but had remained stationary, the average family would now be greatly embarrassed in living on an income which, ten years ago, was considered adequate. A great many luxuries of an earlier day are now looked upon as indispensable, even to the family of moderate means. And this is why the economic problem of living, for all excepting the very poor and the very rich, is both one of high prices and of an attempt at high living. The pace is set by the successful rich. What they elect to enjoy in their daily life economy and the nature of the services which they choose to demand from those who supply their numerous wants, become the goal towards which the vast majority strive unceasingly. In the long run, this may result in a real benefit to society as a whole, and it is not a discouraging sign of the times. But it would indeed be a boon to humanity if those who have it within their power to set the pace would simplify their methods of living and be less exacting with respect to service. By so doing they would relieve the strain upon the great numbers who are in the race to keep up as best they can with those whom, consciously or unconsciously, they are following. Thus the way would be opened for the solution of that part of the problem of the high cost of living which relates, not to rising prices, but to the cost of high living.

CLIMATES OF THE PAST

By CHARLES SCHUCHERT

THE ancient philosophers imagined that the earth arose out of darkness and chaos, and that its present form and condition came about gradually through the creative acts of an omniscient and omnipresent God. Certain Greek philosophers tell us that the world had its origin in a primeval chaos; others that it arose out of water or an all-pervading primeval substance with inherent power of movement, that the energy of this primal matter determined heat and cold, and that the stars originated from fire and air. It was Empedocles (492-482 B. C.) who first told us that the interior of the earth was hot and composed of molten material, an opinion he formulated after seeing the volcanic activities of the Sicilian Mount Etna, in whose crater he is said to have met his fate.

The geology of to-day still teaches that the interior of the earth is very hot, but that the material of which it consists is as dense and rigid as steel, and that little of the interior high temperatures attain the earth's surface because of the low conductivity of the rocky and far less dense outer shell. The older geologists believed that this shell originally was thin, and that therefore much heat was radiated into space, this idea being a natural result of the Laplacian theory of earth origin. In other words, they held that the earth once was a very small star which, in the course of the æons, gradually cooled and formed a crust. Therefore it was postulated that because this crust formerly must have been thin, life began in hot waters and the climates of the geologic past were hot, with dense atmospheres charged with far more carbonic acid and water vapor than they now hold. The present type of climate with zonal belts of decidedly

varying temperature and polar ice caps was thought to be of very recent origin, resultant from a much thickened rocky crust. All of these conceptions are now greatly modified by the planetesimal hypothesis of Chamberlin and Moulton, which teaches of an earth accreting around a primordial cold nucleus through the infalling of small cold bodies, the planetesimals, all of this material being derived from a spiral nebular mass formed by the colliding of two large bodies. As the nuclear earth grew in dimensions, so also was increased the gravitative pressure, gradually developing central heat which spread to the surface and there broke out in a long period of great volcanic activity.

Our knowledge of glacial climates had its origin in the Alps, the land of magnificent scenery and marvellous glaciers, through the work of Andreas Scheuzer early in the eighteenth century. This was at first only a study of the interesting local glaciers; but out of it gradually came about, especially through the studies of De Saussure, Hugi, Venetz, Charpentier, Schimper, and Louis Agassiz, the application of conditions observed in the Alps to the very widely distributed foreign boulders known as erratics and to the heterogeneous accumulations of sands, clays, and boulders called "tills." The engineer Venetz, in 1821, pointed out that the Alpine glaciers had once been of far greater size, and that glaciation had been on a scale of enormous magnitude in some former period. By degrees the older conception that the erratics and tills were of flood, river, or iceberg origin gave way to the theory of colder climates and glaciers of continental extent. It was shown that the reduced temperature was finally succeeded by greater warmth, and that in the wake of the melting glaciers the land was strewn with erratics, with thick accumulations of heterogeneous rocks deposited at the edge of ice sheets and known as moraines, and with great fans of boulder clays and sands, all this being the diluvium or deluge material of the older philosophers, and the drift or tills of modern students of earth science.

Throughout more than a century of study we have learned how glaciers do their work and what results are accomplished by their motion plus the action of temperature, air, and water. The present geographic distribution of the glaciers, together with that of the glacial deposits, shows us that during the Pleistocene, or most recent glacial period, the temperature of the entire earth was lowered. We also know that this cold period was not a uniformly continuous one, but that during the Pleistocene there were no less than four intermediate warmer climates, so warm indeed that during one of them lions and hippopotamuses lived in western Europe along with primitive man. This was thousands upon thousands of years before human history began. We may now be living in another interglacial warm period, though more probably we are just emerging from the Pleistocene ice age.

With the reduction of the temperature, great variations also took place in the local supply of moisture, in the number of dark days, and in the air currents. How great these changes were in Pleistocene time is now being revealed to us through the work of the geologists, palæontologists, and ethnologists of Europe, where this record is far more detailed than in North America. Their observations picture a fierce struggle on the part of the hardier organisms against the colder climates, a blotting out of those addicted to confirmed habits and to warmer conditions, and a driving southward of certain elements of the flora and fauna from the glaciated into the non-glaciated regions. The result was the disestablishment of the entire organic world of the Pleistocene lands. More than once man and his organic surroundings have been forced to wander into new regions; the life of cool to cold climates has dispossessed that of milder temperatures, and with each moderation of the climate the hardier floras and faunas have advanced with the retreating glaciers, or become stranded and isolated in the mountains. As the organic world is dependent upon

sunlight, temperature, and moisture, it is not difficult to see why these same factors are essential to man and his civilization.

The Pleistocene is the youngest division of geologic time; back of it stretches a deciphered chronology whose length bewilders the imagination. Geologists speak of millions of years, hardly ever less than seventy-five millions, as the age of the globe; and yet since radium has been discovered the physicists tell us that we must multiply these figures at least by ten, while before this discovery they would not allow us more than twenty-five millions of years since the earth began to have water-laid rocks. Even so, as mortals we appear to be dealing with eternity, and yet in our imagination we think of endless similar cycles preceding the one through which the sun and earth have passed.

Back of the Pleistocene lies the Tertiary or Cenozoic era, a time when mammals dominated the lands for not less than three million years; and still farther in the past is the middle time of earth history, the Mesozoic, an era which endured fully thrice as long as the succeeding one, and during which reptiles were the highest development of land animals. From this middle period we pass back into that ancient time known to geologists as the Palæozoic, lasting six times longer than the Tertiary. This time also abounded in animal life, but the great majority of it lived in the seas; thence through the accident of environment a few stocks of fishes spread over the lands, where the necessity of adaptation to evanescent waters forced them to change fins into legs, and gill-breathing into lung-breathing, thus becoming amphibians. Back of the Palæozoic the "medals of creation" are very scarce, and consequently we know almost nothing of this most ancient life. The vast thicknesses of stratified rocks, however, and the many alterations to which they have been subjected bear witness to a tremendous amount of geologic work that must have consumed at least as much time as that of the Palæozoic. This era is known

as the Proterozoic, or time of earliest life, and not a few students hold that it endured as long as all subsequent time. However this may be, what we see in the record at the very beginning of the Proterozoic indicates physical processes like those in operation to-day. Not only that, but glacial material of wide extent is also found here, showing plainly that even as long ago as earliest Proterozoic time the earth had a thick solid crust and, at intervals, times of low temperature,—facts that are not at all in harmony with the Laplacian theory that the earth has passed through an astral or molten condition.

Hardly had the Pleistocene glacial climate been proven, when geologists began to point out the possibilities of earlier ones. An able Scotch writer, Sir Andrew Ramsay, described in 1855 certain late Palæozoic conglomerates of middle England which he said were of glacial origin, but his evidence, though never completely gainsaid, has not been generally accepted. In the following year, an Englishman, Doctor Blanford, proved that the Talchir conglomerates occurring in central and southern India were of glacial origin, and since then the evidence for a late Palæozoic cold period has been steadily accumulating. This cold age is known as the Permian glacial period. Africa is the land of recurring glacial deposits, and here in 1870 Sutherland pointed out that the conglomerates of the Karoo formation were of glacial origin, and, further, that they rest on an old land surface which has been grooved, scratched, and polished by the movement of glaciers. Australia, too, has Permian glacial tills. It is only very recently that the evidence found in many places in the Southern Hemisphere has become widely known; but so convincing is this testimony that all geologists are now ready to accept the conclusion that a glacial climate was as widespread in Permian time as in the Pleistocene age. This time of organic stress, curiously, did not affect the polar lands, but rather those regions bordering the equatorial zone, while the temperate

and arctic zones of the Northern Hemisphere were not glaciated but seem to have had winters alternating with summers. The lands that were more or less covered with snow and ice lay on each side of the equator, that is, roughly, from 20° to 40° north and south of this line.

Just previous to the Permian glaciation, the world had a cosmopolitan flora, peculiar to a warm and moist climate, and totally different from that of to-day. Only the marsh plants of this time are known, the record lying buried in the various Carboniferous fields of many lands. In the main, they consisted of tall, scouring rushes or "horsetails" (*Calamites*); gigantic ground pines, known as scale trees (*Lepidodendron*) and seal trees (*Sigillaria*), as tall as the average evergreen tree of to-day and considerably thicker; and also cone-bearing trees (*Cordaites*) related to the modern pines but with leaves long and strap-like instead of needle-shaped. Besides ferns, there were many more plants of fern-like appearance (*Cycadofilices*), some of them large like the living tree ferns; this beautiful fern-like vegetation, however, had already evolved into structures more complex than the true ferns, for in place of reproductive spores, seeds were developed, a progression suggestive of the coming flowering plant. It was a sombre flora of greens, devoid of flowers and sweet odors. Accordingly the modern insects were absent, though far larger and more ferocious forms infested the forests, chief among them a great variety of cockroaches up to six inches in length and many insects like our modern dragon flies, one of them measuring twenty-four inches across the wings. Thousand-legs were abundant and larger than at present, while large spiders of many kinds and scorpions were not uncommon. Large and armored amphibia were in hiding in the waters; and if there were any voices in the forests they must have been the deep croaks of these salamander-like animals.

While these forests were at their best, the earth quaked repeatedly in many lands, a prophecy of the coming of

majestic mountains. In North America, all along the Atlantic border from Newfoundland to Alabama, the Appalachians were rising in folds upon folds three to five miles high, while throughout medial Europe were born the Palæozoic Alps, "a mighty chain of folded mountains." This unsettled condition of the earth's crust is traceable eastward into Armenia, and well into central and eastern Asia. It was one of the few "critical periods" in the history of the earth, dangerous chiefly for the plants and animals of the time, organic beings that had long experienced nothing other than warm and moist climates. Later we learn of the geologically rapid destruction of these noble but primitive forests and strange animals, for in middle Permian time, after the passing of the glacial climate, their like had gone forever. A new flora arose in the Southern Hemisphere under the stress of the glacial climate; and these hardier and structurally more complex plants later wandered over the face of the earth, commingling with and finally dispossessing the older spore-bearing floras.

Besides the two marked glacial periods we have discussed, there are evidences of at least three or four others preserved in the geologic record. However, the farther back we go into the geologic history of the earth, the more difficult becomes the deciphering of this record. Geologists have, moreover, only recently learned how to read it; and yet it is already clear that in Proterozoic time there were at least two and probably three cold climates. One of these occurred at the close of this long era, its glacial formations being as yet certainly known only in Australia, although the evidence also seems to indicate similar deposits of this time in India and in the Lake Superior country. The oldest known glacial climate occurred in the Northern Hemisphere early in the Proterozoic era, the tills which attest its existence lying in Arctic Norway, northwestern Scotland, the gorge region of the Yang-tse River in China, and northern Ontario from the north shore of Lake Huron in latitude 46° north-

ward for seven hundred and fifty miles and for a distance of a thousand miles from west to east.

The evidence for variability in climate throughout geologic time is by no means as yet exhausted. The grander changes, it is true, have been pointed out; but the organic record shows by the varied distribution of the plants and animals that reductions of climate also took place in middle Palæozoic time (between the Siluric and Devonic periods), early in the Mesozoic (Triassic-Jurassic), and at the close of this era (Cretacic-Tertiary). Finally, we may state that there were at least five and probably eight times in the history of the earth when the climates over great areas were cool, and of these at least four were glacial. The very long intermediate times thus separated from one another by cool to cold climates were warm and equable the world over. It is clear that at all times there were climatic zones, but the variation in temperature between the torrid and the polar areas in times of mild climates was far less marked than that of to-day.

All of the decided changes of climate known to geologists follow times of vigorous mountain-making. Then it is that the lands are not only highest but also largest in area. At these times the previous configurations of the continents are apt to be altered, the land masses being broken apart and separated by new sea-ways or united by more or less long-enduring bridges of land. Such changes in the relations between the land and sea are also bound to alter the currents of the oceans, causing more or less decided variation in the poleward transportation of the heat that is always being stored up in the marine waters of the torrid zone. Then, too, when the lands are most extensive and highest, the air currents are altered; and as the mountain ranges are commonly situated on the borders of the continents, they cool the air currents, causing them to precipitate the water vapor taken up from the oceanic areas. Therefore at these times also occur the most extensive deserts; and it may be added

that we are now living in such a time, one fifth of the earth's land being too dry to sustain an abundance of plant life.

Between the periods of mountain-making, the crust of the earth remains practically stationary for a very long time, and the rains that fall upon it run off to lower levels and so transport in suspension and solution the loose material. In this way the mountains are eventually washed into the oceans. If all of the land at present above sea-level were delivered into the sea, the strand-line would be raised six hundred and fifty feet, inundating the continents far and wide. The ocean bottoms also change; and a movement, either up or down, in any of them forces the world's marine waters to seek a general level, since all the oceanic basins are united. Because of these crustal conditions, the lands are periodically flooded, and the geologic record shows that the North American continent has been so covered not less than seventeen times, over areas varying between 154,000 and 4,600,000 square miles. Each of these floods ameliorates the climate of the lands and makes them insular in character, that is, more humid and warmer, with equable climates that are favorable for the existence of plants and animals. No cool to cold climates are known when the continents are widely flooded; they all appear when the lands are largest in area and the oceans smallest.

In conclusion, we may state that the earth's climate through millions of years is warm and equable, apparently completely devoid of winters. At these times crustal alterations are but slight. At irregular intervals, however, great ranges of mountains are thrown up, air currents are deflected, cooled, and dried, continents are united by narrow land bridges, and the flow of warm water towards the polar regions is either altered or completely barred, with the consequence that great changes in the climate take place. These are the critical periods for the organic life of the world. Old and established stocks that have become specialized, bizarre or huge in body, or dominant over their smaller

associates, vanish at such times of change and stress. Small and obscure races rise into ascendancy, become the rulers of their environment for a long time; but in the end history repeats itself and the favored ones give way to those of still greater adaptability. Individuals and families run their course, and vanish into the air and earth from which they come. Our mundane sphere will eventually cease to receive the vitalizing influence of the sun's rays and the earth will be dead. Finally, even the sun itself seems destined to cease as such, for in some future eternity it may also become cold, collide with another similar body, and by this impact give rise to a spiral nebula. Nature is never wholly at rest; change, ceaseless change, is the law of the universe.

The mind like a flash leaps through billions of miles of space and reveals to us the existence of countless suns, nebulæ, and dark orbs. But when this same mind, born of two ancestral cells and by their union started on its complex development of comprehension and imagination, ceases to be—what then? We are awe-stricken, for here we stand helpless before the Great Unknowable!

THE RELIGION OF A CIVIL ENGINEER

By A. J. DuBois

EVERY man has at any moment his own zenith and his own horizon. This horizon changes with every step, it agrees at any instant more or less closely with that of his neighbor, differs more or less profoundly from those of his fellows more widely separated, even to the very antipodes, and yet all the time it is his own horizon—a strictly personal outlook, and for him it is real and always true. The same holds equally for all other earth-dwellers, and however great the diversity of intersection and overlap, each and all are but special cases of one fundamental principle which reconciles all diversities, harmonizes all differences and disagreements, and when once understood, allows all to differ in unending detail and yet to agree exactly in all necessary conclusions.

Without pushing the analogy too far, much the same may be said of religion. It is beyond all else a personal possession, and a fairly accurate description of any one man's personal religious horizon should possess interest and value for others. I wish therefore to tell as clearly as I may somewhat of the influence of my vocation upon my religious belief. What I have to say is entirely personal and must not be considered as intended to be representative of modern scientific thought in general. The time is not yet ripe for any man to arrogate to himself such a representative position. There is as yet by no means such a general consensus of opinion as would justify it. Indeed, the state of things is quite the contrary. There are men of science to-day who regard religion as the child of ignorance and superstition, the enemy and natural antagonist, past and present, of science; and they regard the Christian priest and minister

as the modern equivalent and lineal successor of the "witch-doctor" and "medicine man" of the untutored savage. Others there are, who loudly claim that about such things we cannot know, and it is useless therefore to speculate. Still others refuse to see any necessary connection between their religion and their science. They cover different fields, rest on different grounds, and must be therefore kept forcibly apart both in study and in thought. So they keep their religion in one pocket and their science in the other, and "let not their left hand know what their right hand doeth."

I belong to no one of these classes. I cannot claim therefore to be representative, perhaps I cannot even be "classed." I do not propose to attack or attempt to controvert any of these diverse positions. My message is the outcome entirely of my own thought as influenced by my own vocation. So far as this message may seem reasonable and well founded on admitted facts of science, it should, I think, be fairly representative of the views of some men of science, and that is all I have any right to claim.

In every scientific discussion it is desirable, and in my vocation it is essential, to begin with admitted facts upon which all agree. When this is done, then any conclusions which are found to be inevitable and necessary deductions from those facts can claim and should receive acceptance. Now, in what I have to say, I wish to follow this method. If I depart from it, it will at least be unconsciously. I postulate first therefore—the law of gravitation, that "every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance."

For generality of statement and of application this law is without a parallel in the history of science. It has been found to be true, wherever examination has probed. Its logical consequences have been found to be true when extended to every member of the solar system; sun, planets, satellites, comets—all have been shown to obey it. It has

enabled us to tell the past and to foretell the future. Step by step the cumulation of evidence has gone on, till conviction, full and irresistible as the most rigid demonstration could ever command, has been forced upon the minds of all intelligent men. I must waive here all discussion as to "law" and "matter," and "force" and "mass." However we may differ about the significance of terms, it will, I think, be admitted by all, that this general statement expresses more or less perfectly a fact embodied in nature, and this fact meets to-day with world-wide acceptance. Logical deductions from this law have never failed of verification. These deductions have heretofore been physical and astronomical. I wish to make here another sort of deduction, metaphysical and philosophic, if one chooses to call it so, which appears to be direct, indisputable, and of even greater, indeed it seems to me of supreme import, because it goes far beyond purely mechanical application.

In general terms this law states that the entire universe is, in some mysterious way, so related in all its parts that any change of state, wherever located and however minute, is a change throughout the whole extent. That is, if the motion or position of so much as a single "atom" of matter is changed, the motion and position of every atom in the entire material universe is thereby affected. The universe is not as it was before. This is a direct and unavoidable conclusion from the law. In fact it is only a restatement of the law itself. But think what this means. It means that if I raise my hand, I disturb the universe. It is not as it was before. A disturbance has been introduced to which the universe responds. More than this—we know that every volition is invariably accompanied by corresponding brain action. That is, within my own restricted personal organism, matter actually obeys the dictates of my will. Subject to restrictions my will may be. It may or may not be "free." With that I have nothing here to do. But within those restrictions, whatever they may be or may

be found to be, it is beyond dispute that matter is affected by my will. Now, by this law of gravitation, to affect the condition of even one atom is to exert an influence which must affect the entire universe. If a single atom is under any circumstances subject to my will, then, to just that extent my will is a force in nature and to it the universe responds. A "force" is that which "causes" change of motion or state of matter, and such a natural force the will of man undoubtedly is. I do not merely mean that the intelligent action of man upon this earth, as exemplified in art and industry, and his indirect influence upon nature by the skillful utilization of nature's laws, show the action of will as a force in nature, though that is also true enough. I mean more than that. I mean that directly, without any intermediate mechanism so far as we can now see, matter within certain unknown limits is affected by man's will. Acts as it would not otherwise act, moves as it would not otherwise move; and just in so far as this is true, and just in so far as no material action can take place which does not affect the entire universe, just in so far is man's will a force of nature.

Here then is a direct deduction from the law of gravitation, which seems to me of surpassing importance. We see that the very constitution of the universe must be admitted, on the strength of unquestioned facts, to be such that throughout its whole extent it is affected by mind. A single thought literally changes the material universe. If an intelligent being with faculties akin to ours, though far greater in degree, were placed upon the farthest fixed star that glistens in the sky, he might possibly observe there material effects, which, if followed back along the chain of causation, would finally find their rise in some human volition which acted untold ages ago upon this earth. The conclusion is direct and irresistible that the entire material universe is so constructed that mind not only can, but actually does affect its every part. It seems to me that every man of

science must agree to this upon the basis of admitted facts. He cannot escape the conclusion that the action of human volition is a force in the universe. A complete survey of the universe must deal with this force.

But when we look out upon the world in which we live, we observe everywhere effects which cannot be ascribed to the action of human volition. What can we say of such? It seems to me we must conclude, that since *some* of the phenomena we observe are beyond doubt due to human volition, and since such mind-action affects the entire universe, thereby proving that the universe is of such a nature that throughout its whole extent the mind of man can and does affect it, therefore all other phenomena we observe, not due to human volition, must likewise be referred by us to the action of some extra-human mind. This is certainly the only conclusion we can frame in harmony with what we already know and in terms of the rest of our knowledge. We arrive, then, directly from admitted facts, at the conclusion that the universe in all its parts, is the visible manifestation to us of underlying mind—and that mind is extra-human and omnipresent. If this be so, observation and study of the facts and phenomena of nature should enable us to come to some conclusion as to the mode of operation and characteristics of this underlying omnipresent and extra-human mind.

Such observation and study have led us everywhere and always to recognize what is known in science as the law or principle of the uniformity of nature. That is, if under certain conditions we observe a certain result, we are convinced that if those conditions are again repeated, we shall infallibly observe again the same result. This is the accepted basis of all the conclusions of science. Upon it we risk daily our lives and fortunes. Without it no science is possible. Without it the simplest experiment loses its force and value and the whole structure of science falls to the ground. The man of science accepts it therefore to the

uttermost. We are convinced that what we have found to be true wherever we can examine and test, whenever we have searched and tested, with not a single exception in any man's experience or in the history of the race; which holds true through all the past of the earth so far as we have read it; which has repeatedly enabled us to read the past and to foretell the future; which is to-day the basis of all that systematized and related knowledge which we call science; the very foundation of system in every department of human investigation; which has never put us to mental confusion in any of the myriad points at which science touches life and action—this must be true everywhere and at all times. Is true now, always has been, always will be true. This is the creed of the man of science, everywhere and always, which he cannot renounce without mental suicide,—briefly, “the same causes must always produce the same results.”

Now, however indefinite the meaning of that little word “cause” may be in general, there need, I think, be little confusion about its meaning in the present connection. It may be true, as Professor Clifford has told us, that the word “cause” has “sixty-four different meanings in Plato and forty-eight in Aristotle. These were men who liked to know as near as might be what they meant; but how many meanings it has had in the writings of the myriads of people who have not tried to know what they meant by it, will, I hope, never be counted.” For the present purpose, Mill's definition will answer, and when we speak of the same cause always producing the same effects, we can define “cause” as the “sum of all the antecedents.” Of these antecedents, knowledge is at least one. To change this is, therefore, to change the “cause” and hence the sequence or “effect.” To change thus knowledge implies that such knowledge was incomplete, and did not before include all the antecedents. Such is man's knowledge—limited, and such is man's will and action—changeable, capricious, unstable, and varying as his knowledge varies. But were such knowledge complete, it

would not admit of additions to it; hence it could not be changed; and as thus the only disturbing element is excluded, a will based upon such complete knowledge would be unchangeable, and to such a will, based on complete knowledge, uniform action under duplicated conditions would be a necessary result. Thus even man's will and action would be consistent with uniformity were man's knowledge complete.

If then, as we are forced to admit, the universe in all its parts is the visible manifestation to us of underlying mind, extra-human and omnipresent—the uniformity of nature in such case can only mean that this mind is complete in knowledge and therefore constant in action. Only in such case could like causes be depended upon to give like effects. The will that sways the universe is thus not only omnipresent but also omniscient, and because omniscient, uniform in action. Hence we observe such uniform action in nature.

How about the freedom of such a will? Our human wills may or may not be free, or partly free: free under certain limitations, or not free at all. These questions are as we know debatable without end, and no general concurrence has ever been gained. By “freedom” here, I do not mean absence from constraint, but simply and absolutely self-controlled—not affected by exterior circumstances. Now to such a will as we speak of, there can be no exterior circumstances, because all circumstances are due to it. Such a will must be absolutely self-controlled, and its invariable action as evidenced by the uniformity of nature, can then only be the result of intelligent and conscious purpose. Such, then, is the boundary of my personal horizon as it appears to me, not from the standpoint of faith or of revelation, of church or Bible, of priest or seer, but of universally accepted laws of nature. In my ignorance of philosophy, metaphysics, and theology, old and new, I may be threshing old straw, but to my mind such a conclusion is the inevitable

outcome of accepted scientific facts. I have postulated three great facts universally accepted by science as unquestionably true—viz: the fact of universal gravitation; the fact of human volition as conditioning the motion and state of aggregation of matter; and lastly, the fact of the uniformity of nature. The direct and unavoidable conclusion from these three facts, is that the universe is the visible manifestation to us of an underlying omnipresent and omniscient mind. In that which science calls "law," we recognize the action of a supreme will of which all nature is the visible expression; and that which science calls "uniform action," is but the necessary result of unchanging purpose acting always the same under identical conditions.

Let us check this conclusion by the consequences of its application, by its power of explaining and harmonizing.

In science we deal with related phenomena. Why should phenomena be related? But science not only requires and assumes related phenomena, it also requires and assumes mind so adjusted to these phenomena that the relations of the one correspond to the workings of the other. Why this correspondence?

Take geometry for instance. Geometry deals with ideals. To these ideals we attribute an exactness which our knowledge of natural phenomena cannot claim. A "point" is a mental abstraction—an ideal. A geometric "straight line"—whether such a thing really exists we have no right to affirm. No physical test that we can apply could demonstrate absolute straightness. None the less we have in nature things which approach more or less nearly to the conception of a point, and we pass to the ideal at once and work with that. We find in nature examples of lines nearly straight, and we pass at once to the ideal of absolute straightness and work with that. So also with triangles and curves and areas and solids. These things are all pure abstractions—ideals suggested by external realities; the ideal limits to which these realities seem to approach. We proceed to

work with these abstractions, these limits, these ideals of the mind; we investigate their relations; we apply to them the accepted rules of logic, and submitting the results to the supremacy of reason, reach conclusions—and lo, when all is done, these conclusions are found realized in external nature. The laws of thought are thus found to be embodied in the visible results of nature. What can this mean? We cannot say positively that these results are accurately realized in nature, because our means of verification are imperfect. Thus the test of experimental verification is but a partial test after all. It serves only to assure us that we have in nature an approach more or less close to the ideal. We pass to the ideal, we work with that, and we find correspondence. The same holds for any result in any department of physical science. Absolute exactness cannot be claimed for even the best established; except as an ideal which all our experience shows us to be strangely built up and incorporated in external nature. We know nothing absolutely. Ideals alone are exact. All our knowledge, so far as it is verifiable by experience, is relative. Absolute straightness, time, space, position, rest, motion—of all these we know nothing. But yet we form ideals. The identity of these ideals with the relatively verifiable facts of external nature is significant. Why should “sound logic” correspond with reality?

We claim, then, in science to “know”—not because of the testimony of experiment only, but because such testimony is the verification in nature of our ideal conceptions. I need not multiply instances. Absolute exactness is possible of no human observation. Ideals alone are called by us “exact.” Universality can be predicated of no human experience. But still we form the ideal and speak of it as “universal.” The knowledge of an exact law would be absolutely different in kind from any knowledge that we possess. But still we formulate the ideal “law.” When we speak of the “uniformity of nature,” or assert that

"like causes everywhere and always produce like effects," we are dealing with an ideal world and an ideal state of things; for in the world of experiment in which we live, the sum of all the antecedents is never the same exactly—the present in its totality is never an exact reproduction of the past. There are, then, strictly speaking, no "like causes" to produce like effects. But still we form the ideal. Thus the principle upon which all experimental science is based is itself a statement of an ideal principle in an ideal world. We formulate such abstractions and call them "laws." Laws, not of mind, not of logic, not of reason, but of nature. We apply logical consequences of ideal conceptions to external nature—and we find correspondence. We recognize the ideal—the limit suggested by the observed facts; we pass to this limit; treat it as a fact; submit it to logical processes; and the final results of such mental action we find to be verities of external nature. What can all this mean unless it be mind answering to mind? The mind of man interprets the mind in nature. The reality we observe in nature is a mental fact.

But not only do we find our thoughts thus mirrored in nature, but our imaginings as well. In the words of Tyndall: "Bounded and conditioned by coöperant reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer." Newton's passage from a falling apple to a falling moon was a leap of imagination. When Lord Kelvin placed the ultimate particles of matter between his compass points, and applied to them a scale of millimetres, it was an exercise of the imagination. The "creative imagination brooding over related facts and analogies" forms hypotheses, and these creations of the mind are found to be identical with the realities of external nature, and have led to some of the most brilliant discoveries of science. What can this mean? It can only be mind interpreting mind.

The very language of man illustrates this accord. It is

the soul of poetry. Natural and spiritual are like substance and shadow, even as

The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow.

"Have mountains, and waves, and skies," says Emerson, "no significance but what we consciously give them when we employ them as emblems of our thought? The word is emblematic. Parts of speech are metaphors because the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind. The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter as face to face in a glass. The axioms of physics translate the laws of ethics. This relation between the mind and matter is not fancied by some poet, but stands in the will of God." Since, then, our intellectual action finds physical expression in nature, and not only reason but imagination is found to be an aid in physical investigation, I would define science as *the verification of the ideal in nature*.

We recognize then, as a logical deduction from known facts—that is, as a scientific conclusion,—that this universe rests upon the spiritual; and we perceive in ourselves, working in obedience to our will, a power, finite and limited though it be, akin to that whose infinite and perfect workings we study and whose recorded actions make up the sum of what we call science. That this conclusion is in perfect accord with the light that streams in upon us from all sides; that it is reënforced by Christian philosophy, no less than by the religious feeling of man in all ages—asserted by our seers and sung by our poets—is significant. I have not thought to make it so. It comes out so. By different roads we reach the same result. I wish only to insist here as strongly as I may that this is a sound conclusion of science, not the special pleading of a foregone conclusion. If there were no Christian philosophy—no religious feeling—if seer and poet had never seen or sung,—still would the science of to-day yield us this result. It is in harmony

with all that we have learned of the universe; explains at once its unity and gives significance to its designs and adaptations. Science rests to-day upon this conclusion solidly, and finds in it alone the explanation of that verification of the ideal in the real, which seems to me its best, truest, and deepest definition.

Thus in all science we see "the reflection of the unity of nature and of the unity of the supreme reason and intelligence which pervades all nature and whence our reason and science are derived." This is the only solution of the mystery of how it can be possible that material things admit of an intellectual equivalent. The universe itself "being the expression of thought, admits of being translated back into thought." We thus recognize the spiritual as the basis of the natural, matter as the visible manifestation of immanent mind, the real as the expression of the ideal; back of "law" we discern the ever-present will because of which law is; and back of will we are forced to recognize a steady unchanging purpose. Such is the view of the universe to which I seem directly conducted by admitted facts of science. It is a universe of purpose governed by mind. It is not a wreck drifting hither and thither, and the sport of chance. It is framed in wisdom, instinct with purpose, headed towards some port—and the hand of the Pilot is at the helm. Can we as yet, even though dimly and far-off, recognize somewhat of that purpose? Can we perchance faintly glimpse in the dim distance the beacon lights of that predestined port?

Looking back upon the past history of the earth and man in the light of purpose, what can we discern as indicative of that purpose? We see first a formless nebula or "fiery mist"—a vast interplay of force and matter on a scale surpassing human comprehension. This whirling, cooling nebula contracts and planets and satellites are thrown off—inorganic matter appears. We follow still the unfolding of the great purpose and reach a point where in accord with

the antecedent conditions and the ever-present guiding will, organic matter and life appear. Here I see no breach of uniformity. To reproduce the conditions would be to observe again the same result. This holds at every step. We follow still further, and again in accord with antecedent conditions, conscious mind emerges. This is not to me an "evolution of matter into mind." We start with mind, we begin with a will to which matter responds, with knowledge and purpose; and we end with will, to which matter responds, with knowledge and purpose—less in degree but similar in kind to the source. Thus animal life appears, ever and always in harmony with physical environment. Then finally man. But observe the change in the character of the development when man appears. The animal is produced by his environment and must live in close accord with nature or pay the penalty of death. Hereditary habit is the condition of life and physical transgression means destruction. The "fittest" only survive. Not so with man. Transgression, not obedience, is with him an hereditary habit. He alone can cut loose from nature and live. He alone can abuse the gifts of God and live to tell the tale. Upon his voluntary action his future hinges. He can make it black with disease, suffering, and crime through generations to come, or the source under God of physical health, moral sanity, robust virtue, all slowly but surely raising him into the higher state of voluntary accord with nature. It is thus not life or sensation or consciousness, or even will, which chiefly distinguishes man from the brute, but responsibility and voluntary right action. He alone is free to sin, not forced to conform. It is given to him alone to know, and he must will to do. His progress is linked to voluntary right action, not to compulsion.

Here at last, we find, it seems to me, the true realm of man's will and the proper field of its operation. Limited in its effect upon external nature it undoubtedly is, but here its sway is regal. Man must first learn what is best. He

must then will to do it. Right action, based upon knowledge, and governed by will, or voluntary right action, becomes habitual. Habitual right action becomes hereditary. Thus the virtue of one generation is the gain of the next. Thus the law of heredity is seized upon by man and swayed by his will alone into the path of progress. Thus by the action of his will, man coöperates with the supreme will—transforms a curse into a blessing and transmits that blessing to a race. Man alone can

. . . rise on stepping stones
Of his dead self to higher things.

It is not enough for him to learn the secrets and harness the forces of nature, and thus to provide for physical wants and desires; for satisfy every physical need and supply every bodily want, and only then does he begin to live. Spiritual ends are his pressing, impelling powers.

Right action, become habitual by the voluntary exertion of will, we call character—the chiefest product of knowledge and virtue—the most valued and valuable thing on earth. Such a character thus formed, since it is able to and does actually coöperate here through the exercise of reason and will, is fit for future development and continued coöperation hereafter. It is worthy of the mighty process of the ages which have produced it, and was not born to die. Else is this wondrous evolution, resting upon everlasting purpose, conceived in intelligence and discerned by reason, nought but aimless, purposeless activity, which, working through æons of time on a titanic scale and producing a worthy result, ends in the destruction of the very result attained and becomes a gigantic failure. Such a conclusion cannot stand for one moment the test of reason.

And here again, how confirmation and corroboration stream in on every side! What a vast disproportion between the faculties of man and his purely physical needs! Life in this world has strangely overfitted him for this world.

His true life begins only when he passes beyond his physical environment, and when the physical laws which have governed and shaped thus far his physical development are swayed by his own voluntary action into channels of intellectual, moral, and spiritual progress. And what corroboration do we find in man's spiritual nature? Born of earth, he raises imploring hands to heaven. Reason, intellect, awe, wonder, imagination, the sense of beauty, conscience, justice, love—what a mighty and what a useless equipment for an ephemeral life of a few short years of eating, sleeping, and dying!

This, then, it seems to me, is the end of the whole mighty process, as science looking back upon the history of the race in the light of purpose, must recognize it; for the race, continued progress in spiritual attainment and moral advancement; for the individual, self-struggle, self-mastery, self-conduct in obedience to law—not compelled but voluntary obedience—conscious coöperation, with the promise of continuance of such coöperation hereafter, sanctioned by reason, justice, and faith, demanded by love and reënforced by an ineradicable and universal hope. But right here we face a dilemma. How can man do this? Here he is, handicapped by the very laws of nature which have thus far aided and produced him. Heredity is now against him. The results of a long and bitter struggle for self-existence are his common inheritance with the brutes. Repeated transgressions of past generations are incorporate in his flesh and blood, and all the allurements of desire, and all the past history of a race, reënforced by voluntary action and hardened into habit, and all the resulting depraved appetites and passions are against him. He must master these or die. He must stand fast and fight—"one soul against the flesh of all mankind." What superhuman task is here!

Man then needs help from without if the plan is to be fulfilled. Without such help the entire scheme is futile, and the guiding purpose is stultified. If flight is demanded,

wings must be given. As progress has ceased to be physical and must now be spiritual, as the physical environment has served its end and is now become a hindrance, man must expect to find, he *must* find the necessary spiritual environment. It is just here that scientific fact, conclusion, and speculation appear to cease, and my horizon line seems to me to fade away into the pearly mists which baffle further sight. And it is just here that I seem to find religion claiming to supply precisely what we need and must have. It thus appears in my field of view not as an antagonist of science, not as contradicting but as supplementing science, in perfect harmony with the rest of our knowledge, and in full accord with that purpose which I cannot help but own runs through the mighty plan. Without us and around us are spiritual influences, the necessary environment for the soul in its upward progress, boundless and free as the sunlight, but into the earth-darkened chambers of the soul they will not force their way. The relation must be self-sought. This, again, is in harmony. Man is not driven here also; he must need, must desire, must choose, must ask. Voluntary action rules here as everywhere. Stretch out the hand in conscious effort, throw wide the shutters of the soul, and the spiritual environment is established; the impelling powers are with us now as in the past, and still in pursuance of the great plan, mankind presses on and upward, no longer driven like the beast, but in loving obedience, as a child, clinging to a Father's hand, with a Father's aid to cheer, towards a Father's home.

Here then, lying just beyond the scope of my horizon, is what man needs, nay, must have, if the vast process which has produced him means anything. Here is what science unaided could never attain to or proclaim—the personal relation of man to the universal mind, expressed by all that gathers round the hallowed name of "Father." This I take it, is the mission, the message, the significance, and the necessity of religion to man, under whatever garb of doctrine

or theology it may be clothed, by whatever books revealed, by whatever voice proclaimed. And what is its basis and claim to acceptance? It is the same claim and the same basis as science itself—not miracle, not doctrine, not creed, not theology, not speculation, but the simple solid claim and basis of daily and uniform experience, the testimony of striving souls throughout the ages to the reality of spiritual aid. So long as men and women all over this earth can rise up and bear such testimony, so long as heart after heart finds its desires appeased, its longings satisfied, the spiritual help it craves and needs, so long religion can claim the same basis as science itself, the unanswerable basis of experience—the very “law of uniformity.”

As science then is from my point of view the verification of the ideal in nature, so religion stands fast as *the verification of the spiritual in life*. It seems necessary for the completion of the great purpose, so far as it is given us to discern that purpose.

In days long past, science and faith went hand in hand. The science of the time was reflected in the theology of that time, and there was peace. Then came an hour when they lost step—we all know the sad result. A theology which reflected only the views of nature at an earlier day, could not encompass and assimilate the living facts of the present. Out of the resultant strife and wrangling and persecution and martyrdom, have come lessons valuable to each—profound modifications to both. The “new theology” is now more liberal, the “modern science” less intolerant. But ever and always, back of all the turmoil and dust of that bitter conflict, fair Religion with serene and lovely face, looked down with pitying smile unharmed and unafraid, her kindly sway unbroken through it all, because it rested then and rests to-day upon the ineradicable need of human hearts and is unceasingly justified by the irrefutable experience of human lives.

THE WELL MADE PLAY

By LEE WILSON DODD

AS far back as 1895 Bernard Shaw, at that time dramatic critic for the "Saturday Review," wrote these characteristic words: "The time has come now for pity rather than vengeance on the poor old 'well made play.' Fifteen years ago I was almost alone in my contempt for these clumsy booby traps. Nowadays an actor cannot open a letter or toss off somebody else's glass of poison without having to face a brutal outburst of jeering."

The "well made play"—"la pièce bien faite"—was virtually the creation of that ingenious and prolific French dramatist, Eugène Scribe. Beginning about the year 1820, he continued throughout a long life to pour forth a bewildering variety of theatrical entertainments. Selecting his elements from many sources, and deftly combining them, he at length produced what was in fact a new dramatic form—the comedy-drama; well described by M. August Filon as "a mixture of the *drame bourgeois*, as initiated by Diderot, and the comedy of character and manners, long in vogue—from the days of Molière, Regnard, Destouches, and Marivaux, down to the beginning of the nineteenth century." But Scribe, who made this mixture, though a man of enormous cleverness, was fatally lacking in one respect: he had little or no sense for the deeper springs of character, and was entirely unable to animate his plays from within. This being true, he was forced to rely upon externals, to manipulate his puppets from without, to depend, that is, upon *striking situations in which anybody might be placed*, and which had an interest value quite apart from the supposedly human creatures entangled in them. Thus, for example, in his "Valérie" the interest does not arise

from the personality of the heroine, but merely from the fact that she is blind.

Scribe, therefore, forced (as we all are) to use the gifts at his disposal—gifts far from commonplace,—developed a play in which situation complicated by intrigue held the absorbed attention of his audiences. They got from his plays almost the same kind of pleasure we feel in watching a clever man solve a difficult abstract problem (a very different thing from the probable pain we should feel in having to solve it for ourselves)—plus, of course, the emotional excitement which is inseparable from any representation of human affairs. If we see a man run over by an automobile, we are moved, even if we know nothing about him; and if we see a blind girl restored to sight, we are naturally delighted. Our delight, moreover, will be greatly enhanced if this happy result come as the desired solution of a complicated and seemingly insolvable situation.

Here, then, we touch the centre. The “well made play” is a play which states a deplorable situation, complicates it, and then brings about a solution. The situation may be comic or tragic, but in either case it must be one that we desire to see altered. We must long to have this thing cleared up somehow, once for all—even if it be by a tragic catastrophe.

In the hands of Scribe this basic formula was developed into a fabric of extraordinary complexity, requiring five serried acts for the display of “over-numerous and improbable incidents which . . . *taxed the spectator’s memory to the verge of fatigue.*” The words quoted are again M. Filon’s; the italics mine. It is surely obvious that a play so elaborate in plot that it taxes the spectator’s memory must have been a far more grievous tax upon the constructive ingenuity of the playwright. Now so long as the playwright’s one purpose was to excel in constructive ingenuity, the self-imposed tax upon his powers was justifiable; but it was not justifiable, it was criminal, when it diverted the

higher mental faculties of such men as Augier and Dumas *filis* from the creation of character to the fabrication of tiresome machinery. There is no question, from an imaginative or artistic point of view, that in comparison with people, or even with dogs and guinea-pigs, machinery is a bore.

When, therefore, Augier and Dumas *filis* took over from Scribe his pet invention, the "well made play," and tried to use it as the framework for pieces aiming at a true "criticism of life," they accepted a serious handicap. No framework could have been less suited to their purpose. You cannot play chess and read the human heart at one and the same time. Either you will lose your game or you will travesty the human heart. You cannot interpret life by means of machinery. Either you will ruin your machinery, or you will end by oiling, polishing, and adjusting your machinery in the vain hope that it may one day cease to produce manikins and produce a man.

Neither Augier nor Dumas *filis* was a true follower of Scribe, for they were both men who looked straight at life, reflected deeply upon what they saw, and strove to express the results of their reflection in dramatic form. Unhappily, they used Scribe's formula because he had made it the established formula; and their acceptance of it has seriously injured the permanent value of their work. Scribe's true successor was Victorien Sardou; and Sardou it was who during a long and financially successful life spread the popularity of the "well made play" all over the civilized world. The playwrights of England welcomed it, and still—as with Pinero—gratefully cling to it. The playwrights of America are to-day, almost without exception, busily applying its mechanical efficiency to the manufacture of royalties. Of late years the difficult and fatiguing over-elaboration of Scribe and of Sardou has been curtailed; but the basic formula—the reliance on situation, complication, solution—remains intact. There even exist correspondence schools for teaching playwrights the formula; and it may be said

without unfairness that four out of five dramatic critics in the United States would stake their lives that Scribe's basic formula is the one possible formula, and that any dramatic composition which fails to recognize it is willfully foredoomed.

It was in France, the true home of the "well made play," that a revolt against its supremacy began. This revolt was only a minor phase of the great scientific and social awakening of the nineteenth century. I am here concerned with this awakening only in so far as it affected the theatre. The first fruits are easily observable in Augier and in Dumas the younger. Dumas *fil*s introduced the problem play, and by so doing sounded the first strokes in the death knell of artificial drama as a fine art. This does not mean that the problem play of Dumas *fil*s was not artificial. It was. Nevertheless, the problem play is one not written solely to entertain; it may entertain, but is chiefly written to enforce the author's point of view as to some question of contemporary morals. It depends, therefore, on a reflection of contemporary life at least truthful enough to convince spectators that the problem which the dramatist is presenting is indeed their problem. Otherwise such a play would be absurd. If I desire to convince an audience that under present conditions the marriage law is a cause of unhappiness and immorality, I shall not get very far if I devise a plot so artificial that my audience cannot possibly feel its connection with their daily lives. It is only by making the spectators realize that the people on the stage are behaving as they might themselves behave, that I shall be able to make them think my thesis of immediate and practical importance. But Dumas *fil*s, for all his cleverness, did not go far enough. He endeavored to fuse the technique of Scribe with his new sense of social responsibility. The result was a highly artificial type of drama, wherein he tried to transcend the limits of the "well made play" by making its characters the preternaturally witty mouthpieces for his own social theories.

The final result is meretricious, and one leaves these plays with an impression (which I believe to be false) of the author's insincerity. It is the radical insincerity of the "well made play" which has betrayed him.

None the less, by introducing the problem play Dumas *filé* gave the drama of the Second Empire a tremendous push in the right direction. Then in 1867 Emile Zola published "Thérèse Raquin," and the reign of the so-called naturalistic novel had begun. And in June, 1870, the "Michel Pauper" of Henry Becque was produced at the Porte-Saint-Martin.

It is to Henry Becque in France, that we must give the honor of having first definitely freed himself and the drama, considered as a fine art, from the shackles of the "well made play." When his masterpiece, "Les Corbeaux," was acted in 1882, a new model in dramatic construction was given to the world, something utterly unlike the basic Scribe formula of the past. It will be impossible to follow in detail the breaking-up of the older technique among those modern dramatists who are afflicted with an artistic conscience. I must get to the marrow of my theme. But a few dates remain to be given, for they are curiously instructive.

We are all aware what the influence of Ibsen has meant to our higher drama. Other playwrights of talent, perhaps of genius, have arisen; but Ibsen stands firm, the one indisputable genius of the modern theatre. To him is usually given sole credit for that great wave of artistic reform which has swept across the dramatic life of two continents, effacing outworn landmarks and clearing the way for newer and better works. Yet, in simple justice, let us remember that in 1867 Dumas *filé* had given the world "Les Idées de Madame Aubray," a drama which at least cannot be accused of shirking its social responsibility. Let us remember that before 1867, Hebbel had presented in Germany plays in advance of their time. Then let us recall that Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" bears the date 1877, and retains very much

of the older technique of Scribe. "A Doll's House" did not appear until 1879; and the date of the truly epoch-making "Ghosts" is 1881. Becque's "Les Corbeaux" was acted in 1882, and "Ghosts" ("Les Revenants") did not find its way to the Paris stage until May 29, 1890. The first production of Ibsen in England ("A Doll's House") was on June 7, 1889. It will thus be seen that, however great and lasting was the effect of Ibsen's plays upon the modern theatre, they were not the primary agents of technical reform. The change, it ought rather to be said, was in the air. Science and a new social conscience were quietly transforming the minds of men, and the theatre in its turn was reflecting—in its best moments—the accumulating results of this transformation.

One other group of dates and I have done with history. In 1887, André Antoine established in Paris his Théâtre Libre, wherein were heard the first plays by the now world-famous Brieux. The Freie Bühne of Berlin was opened in 1889. In London, the Independent Theatre began its brief career in 1891 with a performance of "Ghosts"; while the first night of Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" took place on May 27, 1893. I am not a lover of statistics, but confess that I find these dates strangely impressive. They mark the storm centre of the dramatic revolution. And in 1895 Bernard Shaw will dare to assert, "The time has come now for pity rather than vengeance on the poor old 'well made play.'"

His assertion was partly justified and partly absurd. We are now in 1918; and the "poor old 'well made play'" is still busily revolving on its axis. But it is no longer the complicated machine of Scribe or Sardou. It clings to the basic formula for dear life, but it has rejected the over-elaboration of the past, with its inevitably tedious scenes of preparation and exposition. The truth is that the "well made play" of the hour is frankly ashamed of its origin, and seeks as far as possible to disguise its inherited frame-

work. It has quietly appropriated many of the external trappings of modernity, and would like to persuade the public that it is quite as advanced in form and matter as the "best of them." Possibly it does induce the public to believe this—in particular instances. The later career of Pinero would seem to lend color to the possibility. But as time passes, the antique bones are seen to protrude through the false mask of reality, and we recognize that old spinal column, *situation*, still rigidly doing duty as in the days of Scribe.

Meanwhile, new and better plays have come to birth; and also a large number of dramatic experiments, assuredly new, but by no means certainly better than the old. Progress has been made; but, first or last, it may as well be admitted that the final rejection of the Scribe formula by playwrights with an artistic conscience has left the art of dramatic construction sadly chaotic. The young playwright who desires to lay hold of some more or less definite principle to guide him in his work, is confronted by two alternatives: he must either decide to "play safe" and adopt Scribe's basic formula; or he must decide to reject this formula and try to work out his own artistic salvation. His decision will depend in part upon his financial necessities, upon his desire to get a hearing in the commercial theatres, and upon the strength of his artistic conscience. In a word, upon his courage—or lack of it. A merely respectable talent can master the "well made" formula; it takes something very like genius to build a play outside of this formula, which will seize and hold the interest of an average audience. The temptation to "play safe" is therefore enormous, and is greatly enhanced by the absence of reliable signposts pointing towards the goal of success in the more difficult field.

Yet there can be no question that if our young playwright does renounce the attempt to find a pathway through the more difficult field, he must also renounce all hope of creating a significant play. However absolute may be the

present popularity, the commercial supremacy, of the modified "well made play," artistically it is dead.

There are, it would seem, only four ways of beginning to work out a play. You can begin with a situation; or you can begin with a character or group of characters; or you can begin with a general idea, or thesis, which you desire to illustrate or maintain; or you can take a complete plot, story, legend, not of your own creation, and recast it in dramatic form. The first method, we have seen, was Scribe's, and belongs to the "well made play"; the last was, generally speaking, Shakespeare's. The second and third methods are the ones commonly in favor with the progressive playwrights of our own day.

The chief objection to Scribe's method is that if you begin with a striking situation, having an interest value apart from the personages involved in it, and build up from this a complicated plot with an eleventh-hour dénouement, you will then at your peril introduce into this rigid scheme beings with appetites, passions, intellects, and wills of their own. For if you successfully individualize them, they will simply refuse to go through the evolutions you have prescribed; and if you force them to do so, they will die upon the rack. On the other hand, if you do not coerce them, they will romp through your prearranged effects like escaped colts through the cucumber-frames, and you will end with something more lifelike but possibly less remunerative than you had intended. There is no retreating from this dilemma. If you want situation you must stick to situation, content yourself with lay figures, and rely upon the actors to deceive your public into thinking them alive; if you want, in the humble phrase, "real folks," you will have to let your real folks express themselves by speech, action, and interaction in their own genuine and often incalculable and disconcerting way.

The creation of characters who are thus credibly alive is the foundation stone of a worthy dramatic art. It is also

the foundation stone of a worthy art of fiction. This is not to say that the two arts are essentially one—they are and must ever be essentially *two*. It merely states a fact, almost too obvious, that in their higher manifestations they rest upon a deep and solid understanding of human nature, of life as lived. Our modern novelists, those who really matter, have learned this lesson. We open their pages, and life seems to stream before us, the life we only half know until a searching eye has selected from it salient characters who sum up in themselves, and in their personal contacts, the form and pressure of the time. They do not give us intricate plots, these masters; they give us men and women, their intricate but unforced relations with one another and with the external world. They lead and focus our vision so cunningly that we feel we have lived many times, have known what it is to be *this* man and *that* woman and to submit to the influences of their environments. Thus our souls are widened; our minds thrust out innumerable sensitive feelers, until we are able to sympathize with the greatest and least of beings, to sympathize and to understand. We have been powerfully helped to become true citizens of the world.

Our best novelists have learned this lesson. They have discerned that to produce the illusion of life itself, something of the casual movement, of the waywardness and inconsequence of life, must find its way to their pages. Too closely knit a texture, too tight a linking of circumstances, too regular a pattern, will fatally destroy all feeling of reality.

This lesson the majority of English and all American dramatists have yet to learn. Many famous Continental playwrights have mastered it, and in Russia certain men of genius have carried it, I venture to believe, too far. It is a fair question whether Gorki and Tchekhof, for example, have not, in their desire to reproduce the casual movement, the waywardness and inconsequence of life, overpassed the

possible limits of dramatic writing. Such a play as Tchek-hof's "The Seagull" may serve for illustration. Here we are given a group of persons touched in with a fineness and firmness beyond all praise. We are given, in the words of its English translator, "a whole symphony of contrasted moods." But it is a fair question, I repeat, whether we have not a perfectly defensible right to ask from a play something more than this—a truer unity of impression, an interest simpler, more direct, concentrated, and intense.

While, then, a deep understanding of human nature, a profound knowledge of life as lived, must be possessed by great novelists and great dramatists alike, it grows evident that for some reason they are forced to use their common knowledge in different ways. We all know the reason. A novel is something printed on paper, bound into a book, and read in solitude; a play is something acted by living persons on the stage of a theatre for the benefit of a group of sociably inclined spectators. Thus the technical problem for the playwright of progressive tendencies is seen to define itself. He must contrive to harmonize his desire to place character and a truthful reading of life before everything, with the necessary limitations of his art—limitations determined by the physical structure of the theatre itself, and by the psychological peculiarities of that many-headed creature, an audience. It is the physical structure of the theatre and the "collective psychology" of the audience that set metes and bounds beyond which the genius of the dramatist cannot safely venture. If we feel that a play must on the whole be simpler, more direct, concentrated, and intense than a novel, producing a truer unity of impression, it is not because of any arbitrary or academic whim, it is because we have instinctively noted the location of these metes and bounds.

The physical structure of a modern theatre has of course a great deal to do with the general shaping of a modern play, but with the limitations set for him by this physical

structure the progressive dramatist does not seem frequently to quarrel. The limitations with which he does continually quarrel, which would at times seem to gall him beyond endurance, are those imposed upon him by the "collective psychology" of the spectators at a play. If an "advanced" play fails, its failure is always blamed on the stupidity of the public. It might often more fairly be blamed on the stupidity shown by the dramatist in his choice of theme, or manner of handling it. There are more kinds of stupidity than one. Not to respect the metes and bounds of your chosen art is a kind of stupidity which is too often given some more flattering name—such as "daring spirit of innovation." Yet heaven knows that the theatrical public, in its likes and in its dislikes, is basely stupid at times. It is the ever-present enemy. To the young playwright with an artistic conscience it may well seem invincible—and prove so, if he takes no pains to understand its nature before attacking it.

Mr. A. B. Walkley, the distinguished London critic of the theatre, has well and pleasantly described the psychological peculiarities of this public, which he calls, simply, the "theatrical crowd." "I must ask you," Mr. Walkley says in his lecture on "The Ideal Spectator," "to be good enough to take it for granted that a crowd forms a new entity, with a mind and character of its own; that it differs from the individuals composing it. . . . The reason, very roughly stated, is, perhaps, this. The qualities in which the members of a crowd differ from one another disappear, are mutually cancelled, while the qualities which they have in common are intensified by contact. The qualities in which men differ are principally, of course, the conscious elements of character, the fruit of education . . . and the intelligence. The qualities, on the other hand, in which they resemble one another are principally the unconscious or subconscious qualities, the primary instincts, feelings, and passions of the race. It follows that to bring people

together in a crowd is to *diminish their intellectual and to increase their emotional energy*. . . . The crowd has the credulity, the absence of judicial faculty, the uncontrolled violence of feeling of a child. . . . And this general truth is true in particular of the theatrical crowd. The theatrical crowd . . . cannot adopt a detached, impersonal, disinterested view of life; it must take sides. Hence the stage convention of the 'sympathetic personage.' The theatrical crowd has not the judicial faculty. . . . Hence the convention of 'the long arm of coincidence'. . . . A crowd *as* a crowd is virtuous and generous; for we are all on our best behavior in public. . . . And the crowd insists upon a strict separation of virtue and vice. It wants its personages all of a piece. The composite characters, the strange blend of good and evil in all of us, it refuses to recognize. Hence the convention of 'hero' and 'traitor,' of 'immaculate heroine' and 'viperine adventuress,' of 'poetic justice' and of 'living happy ever afterwards.'" Mr. Walkley continues: "You conclude that by the mere fact of forming part of an organized crowd a man descends several rungs in the ladder of civilization."

Here, then, we have a portrait of that strange psychic entity—an audience at a play; and we find this audience to be credulous, unreasoning, a creature mainly of emotions and appetites. What chance does the playwright run who puts before a being of low mentality a drama whose appeal is solely to the intellect? None whatever. If our playwright be unwilling to reach, hold, and sway his audience chiefly through its emotions, he might as well give up trying to reach, hold, or sway his audience at all. A novelist, whose work goes privately to the individual, may indeed win a large public, one by one, by the cool, detached, intellectual truth of his creations. Not so the dramatist. His creations, however truthful, however profound, must lay hold of the immediate feelings of an audience—or the audience will simply withdraw its attention from the play.

But do not mistake me. I am not holding a brief for the least defensible of all forms of the "well made play"—"emotional drama," that antique abomination! Indeed I consider it a sort of crime to play upon a defenseless crowd—which, by the very fact of being a crowd, has lost control of its emotions,—to play upon such a crowd for the mere purpose of drawing its easily shed and sterile tears. Because the crowd has an increased emotional sensitiveness, there is no good and sufficient reason for abusing that sensitiveness, or swaying the resultant emotional energy towards barren and unworthy ends. On the other hand, there is every reason for utilizing this sensitiveness and directing the resultant energy towards fruitful and worthy ends. It is because of the increased emotion of its spectators that drama, in its higher forms, is so powerful an instrument for good. It is also—alas!—because of this increased sensitiveness that the cruder and baser forms of drama—the false, the overstrained, the sentimental, the salacious—are such powerful engines for the demoralization of their spectators.

In the revolt from these cruder and baser forms, our advanced playwrights have, I think, too often been led to despise, or at any rate to distrust, the emotional power of drama. They have tried to make their plays appeal directly to the intellect, to the cooler faculties that weigh, criticise, judge. That their attempts in this direction have been for the most part futile need no longer surprise us. *If drama is to make us think justly, it must first make us feel justly.* And this I would offer as a fundamental proposition.

To illustrate its importance, let me ask the reader to recall and compare two familiar plays: "Mrs. Warren's Profession" by Bernard Shaw, and "The Silver Box" by John Galsworthy. I venture to suggest that the first of these is virtually a failure, because Mr. Shaw has in this play avoided any appeal not made directly to the intellectual faculties of the audience. In striking contrast, "The Silver Box" seems to me successful as drama because it reaches

the intelligence through the medium of the emotions. In his other plays, Mr. Shaw has not so rigidly excluded an emotional appeal—for laughter is the expression of one kind, and a very salutary kind, of emotion. We are *moved* to laughter as well as to tears. Wit that is purely intellectual does not make us laugh, and is, I may add, notoriously the least effective in the theatre. Mr. Shaw's wit is often purely intellectual; but more often it goes straight to some emotional centre and we explode with laughter. He has made us *feel* the ridiculousness of some rooted error, some aging pose; and because we have felt its absurdity we begin to think about it, to weigh, criticise, judge. In the presence of drama, until we have been made to feel, our minds lie stagnant.

Furthermore, a play succeeds by its power of fixing and never thereafter losing the attention of its audience. It succeeds by a kind of hypnotism of the collective mind of its spectators. If this hypnotic relation between a play and its spectators be not established and maintained, nothing can save it. Whatever goes into a play must be so placed as to contribute to, or at least not to disturb, this relation. The theatrical crowd is self-conscious and inattentive. To accomplish the difficult feat of absorbing its attention is precisely the first duty of a practical playwright—whether he write knockabout farce or the drama of the future. Because of the difficulty of this feat the playwright must remember that drama is an emotional art. Because of its difficulty, he must remember Tolstoy's comparison of plays to sculpture, "where all must be *clear-cut, definite, and compact*." And because of its difficulty, he must also recognize the truth of the following assertion: *Drama is an art closely allied to literature, but distinct from it, in that it makes its appeal to the brain through two sense channels used in combination—the ear and the eye.*

When people enter a theatre they take with them their five senses, but so far as the drama is concerned they might

as well check three of these with their wraps. Sight and hearing are the sense channels through which dramatic art makes its appeal to the brain. We do not smell the heroine's rose-garden, nor taste the villain's cocktail, nor clasp the sinewy hand of the hero. Simply, and always with a latent detachment, we look at these fictitious characters and listen to what they have to say. If they do too much and say too little, we are confused; if they say too much and do too little, we are bored. By a "play" we mean neither pantomime nor lecture. The point need not be labored. It is evident that a play reaches us through two sense channels used in combination and for the most part simultaneously; and from this it is a plain deduction that neither channel can be neglected, that a balance must be preserved, if a play is to attain its maximum effect.

It is because of this dual appeal that an endless dispute has for years been carried on. A play, says Tweedledum, is primarily literature—it makes its major appeal through language to the ear. What is *said* is therefore of the highest importance; what is *done* is of merely illustrative importance. A play, says Tweedledee, is primarily action, and makes its major appeal to the eye. What is *seen* is of the highest importance; what is *heard* merely incidental. As in most endless disputes of the kind, neither twin is right. What is done is of equal importance with what is said, and vice versa, from the standpoint of total dramatic effect.

Mr. Gordon Craig, in his extreme but suggestive book, "The Art of the Theatre," has taken the field very gallantly in this ancient feud as the champion of the eye, and would have us believe it is the eye alone that theatrical art should serve as overlord. He asserts that the father of the theatre was not the poet, but the dancer, and prophesies that when the theatre attains its full artistic development it will be, in effect, a glorified show of marionettes, an impressionist picture vivified by action but never marred by speech. The living actor and the living word will have been banished

together. The poet will have returned to his true medium, the printed page, and the theatrical artist—an omniscient stage director—will reign supreme.

Mr. Craig's ideas are revolutionary and a little fantastic; nevertheless there is much in them of value for one type of progressive dramatist, who would make of the theatre a pulpit, or social laboratory, rather than a playhouse. "The first dramatists," says Mr. Craig, "were children of the theatre. The modern dramatists are not." This is too often a true indictment. For while, from the standpoint of total dramatic effect, the ear and eye are of equal importance, it does not follow that the separate functions of eye and ear in relation to his art should not be studied by the dramatic author. Having studied these functions separately he will find, roughly speaking, that the eye is more nimble, restless, and impatient of fatigue than the ear; that its attention is more rapidly engaged and also more easily distracted; that, in short, he must especially beware of the fickleness of the eye and pay particular heed to the satisfaction of this roving member. Now to satisfy the eye there must be *movement*. Nothing is more tiresome than to look long at a picture or a statue; whereas we can from a window watch the passing show of the street for hours on end without fatigue. Thus, that which we *see* on the stage should always be, so far as is consistent with a truthful presentation of the matter in hand, a *passing* show. If, as Mr. Craig tells us, the father of the theatre was the dancer, our young and conscientious playwright must not omit to pay him ancestral honors. True, Maeterlinck has somewhere suggested that an old man, alone in a room, seated quietly in his armchair, is to the philosophic eye as dramatic a spectacle as anything on earth. This philosophic eye is precisely the kind of eye spectators at a play do not bring with them. Rather they bring the eager, questing, and objective eyes of a child.

I have stated the technical problem for the modern play-

wright of progressive tendencies to be this: He must contrive to harmonize his desire to create character and achieve a truthful reading of life with those limitations of his art determined by the physical structure of the theatre and the "collective psychology" of his audience. He can hardly hope to establish the requisite and almost hypnotic relation between play and audience if he addresses his work direct to the intelligence, instead of directing it to the intelligence through the emotions. He can hardly hope to preserve that relation if he does not wisely balance the elements of speech and action in his play, or if he does not simplify and unify his material, so that the easily distracted mind of the crowd is not confused by digressions and over-elaborations. It must be added, however, that by developing an artistic conscience, by desiring his work not merely to be effective, but also to be truthful, intellectually stimulating, spiritually alive, he has rendered his primary task—to "absorb the attention of a crowd"—vastly more difficult. He can no longer, as when he fabricated his "well made" entertainments, rely upon striking situations in which anybody might be placed; the long arm of coincidence is no more his servant; his characters from now on will refuse to range themselves in two opposing camps—the Whites and the Blacks. A hundred minor tricks of the trade will slip away from him. The intercepted letter, the wrong train, the long-lost will, the shivered lamp, the nimble door-key, the expected knock followed by the unexpected entrance,—all these dear old friends, though capable of infinite combination and disguise, have aided him for the last time. Or if not for the last time, he will hereafter accept their ministrations at the peril of his new-born soul. The "well made play" held its audience by suspense (the stimulation of curiosity) and by surprise. The better made play must hold its audience by its unity, its concentration, its directness, by a just balance of speech and action, and by the emotional sincerity of its appeal.

BOOK REVIEWS

- The Letters of George Meredith. Collected and Edited by his Son.*
Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. 2 volumes. \$4.00 net.
- The Poetical Works of George Meredith. Notes by G. M. Trevelyan.*
Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.
- The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith. By G. M. Trevelyan.*
Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. Pocket Edition. \$1.25 net.

It is not rash to prophesy that the letters of George Meredith will do more to confirm his position in English literature than any amount of critical appreciation, no matter how brilliant it may be. Hitherto there has been some question as to what one should read first; should it be "Harry Richmond," "Diana," or "Richard Feverel"? There can be no doubt now, for these two volumes of letters form not only the most interesting but the most illuminating introduction to his works. We must not look here for discussions of the novels; we must not expect analyses of the motives of his personages, though his two letters in defense of Diana's character are an invaluable commentary; we do not see light thrown here on the many dark passages in his poems. What we do see in these pages is the man himself; the development, under the hardest conditions of ill health and hostile criticism, of a character, a genius that attracts the more it is known. These letters, more concerned with life than with art, are written to a few friends, who were closer to him than brothers; they will win for him many more.

These volumes take up a wide variety of topics. We turn from a discussion of the qualities of the Germans to the strongest arguments for woman suffrage that have been put in such small compass; from wise and practical advice on the art of writing to what Bacon called the "regiment of health"; from descriptions of the Tyrol and Venice with its Carpathians (he longed to live in Italy) to glimpses of the country about Box Hill; from notes of pure jests and whimsies and mock-heroics to pages that show the anguish of separation and death. Whatever the subject may be, it is always illuminated by his forceful and penetrating language. He tells his son "I am allowed the reputation of a tolerable guide in writing and style, and I can certainly help you to produce clear English." These letters have the clearness of the mountain lake; they flash a truth in a phrase; they compress in a sentence what ordinarily would be

expanded in long paragraphs. Many a passage has the weight and authority of Bacon, but informed with a sympathy his judicial utterances never attained:

Do not be disheartened; hug your forces, so as to believe in them, and bide your time. It is sure to come to those who are faithful to themselves. And if we are cut down midway we smile at all the wishes incident to breath. I have lived long enough to see that our chief agonizer and thwarter is impatience. One of the prettiest spectacles to me is a costermonger's donkey going blithely at the trot. Our maxim should be, merry in harness,—while we have to serve. A sermon, but short.

When the subject is not a personal one, there is the same ripeness of judgment:

Between realism and idealism there is no natural conflict. This completes that. Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more) humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would then at least do solid work. They afflict the world because they will attempt that it is given to none but noble workmen to achieve. A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested. Idealism is as an atmosphere whose effects of grandeur are wrought out through a series of illusions, that are illusions to the sense within us only when divorced from the groundwork of the real. Need there be exclusion, the one of the other? The artist is incomplete who does this.

For one who devoted his life to writing, the volumes are singularly lacking in literary gossip and anecdote. For a short period, Meredith spent one night each week at Rossetti's house at Chelsea, yet slight indeed are the few references to him. He writes that he is to dine with Browning, yet what was said at this meeting was never told. There is much in common between the poetry of Browning and Meredith whose "Juggling Jerry," "Old Chartist," and "Martin's Puzzle" seem to belong among the "Dramatis Personæ," yet Meredith rarely mentions his work, and when he does, it is to make such a trite remark as that much of Browning's poetry might be prose. Strange indeed is the absence of critical appreciation of the contemporary novelists:

Dickens gone! "The Spectator" says he beat Shakespeare at his best, and instances Mrs. Gamp as superior to Juliet's nurse. This in a critical newspaper!

No more than this. There is but one mention of Thackeray, two lines on his death that "startled and grieved me." His only references to George Eliot, "the greatest of female writers," comment upon her freedom

from the exclamatory style, wrongly supposed to be feminine, and the large amount she was to receive for one of her novels. Of the masters of Russian fiction, not a word is said; and though he admires greatly "Les Misérables" and is enthusiastic over the storm scene in "Travailleurs de la Mer," he laments the absence of a philosophy in Hugo's work. The two English authors whom he discusses or criticises with the most interest are Tennyson, his aversion, and Carlyle, his admiration. Meredith's letter on Carlyle and his wife is a model of that rare union of affectionate appreciation and criticism; it should become a *locus classicus* in critical estimates of that writer.

What we see then in these letters is Meredith himself. The story of his life, as it unfolds, is not an unusual one; there are no great climaxes in it. It is testimony to the substance of these letters that they attract the reader as though they formed the most exciting tale; and the reason is not hard to find. Meredith informs his son that he aims never to take counsel of his sensations, though he allows them free play, but of his intelligence; and his aim was to discover the real. "Never attempt to dissociate your ideas from the real of life. It weakens the soul." He preaches "the mind's acceptance of Reality in all its forms; for so we come to benevolence and to a cheerful resignation; there is no other road to wisdom." Harassed by ill health, hurt but never soured by the stupidity and hostility of critics, stunned by the death of his wife, he searches to establish a philosophy of life and nature. "I cannot play at life," he exclaims; and whether or not we agree with him, we know that he has read life as have few others of our day.

Throughout the letters, Meredith speaks of his verse in a way that surprises. He feels it is his nature to sing; verse comes to him more easily than prose and bedevils him; poetry constantly presses for speech and once, at least, he rises at three in the morning to put on paper the stanzas that demand expression. When he is worn and sick he can still write verse. He published his first three volumes of verse at his own expense and thereby incurred financial loss; indeed, he says he is poor because he cannot resist the "awful temptation in the matter of verse"; "the dreadful curse of verse is on me and has been for two months," he complains. This is not the popular conception of Meredith.

We now have at last all the poems, with brief but helpful notes, in a single volume. For one who knows Meredith, this is a gain; for one who would know him, this is something of a misfortune, for the first ninety pages containing the early poems do not offer a favorable introduction. Meredith, in the letters, calls these poems "worthless, immature stuff of a youth in his teens, who had not found his hand." This is too severe, yet the first poems have what he came to despise—sentiment, rather than

passion which he has defined as "noble strength on fire," and metres that are facile rather than strong. Mr. Trevelyan has done so much to make Meredith's poetry known and appreciated that he should complete his work by publishing in separate form the best poems in this volume, reprinting his brief and clear notes upon them. In other words, he has the opportunity to do for Meredith's verse what Arnold accomplished for Wordsworth's poetry.

In commenting upon Tennyson's "the bar of Michael Angelo" (and his explanation was the right one), Meredith says: "In Tennyson it is interesting. In Browning you are accustomed to gnaw a bone and would be surprised to find him simple. But G. M., who is not known, not acknowledged, he shall be trounced if he offers us a difficulty." He says that his Odes must be read twice and "that is much against them in this country"; he writes elsewhere that everybody has taken up "the old cudgel of obscurity" against him. Though he does not admit it, much of his verse is needlessly obscure, even the lyrics where the thought and emotion should be instantly apprehended; and accordingly Mr. Trevelyan's "Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith," which we are glad to see reprinted in this convenient form, is accomplishing a valuable work in making Meredith's thought more apparent to the reader.

We can dismiss the defects of these poems in a paragraph; to disclose their high qualities would require many pages. Throughout his letters Meredith shows an exultation in the earth—"the gorse is all ablaze, the meadows are glorious,—green, humming all day." The Alps gave him "shudderings of delight"; "I must have for my daily meal a good plateful of sky," he tells Maxse; "for my part I love and cling to earth, as the one piece of God's handiwork which we possess," he writes Jessopp. We are accordingly prepared to find much of the earth in his verse; he is yet to be recognized as one of our chief poets of nature. "The Lark Ascending," "The South-Wester," "Night of Frost in May," "The Thrush in February," "Tardy Spring"; the two sonnets, "Winter Heavens" and "Earth's Secret," deserve to be as well known as the more popular background of the seasons in "Love in the Valley." And in these nature poems we do not feel the influence of Wordsworth or of any other poet; they are Meredith himself. More difficult, yet satisfying when once mastered, are the poems which show what we may call his philosophy of nature, "The Woods of Westermain," or "Earth and Man." We turn from them to a narrative poem, "The Nuptials of Attila," whose picturesqueness of phrase, vigorous movement, and intensity of feeling surpass Scott at his best. "The Tragedy of Modern Love," as he calls it in his letters (and it is a better title than the shorter one), has lost nothing of its subtlety, its pathos, its beauty of expres-

sion, its penetrating force in the fifty years that have dimmed so many reputations. Surely here is a great poet.

Writing to a friend, Meredith exclaims: "I can't love a woman if I do not feel her soul, and that there is force therein to wrestle with the facts of life (called the Angel of the Lord)." There is both a soul and a force in this verse. Speaking of Leighton's painting of Paolo and Francesca, which he deeply admired, Meredith says: "I have the delight to stand alone in my judgment of this, as of most things, and I shall see the world coming round to my opinion, and thinking it its own." This was in 1861. The world has not yet come round to Meredith's poetry; but it will.

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The Works of John M. Synge. John W. Luce & Company. Boston. 1912. 4 volumes. \$7.50 net.

John Millington Synge. By Francis Bickley. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$0.75 net.

J. M. Synge: A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. Mitchell Kennerley. New York. 1912. \$2.50 net.

The Cutting of an Agate. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1912. \$1.50 net.

Two years ago only close followers of the Irish literary Renaissance would have known the name of J. M. Synge. A year ago one might have asked most fitly, Is the taste for Synge a passing fad? Now several editions of his plays, many articles in the magazines, and the riotous career of "The Playboy of the Western World" on the American stage have given him notoriety if not fame; and three recent books unhesitatingly claim for the scanty product of his last few years a rank with the masterpieces of the Elizabethans and the dramatists of the Restoration. It is comfortable reviewing when one can begin with the flat query, Is our author great?

Synge produced his first play in 1903 at the age of thirty-two, and died in 1909, leaving only six stage pieces and little else of note behind him. His plays range from the farce of "The Tinker's Wedding" to the mournful tragedy of "Deirdre of the Sorrows," and yet they do not fit easily into the categories of comedy and tragedy, for pathos is always close behind his humor, and the humor of rich humanity supple his serious drama and keeps it from over-intensity. Peasant drama we might call them, for all but one are made from the fresh and vivid life of the folk by the sea and on the hills in the west of Ireland, were it not that "Deirdre," in which the theme is high romance, differs only in

this respect from the other plays. Studies of rich and passionate human nature sought where it expresses itself most freely, that is what they are.

Synge was a silent man. If he wrote much—and there is reason to suspect that he did not—he kept little; and his critics are at least agreed in this, that until he left the study of French literature in Paris in 1897 and came home to Ireland to learn the ways of Irish folk, his accomplishments were mediocre. And yet every devil's advocate among the critics has endeavored to explain his achievements in Irish literature by his sojourn in France. He has been given as disciple to half a dozen writers of French from Molière to Maeterlinck, and in the attempt to show how he looked at life, what he saw in life has often been neglected. Mr. Bickley is surely right when he maintains that Synge's study of French style in Paris, before the high-priest of the Celtic movement, Mr. Yeats, called him home, taught the Irish dramatist that exquisite feeling for the right word which justifies the French decadents and illumines his own magnificent prose. They are wrong who endeavor to explain these remarkable plays by any spirit of France, philosophic or artistic, which they purport to find in his work. Methods he brought of course; but never did a man more thoroughly begin anew by finding his work and himself than Synge when he came to Ireland. To this Mr. Yeats, who should know best, bears witness. "Yet, I doubt if he would have written at all," he says, in the book which contains by far the best things said of Synge, "if he did not write of Ireland, and for it, and I know that he thought creative art could only come from such preoccupation." George Moore also heard the call home, although this mundane and mercurial genius, who pursues a mistress or an Irish god with equal levity, required a spiritual experience to effect his immigration. And it is true that George Moore when he writes of Celtic Ireland changes his subject only. But Mr. Moore is an "artist" in the limited meaning which lovers of the craftsmanship of beauty have given to that term. Synge is an artist in the broader sense of one who interprets nature and himself by his art. Skill and personality aside, it is not so much what he brought to Ireland, always excepting his own personality, as what he found there that counts in his work. Indeed, critics will get little from France to help them; and they will get little from Synge's verse, which is not very good verse; and little except plots and background from his "Aran Islands," which is a very good if not a great book of travel. For Synge was essentially a dramatist, who put, so far as he was able, not himself but human nature into his plays, and was far more interested in Christy Mahon or in Naisi than in any philosophy of life whatsoever. Says Martin Douli, the blind man in "The Well of the Saints":—"For if it's a right some of you have to be working and

sweating the like of Timmy the smith, and a right some of you have to be fasting and praying and talking holy talk the like of yourself, I'm thinking it's a good right ourselves have to be sitting blind, hearing a soft wind turn round the little leaves of the spring and feeling the sun, and we not tormenting our souls with the sight of the gray days, and the holy men, and the dirty feet is trampling the world." This is the philosophy neither of Anatole France, nor of Synge, except in so far as he found a response in the spirit of the Irish peasant. It is Martin Dou's.

I do not mean to deny that Synge's characters reveal a point of view on the part of their author. The seer who turns outward reality into art must shape it in some measure of course. Indeed, his plays are full of a quality which we have been taught to call Celtic—a preference for the ideal over what the material world calls the real—and we must believe that he sought consciously for what was most Celtic in Ireland. Therefore his heroes and his heroines choose many things before prosperity. Pegen Mike is set aflame by the Playboy's picture of the two of them straying in the flowers of Erris. To be beautiful is better to the blind folk in "The Well of the Saints" than to see. The free joys of the roving life tempt Nora in "The Shadow of the Glen," and reconcile Sarah to the loss of that tinker's wedding for which she was to have given ten shillings and a grand tin can. But Synge's Celticism, even if it limits his genius, is more practical than the otherworldliness to which Yeats has accustomed us. It was hard to recognize the poet's dreamy, fairy-loving Irishman in the race that keeps our kitchens, builds our apartment houses, and rules our American cities. In Synge, however, one begins to see a resemblance. The Playboy who will keep his hard-gained self-respect even if he has to re-kill his father to do so, is only a humorous version of the politician who makes loyalty to his friends a practical consideration above efficiency and right. And it was a melancholy satisfaction to see the turbulent galleries, as they hissed "The Playboy" because it did not represent the sentimental and untrue Ireland of the romantic drama, mirrored on the stage in Christy Mahon's passion for distinction no matter what might be the source.

And there are limitations in these plays more personal to the author. Mr. Howe, in his thorough if somewhat verbose study of Synge's men and women, has pointed out certain ruling passions, such as this desire for distinction, which seem to run through all the *dramatis personæ*. And Mr. Bickley has noted Synge's preference for what he himself calls the "variations" from ordinary humanity. The tramp and the outcast, restless under even the rudimentary civilization of the West, appear again and again in the plays. Undoubtedly this is a symptom of romanticism,

a recurrence (as Mr. Sherman suggests in a recent review) of that love for the supposedly primitive emotion which Chateaubriand fathered. Actually, the gypsies of *Borrow*, with their convincing and unsentimental reality, spring first to the mind; but one admits the ancestry. Admits, and maintains in the same breath that this search for the unsophisticated emotion is, like the Celticism of these plays,—a cause of their charm, not a condition of their greatness. They are great plays, but not because of their romantic vagabonds, nor because they voice far more convincingly than the dreamy poetry of Yeats or the satire of Shaw, the Celtic distrust of the gods of the market place. They are great because, like the novelists and unlike the dramatists of the nineteenth century, Synge has presented types of universal human nature which though rich and deep require no annotation of philosophy or symbolism in order to leap to recognition in the heart.

It is the effective presentation of universal human emotions which, if these plays are great, makes them so:—Old Maurya in the "Riders to the Sea" exulting when her last son is drowned: "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is on the east, and the surf is on the west"; Nora in "The Shadow of the Glen" following the tramp to the ditch where she'll hear no talk of growing old and losing the light of her eyes. These emotions, simply put, beautifully put, ringing true as Hermione's speeches in "A Winter's Tale," make the validity and the greatness of this unambitious drama. It does not need the evidence of Synge's prefaces or of his preliminary studies in "The Aran Islands" to prove that his model was the heart.

Indeed I believe that the eagerness with which we have seen and read these simple prose plays has been because they give us a pleasure not to be found elsewhere in contemporary drama. Far from quarrelling with the "significant" drama of Ibsen, of Maeterlinck, of Brieux, of Galsworthy, or Shaw, where one ever feels a symbolism, a tendency, a philosophy, a moral knocking at the gates of the intellect, I enjoy it as most men born in this age must in some measure enjoy it. But "the meaning of it all," which lies behind every speech, effectually prevents the simple poignancy of Molière or Shakespeare. If the flower-girl speaks in Galsworthy's "Pigeon" it is the helpless underworld that is speaking; the poet in "Candida" must present an argument for the artistic temperament. I will not say that Synge's plays have no underlying significance, for that would be to call them untrue to life. But the message, or the philosophy, or the moral, is implicit, not explicit. It is not because youth and with it love decays that Deirdre of the

Sorrows touches one's heart when after seven years of perfect joy she leads her lover back to death; it is because she is Deirdre that "the lightning itself wouldn't let down its flame to singe the beauty of her like."

It is not necessary to rank Synge with Shakespeare and Sophocles. His praisers have not hesitated to do so; and indeed the brief "Riders to the Sea"—the most moving example of intense pathos which our generation has imagined—tempts one to follow them. But over-statement is worse than inappreciation. Synge's gallery is small. His depth is greater than his breadth. He is master of simple comedy and simple tragedy; but neither the heroic romance of the Elizabethans nor the complex intensities of modern civilization enter into his range. Only once does he step beyond the borders of peasant life, and in "Deirdre of the Sorrows" the ancient kings and queens of Ireland are only simple folk freed from homeliness. He is reported to have wearied of peasant drama, and to have been seeking a play in the slums of Dublin. Genius is unaccountable—but at least there is no evidence that this great writer would have been great in the study of the effects of civilization upon the race. There is more than coincidence in the fact that until he found an unsophisticated people rich in the exhibition of the primitive emotions, his art gave no results.

Mr. Bickley has a judicious word for the prose by means of which this art at last found voice. The wonderful expressiveness of this Irish-English, and still more the amazing beauty, is the first impression one takes from Synge. Its barbaric gorgeousness strikes the imagination: "You'll feel my two hands stretched around you," says Christy to Pegeen, "and I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips, till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God is all ages sitting lonesome in his golden chair." It can be quaintly and impudently humorous as when Sarah abuses the priest: "If you want to get shut of us, let you marry us now, for I'm thinking the ten shillings in gold is a good price for the likes of you, and you near burst with the fat." Or simply and beautifully persuasive, as in Nora's speech from "The Shadow of the Glen": "It's a pitiful thing to be getting old, but it's a queer thing surely. It's a queer thing to see an old man sitting up there in his bed with no teeth in him, and a rough word in his mouth, and his chin the way it would take the bark from an oak board you'd have building a door . . . God forgive me, Micheal Dara, we'll all be getting old, but it's a queer thing surely." Indeed here is a new rhythm for English prose, as beautiful perhaps as the rhythms of the seventeenth century, and far better than modern attempts to revive that picturesque style, because based not upon artifice but a living speech, the speech of a people who have thought in Gaelic.

That it is an admirable vehicle for the stage, all who have heard the soft-tongued players of the Irish theatre speak it know well. But the difference from the prose and verse of modern drama is more than in degree. Its flexible beauty gives just that impression of reality elevated into art which blank verse permitted to the Elizabethans. Verse to-day does not, and probably will not, satisfy our demand for reality in dialogue; and the prose of sophisticated speech cannot be elevated into the beauty and permanence demanded by literature without sacrifice of naturalness. Synge's Irish-English is both natural and beautiful. It has made possible a drama refined into literature and yet retaining the appearance of familiar life. His success, it is true, was conditioned by the existence of a "popular imagination that is fiery and magnificent, and tender" there in the West, and an accompanying and fully expressive speech. Irish-English will never help us to make dramatic literature of London or New York. But no one claims for Synge a solution of the modern dramatist's problem unless, indeed, it is Mr. Yeats, who believes that this problem is not worth solving; art does not have to be prophetic in order to be great.

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Wordsworth: Poet of Nature and Poet of Man. By E. Hershey Sneath, Professor in Yale University. Ginn & Company. Boston. 1912. \$2.00.

In jocular vein, Leslie Stephen remarks near the beginning of his brief life of George Eliot, that "it is proper at the present day to begin from the physical environment of the organism whose history we are to study"; no doubt his lips twitched satirically over the word "organism." But Professor Sneath has equal right to remark seriously that genius, in spite of its uncertainty, "is, in a measure, subject to the laws of development which obtain in the biological and psychological realms." And indeed, fuller apprehension of this fact is bound to have in time a salutary effect upon the art of biography in England. Boswell's characteristically British method was justified by success. But the merely appreciative and anecdotal has now run to seed. Many a brief biography produced of late years for some series or other leaves no more definite impression upon the reader's mind than that the author had a certain liking for his hero and knew quite a number of things about him. Surely it were more desirable for biographers of secondary rank always "to begin from the physical environment of the organism" and go through the intellectual labor necessary for a somewhat scientific delineation of causes and effects.

And as for biography of the very first order, one may hope it will appear again in the future when the scientific frame of mind shall have become effectually harmonized with keenly original insight into great personality, and with large critical comprehension.

Professor Sneath's book, which has obviously behind it an extraordinary amount of thought and care, suggests the possibilities of the scientific method. For one thing, by carefully tracing from first to last the bearing of Wordsworth's moral outlook upon his peculiar transcendentalism, the author makes us realize more clearly than before how these two interpenetrated each other. But we could have spared, in part, the elaborate exposition of Wordsworth's outlook if we had been given a more intimate psychological interpretation of his temperamental qualities, and a more critical treatment of his poetic powers. These two go together; and without them it is not possible to set forth just exactly what Wordsworth *was*, as "poet of man and nature." For, in this connection, his so-called philosophy is important only as an effect and illustration of his poetic temperament; nor can the realm of his poetic power be *individualised* unless its boundaries are clearly seen.

It follows that the book fails to bring out the significance of Wordsworth's peculiarly non-social nature, and that this lack is felt especially when the author is dealing with him as poet of man. In London, Wordsworth's "intuition" surely did not grasp, as Professor Sneath urges, "the unity and meaning of it all." The fragmentary and merely clever portrayal of city scenes in the seventh book of "The Prelude" points significantly to the poet's inability to perceive the deeper meaning of the social organism. And that inability becomes only more obvious when he later in the same poem makes a brief and weak endeavor—overrated by Mr. Sneath—to find God in London life. As a matter of fact, Wordsworth's deity—"the upholder of the tranquil soul, that tolerates the indignities of Time"—appears not at all adequate, when philosophically considered, as a supervisor of the human drama in which Time is so essential an element. The reaction from the Wordsworthian attitude in this respect, and the complement of it, appear in the poetry of George Meredith, where ultimate reality is *too largely* involved in the social complex. In short, Wordsworth's vision of the primary elements of human nature is the result not so much of a comprehension of the complexities of life as of an abstraction from them. Accordingly, one cannot share Professor Sneath's amazement over Professor Masson's assertion that Wordsworth's poetry is strangely lacking in the kind of intensity we find in Shakespeare, and that "he appears to have passed through the battle of life all but unwounded." Indeed, this side of the poet ultimately accounts for his closing his eyes to the ugly and cruel in

nature—a fact which Professor Sneath says it is difficult to explain: for our sense of the struggle in nature is a reflection of what we find in the moving drama of life. It accounts, too, for Wordsworth's comparatively early declension from his poetic pitch: his nature-wings were not sufficiently supplied with human vigor.

G. R. ELLIOTT.

University of Wisconsin.

The Masters of Modern French Criticism. By Irving Babbitt. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. 1912. \$2.50 net.

In the course of four hundred pages the writer of this book says an unusually large number of clever things, most of them so apt that temptation to quote from among them is strong:

Taine pushes his passion for generalization to the point of temerity. He not only loves to think, as he tells us, but "he thinks quickly." It is to be feared that he thought far too quickly on many subjects and then clung too tenaciously to his first conclusions. But he possessed in the highest degree that gift for abstract reasoning which is so closely related to the mathematical gift that Pascal termed it *l'esprit de géométrie*. . . . It has been said that the rôle of Madame de Staël was to understand and to make others understand, that of Chateaubriand to feel and to teach others to feel; which is only another way of saying that Chateaubriand is more intimately related to Romanticism than Madame de Staël. . . . The more we study the literary revolution at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the more it becomes plain that everything hinges on the word "enthusiasm." The Romantic movement in its modern phase is even more a renaissance of enthusiasm than a renaissance of wonder. . . . M. France is fond of talking of his "soul," when he means in reality his nerves and sensibility. M. Lemaitre and M. France are both *des féminins*. To the personality of M. France in particular there attaches something of that elusive charm which makes its possessor a baffling problem to others and very often to himself. The debate between him and Brunetière took on at times the aspect of a warfare between the masculine and feminine principles. . . . The contrast is less sharp in Pater than in M. France between a sensibility that is steeped in romantic religiosity and an intellect that is increasingly impious. M. France's heart revels in St. Francis at the same time that his head demands Voltaire. . . . It is a singular piece of good fortune for the Germans that their chief modern writer is not merely a great imaginative and emotional, but also a great intellectual force. The contrast is striking in this respect between Goethe and Chateaubriand; and still more striking between Goethe and Hugo.

It is in sentences like these that the essence of the book consists, and not in argument nor in the philosophic thread which runs through it. The nearest approach to formal treatment is in the chapter on Edmond

Schérer, an instructive essay on a man who seldom gets more than mention in books on French literature, but whose work is solid and whose experience was as broad as that of any other French critic of his time.

Professor Babbitt, though generous in quotation, would surely have done better if he had introduced into his pages more from the men he criticises. A critic must condescend to be a showman when necessary; and clearly this author assumes in his readers greater familiarity than most can possess with the nineteenth century in French letters. His own remarkable knowledge of it, and his wider reading, which seems to extend to all Europe and to be based upon first-hand appreciation of the Greek classics, make him trust too much to the equipment of the book-buying, book-borrowing public. Without going so far as to assert that here is a keen student letting himself fall between two stools, one might ask in these essays a simpler, a more didactic handling, for the benefit of the majority; or could we not desire even less methodical development, as being unnecessary to the small company probably able to follow Professor Babbitt in all his references? It is hard to explain how a thinker who sees clearly the "main fetish of modern scholarship—'original' research," *la fureur de l'inédit*, as Brunetière called it, should be willing to invoke that other idol of our day—the philosophic attitude. What is contributed to our enlightenment on French critics by illuminating them with allusions to Emerson, Plato, Bergson, Aristotle, James, Socrates, Buddha, and Jonathan Edwards? Though it is evident that the author considers this treatment the foremost aspect of his book, he surely could have expressed without it his feeling of distrust of Rousseauism, that confusion of virtue with sensibility, and his preference for a modified, restraining classicism. For, after all, that is the gist of his utterances on the critics. After them comes a Conclusion in which, having told us that, philosophers being grown literary, men of letters may "to the best of their ability" be philosophical, he makes French critics an excuse for much philosophizing of a literary sort.

But why criticise or be philosophic in our turn? We have been given a very readable book in a time when footnotes often take up more room than text, a book that is bright and which we close with admiration for the author's accumulated information and his epigrammatic way of using it. In spite of his cloud-generating philosophy, he leaves in our memory a multitude of striking judgments, all full of suggestion and none barbed with smartness to kill confidence in its justness and sincerity.

Only the greatest names are topics of these chapters. Under that of Renan will be recognized much that appeared, in 1902, in the introduction to an edition of the "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse." It

is none the less apt or welcome now. Sainte-Beuve, from his peculiar and preëminent importance, has a central position among the men discussed, and many more pages are devoted to him than to anyone else. This is as it should be, and will please students of French literature who think that Lanson dismisses Sainte-Beuve with rather hasty treatment. The Frenchman feels that Sainte-Beuve, in spite of having the keenest and most adaptable mind ever applied to criticism, was mediocre in creative power and tinged with jealousy for his great contemporaries, and that he drew over himself the "robe of scientific plan" in order to indulge in his personal *penchant* for the study of the living being. If we have read understandingly, our author takes Sainte-Beuve much more seriously; not that he forgets some limitations of a writer than whom no other French critic since Boileau has been more read outside of France, and whose work is commonly viewed as the finest example of the art of criticism. It is indicative of Professor Babbitt's attitude that he presumes even with reserves to "trace in Sainte-Beuve an interesting relationship to Goethe." We leave to the author the burden of proving the exact degree of mental consanguinity.

In a nation where art is the only continuous interest of the educated classes (in them superior to religion and more sincere than patriotism), criticism inevitably engages the best abilities available. The "List of Critics," which forms an appendix to the book under consideration, is not merely useful to one desiring to read further on the subject; it proves how many eminent Frenchmen—historians, poets, jurists, journalists, teachers, and diplomats, have deemed criticism worthy of their serious hours. A glance over it will confirm the remark, in the closing paragraph of the preface, that "to study the chief French critics of the nineteenth century is to get very close to the intellectual centre of the age." Unlike our own, so apt to be retrospective without being purposeful, criticism in France is valuable not only in explaining the past; it exerts, at least it did exert in the second half of the last century under Sainte-Beuve, as long before under Boileau, a strong influence on the literary product.

CHARLES C. CLARKE.

Yale University.

Concordanza delle Rime di Francesco Petrarca. Compilata da Kenneth McKenzie. Oxford nella stamperia dell' Università. New Haven nella stamperia dell' Università Yale. 1912.

Seldom, if ever, has a concordance been undertaken by anyone so well fitted for the task as in the present instance. More than seven years ago announcement of the work planned was made, and in the twenty-fifth

annual report of the Dante Society (1907) was printed a careful and illuminating study by Professor McKenzie—an enlargement of a paper read in December, 1906, before the Modern Language Association of America—on "Means and End in Making a Concordance, with Special Reference to Dante and Petrarch." In this was presented a survey of earlier uses of the word and of different methods followed; and the proper functions of a concordance, previously not generally recognized, were clearly set forth.

The preface of the work, now happily completed in printed form, gives with sufficient fullness all the necessary explanations, and the careful reader will see how many vexing problems in matters of detail had to be considered and solved. The decisions reached will be generally recognized as judicious. The text finally settled on for the "Canzoniere" is that of Salvo-Cozzo, corrected sometimes by reference to the readings of the celebrated manuscript in part in Petrarch's own hand and in other parts supervised by him. For the "Trionfi," the text is that of the small edition of Carl Appel in the "Bibliotheca Romanica" (Strassburg). Variant readings are not neglected, and a comparative table of first lines of the 366 poems in the manuscript, showing their position in three other editions, with indication also of the differences between the actual order in the manuscript and that finally preferred by the poet (and followed in the "Concordance"), makes it easy to find any of the passages cited.

The headings are in general in the modern orthography; but the citations themselves, when from the "Canzoniere," are in the poet's spelling, slightly modernized as is necessary for modern use—abbreviations, for instance, being expanded. In the citations from the "Trionfi," the orthography of Appel's critical text (1901) is followed.

Completeness and accuracy are the first requisites in a concordance. The former, however, is to be understood in a reasonable way. Certain frequently recurring words need no entry, such as the articles, some conjunctions and prepositions, etc., and for certain other common words references without quotation of the context are sufficient. Both requisites are best tested by actual and long-continued use; but a large number of verifications for single words, taken in many different places, has revealed no real omissions or inaccuracies. On page 76 the first letter of the heading *canto* has dropped out, and this is the only error in the printing that has attracted my notice.

The word-groups shown in the "Concordance" suggest, among other things, comparison of the relative frequency of various words. Among the words for which citations are given which occupy most space and would naturally occur often in such verse as Petrarch's, are *amore*, *bello*, *core*, *dolce*. Of these *amore* (including *Amore*) fills about five and a

half pages of 64 lines each; *bello*, with the single example of *bellissimo* found in Petrarch, covers just six pages; *core* has about ten lines less than four, and *dolce* just over four. These four words fill about 19½ pages out of the 519 in the "Concordance."

Professor McKenzie's work will render good service in the hands of capable students of Petrarch and Petrarch's influence in Italy and outside Italy; and he and they are both to be congratulated on its publication.

E. S. SHELDON.

Harvard University.

Engraved Gems: Signets, Talismans, and Ornamental Intaglios, Ancient and Modern. By Duffield Osborne. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1912. \$6.00 net.

This book discusses in the first place the intaglios of the prehistoric period of Crete, Melos, and Continental Greece, the so-called Minoan or Ægean and Mycenaean civilisations. In the second place it deals very successfully with the historic Greek period, which naturally interests the author most, and thirdly with the intaglios of the Græco-Roman period. There are also interesting and instructive chapters on Etruscan scarabs, on intaglios of Byzantine, Sassanian, and Moslem manufacture, on gems in Mediæval Europe, in the Renaissance period, and finally in modern times, thus covering about five thousand years. Cameos are omitted because "such miniature relief sculpture had no further purpose than ornamentation, except so far as this included portraiture," because "they lack almost entirely the peculiar interest that the intaglio presents," and also because "the number of ancient cameos is comparatively small." In other words, the first portion of the book "traces the history and phases of the development of gem-engraving in intaglio. It does not pretend to be either exhaustive or exclusive. . . . The attempt has been to give here a good general view of the tendencies and manifestations of each epoch in a systematic way and with enough typical examples to enable the student or connoisseur to place specimens accurately and detect the incongruities that spell hostility to the thought, spirit, technique, or material of each period and art source."

The second part of the book is a treatise on "the deities and other personages common or liable to be found on engraved gems, with their appearance, attributes, etc." Here the author is on unfamiliar ground, especially when he tries to explain the mythological significance of the deities, and he unfortunately draws from antiquated sources. One example will suffice: writing of the story of the slaying of the dragon, Python, our author presumes that it refers to the phase of Apollo as

an averter of pestilences, the dragon typifying a demon of pestilence. Not quite satisfied with this, he offers another explanation of the saga as symbolizing the sun-god slaying the mists of winter, and adds: "A few early gems which show Apollo slaying a polypus may have reference to his sea power . . . and, at the same time, be the basis of the Python saga." It is needless to say that all three interpretations are wrong, since Python is the old chthonian deity of Delphi, ousted in the course of time by Apollo.

In the third part of his book, Mr. Osborne ably discusses technique, materials—glass-paste is evidently omitted through an oversight—, historical and mythological signets; and at the end of the book he adds a serviceable description of the thirty-two full page plates, which contain a number of unpublished gems, owned by himself and friends, a welcome addition to our working material.

A charming preface tells of collectors and collections, and in the introduction the author sets the limits of the book by the phrase "Classic and Modern Intaglios." His hints to those who wish to purchase gems are good and trustworthy. Helpful to the novice in identifying gems is the alphabetical list of attributes. Unfortunately the list is not complete, even the ægis of Athena is omitted. The carefully prepared index is convenient.

It may seem petty to call attention to errors, but there are a number of incorrect references to the plates. Most notable is the confusion caused by the elimination of no. 25 on pl. iv without accompanying changes in the text. Amusing is "the Bonn translation of Pliny." M. A. Sambon is called Sanbon; Eutyichides, the artist of the Tyche of Antioch, becomes Eutyches; Diktynna is spelled Diktymia both in the text and index. In general the ancient Greek spelling of personal and place-names is adopted; only in the chapter on Roman gems is the Latinised spelling used. This may be a commendable system, but it does not warrant such spelling as Aigeina, Kubele, Kyrneian, kitharaoidos, systum, Amphiaros.

The modest and yet scholarly tone of this "Romantic Archæologist" is very refreshing. What especially appeals to one accustomed to the writings of the professional archæologist is the avoidance of sweeping generalizations and the realization that there were even in the best period inferior craftsmen working side by side with the best artists, a fact too often overlooked by art historians. This holds true not only for the gem-engravers but also for sculptors and painters. There always have been and ever will be hundreds of mediocre artists to every man of genius; but one seldom gets that impression from the books of the specialists who are usually carried away by the masterpieces and

consequently neglect the mediocre and bad work which is often of the utmost importance. In this respect Mr. Osborne has set other scholars a good example. Although the book is written for those, as the author states, "whose interest in the subject may be inchoate and whose knowledge is, as yet, slender," it is nevertheless of great value to the archaeologist. I trust it will inspire the reader to study not only the splendid King and Cesnola collections of gems in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, too often overlooked, but also the rich collection in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

P. V. C. BAUR.

Yale University.

The Tapestry Book. By Helen Churchill Candee. Frederick A. Stokes Company. New York. 1912. \$3.50 net.

Tapestries: Their Origin, History and Renaissance. By George Leland Hunter. John Lane Company. New York. 1912. \$5.00 net.

Beautiful tapestries have always had a more potent charm than any other form of decoration, and, as someone has said, "to enter a house where tapestries abound, is to feel oneself welcomed before the host appears, and have old songs of pastoral times come singing in the ears." The real history of the art, however, is known to few. The golden age of tapestry was the Gothic-Renaissance transition (1450-1525). Then tapestries were line drawings which expressed pictures and stories in true tapestry texture, with the greatest simplicity, like the wonderful six piece set of the Lady and the Unicorn at the Cluny Museum. Since that time the progress has been constantly downward, until to-day the famous Gobelin factory aims at nothing but a servile imitation of a painting. Not the least amazing thing about tapestries is their extraordinary increase in value. A century ago the priceless fourteenth-century tapestries of Angers Cathedral, after having been used as greenhouse covers, carpet linings, and pads to keep the bishop's horses from bruising themselves in their stalls, were finally sold for \$60. On the other hand, we hear that three years ago an American paid \$750,000 for five Boucher panels from the Kann collection.

The two excellent works on tapestry recently published will find a warm welcome with the art lover, for they will teach him how to appreciate the fast growing tapestry collections of our museums.

"The Tapestry Book," by Helen Churchill Candee, recommends itself to art lovers as a comprehensive and clear history of tapestry, illustrated by over one hundred beautiful half-tone engravings, of which four are

in color. The story of the development of this fascinating art is here attractively told by an authority who is also an enthusiast; and it is not possible to follow her from the Gothic halls of the fourteenth century, through the Renaissance in Flanders, France, and Italy, to the palmy days of the Gobelin and Aubusson factories, without developing a keen interest in the art of picture weaving. The text does not go into such detail as to make the book particularly useful to the expert, but the various stages of the romantic history of tapestry are clearly and vividly described, and special attention is given to the most notable achievements of different countries.

Represented among the excellent illustrations, with the enchanting "Loves of Vertumnus and Pomona," owned by the Spanish Crown, and many other masterpieces, are thirty-four pieces of American-owned tapestry which are minutely described. Most of these are exhibited in the museums of Boston and New York, the greatest treasure of all being the "Kingdom of Heaven," once the proud possession of Cardinal Mazarin, and now the property of Mr. J. P. Morgan. The chapters on the identification of tapestries, their borders, their marks, their making, and the dates of the best periods will be of great assistance to the student. Altogether this is a delightful book and a most valuable addition to any library.

In "Tapestries: Their Origin, History, and Renaissance," the author, George Leland Hunter, has gone into very great detail in his history of the art and his descriptions of the most famous tapestries woven during four centuries. Wherever possible he gives the exact size of the panel described, and each of the very satisfactory illustrations has a lengthy caption full of precious information for the student.

In addition to this, the author has interesting chapters on tapestry makers and their signatures, the standard works on the subject, the most famous collections, and the prices brought at the best auction sales of a century. Particularly interesting is it to see how much the value of tapestries has increased in recent years, and how little they were appreciated a century ago. It seems that during the French Revolution some Aubusson panels were given in payment for American wheat, and the market for them was so dead, that in order to recover the gold and silver in them, the Directoire had one hundred and ninety of the most magnificent tapestries ever woven burnt in a huge bonfire!

According to the author, the Renaissance of Tapestry is an accomplished fact, for there is now considerable appreciation of its artistic merit, and samples of the art are being madly sought by collectors and museums alike. It is significant that looms were set up in the United States, by Mr. William Baumgarten in 1898 and by Mr. Albert Herter

in 1908, which have produced some clever work; but whether they will accomplish something more significant than the soulless Gobelin factory remains to be seen.

LOUIS R. METCALFE

New York.

The Passing of the Manchus. By Percy Horace Kent. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1912. \$4.20 net.

As the title implies, this book deals with the late revolution in China, tracing the events that led to it, and its progress till the Manchu dynasty retired. Some additional chapters are devoted to the early career of the new republic. Naturally, the chief interest centres in the great figure of Yuan Shih-kai. The earlier career of this man is dramatic; but his manœuvres are of absorbing interest, as he avoids the perils of his dangerous position and brings the revolution to its successful culmination. Whether he be the hero his friends consider him, or a Napoleon as his enemies charge, the author cannot tell us. He recognizes, what friend and enemy alike concede, that he is the one whose loss in these days of transition would be a national calamity, and that, whatever his motives, he acted with singular ability amid great difficulties in the trying rôle of mediator between the ultra-conservative Manchus and the radical Republicans.

The other heroes also receive sympathetic treatment. Whatever the ultimate verdict of history may be as to the value of Dr. Sun's work, for patriotism and devotion of high order he must deserve great praise. Li Yuan-hung, the unwilling leader of the outbreak at Wuchang, and Huang Hsin, who helped him, are actuated by a similar spirit of loyalty and devotion to an ideal. But the conduct of Admiral Sah and of T'ang Shao-yi is hard to explain. Why the former, who would naturally be expected either to fight vigorously for the Manchus or to go over to the Revolutionists, did so little throughout, and finally escaped to neutral territory; and why the latter, as Yuan's representative, so soon went over to the Republicans in the peace negotiations, and as premier was guilty of bad faith towards the different groups in the loan negotiations, remain mysteries.

It is helpful in securing a clear understanding of the points at issue, to read the illuminating account of the attempts to secure loans from the Four (later the Six) Power Syndicate. The Chinese Government was, and is, in dire need of funds, far in excess of what can be raised at home, both to pay off the soldiers and to develop the resources of the nation. Yet the provinces fear to be saddled with a great debt and

with the foreign control demanded over expenditures. There is a dread of the possible Egyptianizing of China. On the side of the bankers, it is desirable that their huge loans should not be jeopardized by extravagance or squandered in unprofitable ways by the new and still comparatively unstable government. The conflict of these two opposing ideas has produced the deadlock which still remains unbroken.

As to the future of the republic the author finds reason both for apprehension and for hope. The decentralizing tendencies of the provinces, and the failure of the national assemblies that have thus far met to rise to a high plane of patriotism, give cause for doubt of final success. Yet the dangers of possible foreign aggression and also the fact that such men as Dr. Sun and President Yuan recognize the need of a strong national government, offer grounds for hope. Whether a federal republic will be the ultimate or the most suitable form of government for China is doubtful.

Though we must wait a long time before an inner history of the revolution can be written, the present work is complete so far as available material will allow. Nothing of importance has been omitted, and the impartiality and fairness throughout are refreshing. It has almost the value of a first-hand authority because of a copious citation of the accounts of eyewitnesses; while at the same time it brings all the unfolding events together into a complete, well-proportioned panorama.

WILLIAM J. HAIL.

Yale University.

Anson Burlingame and the First Chinese Mission to Foreign Powers. By Frederick Wells Williams, Assistant Professor of Oriental History in Yale University. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.

This very interesting book recounts the life of one of the greatest constructive statesmen of his day. Although his work was misconstrued at the time, the spirit that pervaded it has had its influence on some of the world's greatest movements for the cause of peace and progress. The first part of the book is devoted to the earlier activities of Anson Burlingame in American politics and to his appointment to Peking as the American Minister in 1861; the second part deals with the first Mission that China sent to foreign powers with Anson Burlingame as its head, whose aim was to put the existing international diplomatic policy on a higher, and more moral basis. At the end of the volume is an appendix containing five valuable contemporary official documents pertinent to the subject under discussion.

Anson Burlingame played an extraordinary rôle in the modern diplomatic relations between the East and the West. His earlier training, together with the idealistic spirit of his country, had so imbued him with a sense of justice and sincerity in human intercourse that he was trusted as the first foreign friend by a few influential yet timid officials of an old and conservative Oriental Court. Professor Williams in his preface has brought out the fact that "the real importance of Anson Burlingame lies not so much in the man or in the endeavor as in the use of an idea which he made the guiding principle of his service abroad." It was no less an idea than "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This doctrine is ever lofty in theory; but the actual practice of it brought down a broadside of condemnations and venomous attacks upon Burlingame from his numerous enemies. At best, he was then considered an "upstart" championing an absurd cause or undertaking a novel enterprise.

In America, he aroused the pride and ideals of the people, and the United States stood for the first time for the policy of fair play towards China that has been renewed by Secretary Hay and President Wilson. Conservative England, however, had at first no national welcome to offer Burlingame and the Mission, and "the representatives of one half of mankind" waited for a month in London as if they were "a group of private gentlemen who had come to London to see the Tower and Mme. Tussaud's waxworks." But with the downfall of Disraeli's ministry and the victory of Gladstone, an interview was arranged which resulted in the famous letter of Lord Clarendon endorsing the project of the Mission. France had less sympathy, but Napoleon the Third could not refuse to listen to a Mission received by his esteemed ally, Queen Victoria. Following the example of those two leading nations of Europe, Germany, Russia, and others received the Mission in the most friendly manner. Burlingame, therefore, though not too hopeful of its results, had reason to feel that his undertaking had been justified. His own magnetic personality and his utter confidence in the "coöperative policy" as the *summum bonum* for all parties interested, finally won the master statesmen of the world over to his conviction. Chief among them, were Seward, Gladstone, Lord Clarendon, and Bismarck in the West, and WênSiang, Li Hung Chang, and Tsêng Kuo-fang in the East.

The untimely death of this extraordinary envoy left his work incomplete; but even the temporary awakening to a higher form of international justice due to his Mission, in a period permeated with rank materialism and dominated by the "gun-boat policy," was of no small consequence to a long-isolated nation in her awkward *début*. For this signal service, China's appreciation has been profound, and in accordance

with her notions of reward, Burlingame was enshrined among the immortals.

In the publication of this volume on Burlingame, Professor Williams, as a scholar in Oriental history, has rendered a most valuable service to China in presenting sympathetically and authoritatively the spirit of her diplomatic history, and in commending forcibly an American diplomat who served a foreign nation as a friend in the name of justice and righteousness. Who could foretell then that the picture of George Washington, which Burlingame presented to China, should be to-day in a land earnestly emulating a type of government of which Washington was a father; where the old conservative Court has been removed, the recalcitrant *literati* turned into humble students, and a thousand and one internal obstacles to progress forcibly pushed aside?

YUN SIANG TSAO.

Harvard University.

Correspondence of William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts and Military Commander in America, 1731-1760. Edited under the Auspices of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America by Charles Henry Lincoln. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1912. 2 volumes. \$5.00 net.

William Shirley was the royal governor of Massachusetts Bay from 1741 to 1757, and, as the frontispiece to these volumes shows, was a man of dignified presence, open countenance, and well-set, determined features. He was neither a placeman nor a fortune hunter, neither a sycophant nor a sniveller; and were we to write of his qualifications in terms of present-day efficiency, we should describe a character not unlike many a highly-honored man of affairs of our own time. Yet as an office seeker, an appointee of the Duke of Newcastle, an upholder of the royal prerogative, and an imperialist, he possessed attributes that have rendered the royal governors during the colonial period anathema to the patriotic American. In truth, the trail of the whiggish herring still lies over much of the literature of colonial history, and it is a difficult matter even now for a royalist and a tory to get a hearing. The new science of "psycography," or the discovery of the soul of the enemy, can be applied as successfully to the days preceding the Revolution as to the Civil War, and it is high time that we rejected permanently that pernicious but highly popular doctrine of *nil nisi optimum* for the "fathers" of the Republic and *nil nisi pessimum* for the servants of the British Crown.

In truth, few attempts have been made in the past to determine in any spirit of fairness the characters of these men or to estimate the difficulties that confronted them. With due allowance for changes of time, circumstance, racial relations, and ethical attitudes, we may liken them to our governors-general of the Philippines. They had orders and instructions under which they acted, and to a greater or less extent obligations of service that lay upon them. They were actuated not rarely by as deep a sense of loyalty and duty as were their opponents, and were honestly attached to institutions that had a legal and historical right to exist. Furthermore, they were frequently justified in their dislike of methods that were disorderly and revolutionary. The greater part of our colonial history represents a struggle between antagonistic forces, and, in recounting the phases of that struggle, nothing is gained by ignoring or condemning the actors that took part on the conservative side. We cannot cast out the truth even if it happens to be unpalatable to the popular taste.

The Society of the Colonial Dames is, therefore, to be congratulated that it has seen fit to include, in its admirable series of historical publications, a collection of the letters of a royal governor. Shirley was a patriot in the best and broadest sense of that much misunderstood word. He was more than many a so-called patriot of that day, in that he displayed a disinterested enthusiasm for the task before him, and certainly labored in the interest of colony and crown very much harder than did some of the colonials, whose energies, removed from the limelight and properly observed, present an appearance of rather shabby egoism and self-interest. Shirley was loyal to Massachusetts, defending her claims and maintaining her leadership. In 1750, he could assert with pride that throughout his administration not "the least quarrell, ill-will, or misunderstanding" had occurred to mar "the perfect harmony" that had subsisted between himself and the Massachusetts Assembly. He was loyal to the cause of colonial union, desiring, in an age when the spirit of particularism was rampant, to draw the colonies into coöperative action against France in America. And he was loyal to the crown, defending the royal prerogative and urging with almost prophetic vision the importance of England's control in America. His letters to England are weighty with shrewd, intelligent, and prescient advice. He had his personal peculiarities, but few men are without their humors; he was ambitious, but not criminally; and his eye was always turned towards the loaves and fishes—but so were all official eyes in an age when appointment went by favor, and office was the outcome of influence and patronage.

Perhaps Shirley's greatest gift lay in his ability to get on with the

colonials even while serving the crown. He knew the colonists better than did the authorities in England, and could work with them harmoniously in civil and military matters. He was generous in his appreciation of merit in colonist and royal official alike, and could ask for rewards for others as well as himself. His aggressive energy placed Massachusetts in the very forefront of the colonial resistance to French encroachment, and the colony was proud of her prestige. His success in promoting the one romantic adventure of the mid-eighteenth century in America, the capture of Louisburg in 1745, gave him prominence in the larger military world. His most serious quarrel was not with the provincials but with Loudoun, his arrogant and self-willed successor as military commander, whose appointment was the initial blunder of the Seven 'Years' War in America. Such is the picture that we obtain from these volumes of Shirley's place and work, and we close them with the conviction that had the Massachusetts governor been left in command, he would have saved England from the eccentric stupidities that characterized the military inactivities of Loudoun and Abercrombie.

I have little inclination to deal here with the technique of the editor's work. Dr. Lincoln has put us all in his debt for the promptness, thoroughness, and scholarly skill with which he has performed his editorial duties. Perhaps the net which he cast so widely had too fine a mesh, and I cannot but feel that too many letters have been reprinted, in view of such important omissions as Shirley's memorial to the king and his answer to Loudoun's charges. I seem also to recall a number of striking letters sent to the Treasury, Admiralty, and War Office that are not here and that will some day have to be printed. It is not very gracious to the editor or entertaining for the reader of this review, to call attention to textual peccadillos, but I cannot pass by an odd blunder, the extension of *Adm. Sec. In-letters* to "Admiralty Section, Insular Letters," when it should be "Admiralty, Secretary's Department, In-letters," or letters received. Dr. Lincoln should have been more careful in his printing of the one letter reproduced in facsimile, and in the rendering of some of his references (C. O. 211 should be C. O. 5, 211, and P. C. R. 15, 171 should be P. C. R. George II, XV, 171); and the reader will probably wonder what "Bas horses" are, though it may be that the correct "Bât horses" will not enlighten him. There are some genealogical relations here, notably those of the various Williamses, that might have been disentangled to advantage; and at times more biographical light would have brightened up a few obscure passages.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

Yale University.

The Writings of John Quincy Adams. Edited by Worthington Chamcey Ford. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1918. Vol. I. \$3.50.

Every student of American History will welcome the appearance of the first volume of the new "Writings of John Quincy Adams" under the editorship of Worthington C. Ford. In his introduction, Mr. Ford announces his purpose to print whatever in the State papers, dispatches, and unpublished private letters is "of permanent historical value." He has accordingly made a selection out of the "great mass" of writings, and in printing private letters, he has cut out rigorously all but political or impersonal matters. No trivial or domestic details are repeated, and the whole volume is kept strictly to the field outlined in the preface.

Nothing, on the whole, can be of greater value to the historical student than to have the Adams papers submitted to this preliminary winnowing. Had the policy of full reproduction of entire letters been adopted—a policy at one time advocated and still favored by some editors,—it is evident that the writings of so voluminous and persistent a correspondent as John Quincy Adams would have assumed unmanageable proportions. Most readers will feel confident from the contents of this volume that Mr. Ford's editorial discretion is justified. The work of identifying individuals and places mentioned in the letters seems to have been carried out with scrupulous thoroughness, and the explanatory notes from the John Quincy Adams diaries or from the writings of persons concerned are illuminating and valuable. It is a peculiarity of the editor's policy that he does not hesitate to include extracts from John Quincy Adams's own letters in the notes. The logical reason for this is evident in nearly every case, for the matter in the note is usually an amplification or explanation of some other letter printed as text; but the policy of printing the correspondence in two forms is a little open to question.

The contents of the volume cover the years 1779-1796; they include letters from Europe during the young man's journey to St. Petersburg, 1780-1785; from Harvard, 1786-1787; from Newburyport and Boston during the years of legal study and law practice, 1786-1794; and then, full and energetic, from Europe during the first diplomatic mission to the Netherlands, 1794-1796. There are also reprinted the Federalist controversial pamphlets of "Publicola," "Menander," "Marcellus," and "Columbus," which won for their youthful author the approval of Washington and the appointment to the diplomatic service. Born, like Pitt and Hamilton, to be a "public man," the precocious young diplomatist shows a characteristic absence of foreign sympathies and great keenness and shrewdness in his comments upon the extravagances of France and the relentless self-seeking of England during the years

1794 to 1796. These letters prefigure the lifelong patriotism and utterly disillusioned directness of one who throughout his career never failed to be his own absolutely sufficient guide. Mr. Ford's later volumes ought to be of still greater value, serving to counterbalance by their more measured contents the rather atrabilious impression of John Quincy Adams which, for a generation, his famous diary has served to create. A diary cannot, after all, tell the whole truth. Letters and public writings such as these are needed to give a justly balanced portrait.

THEODORE CLARKE SMITH.

Williams College.

South America: Observations and Impressions. By James Bryce. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1912. \$2.50 net.

Through South America. By Harry Weston Van Dyke. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.

Few travellers returning from South America bring home similar impressions. Here are two books that follow the same rule. One avowedly, and the other apparently, seeks to acquaint the reader with what South America holds in the way of interest. The first does not touch the northern countries or Paraguay; it has five maps to show the author's routes, during a four months' journey, but has no other illustrations. The latter touches all countries even to the Guianas; it has one poor map and forty good illustrations. From a casual inspection of appearance and general make-up one might expect the latter to be somewhat more comprehensive and perhaps more readable than the former. A very little reading will, however, quickly dispel any such illusion.

Mr. Van Dyke falls very far short of bringing his reader into intimate contact with the different parts of South America. For one reason, more than one third of his text is purely historical matter, largely uninterpreted and unapplied to existing conditions, and thus adding little or nothing to the feeling of acquaintance with Bolivia, or Brazil, or whatever region is being discussed. Secondly, when some interesting topic is reached, instead of giving personal impressions, the author repeatedly quotes at length from some other book. Mozans, Mrs. Wright, Curtis, Dawson, Ruhl, and Holmes are some of the most familiar authors from whom many pages have been drawn. Some of the passages quoted are almost classic, as in the case of Sir Martin Conway's account of his visit to Mount Sarmiento; but other quotations could have been omitted without hurting the text, as the one from Mrs. Wright, on Santiago. Most of the good descriptions are openly second-hand. A third weak point arises from the number of misstatements

scattered through the text, as for example (p. 190), that Argentina "has over 500,000,000 acres of its area available for cultivation, . . . distributed over vast . . . well-watered plains . . ." As a matter of fact, there are not so many well-watered acres in all Argentina, plains and mountains combined. Finally, the text is simply an enumeration of the most evident facts. The author nowhere gets below the surface. Unless the reader has a capacity for remembering many unrelated facts, he will know but little more about South America when he finishes the book than when he began.

On the other hand, Mr. Bryce's book brings the reader into very close touch with the parts of South America there discussed. A good deal of history is woven in, but it serves always to interpret the present. It helps materially to understand the countries. The descriptions are delightful; far better than pictures, for they give what ordinary pictures cannot—the spirit of a place. Thus no one has written more aptly of the desert coast of Chile and Peru, of the journey over the trans-Andine railway, of the voyage through the Straits, of Rio de Janeiro, and so on. But the book is much more than descriptions of sections traversed. It is analytical and interpretative in its discussions of forces at work in the different countries and their tendencies in development. Nowhere is there, for example, a more effective "character sketch" of Argentina than in Mr. Bryce's one chapter of less than forty pages.

It has been urged by some that this book records only the bright side of South American nations while the supposed "shady side" is passed over. This criticism is not just. It is undeniable that the book as a whole is complimentary to the countries visited; but so must the observations and impressions of any fair-minded observer be complimentary to most of the nations here discussed. Unsavory things are there, as in other countries. The author does not fail to record that fact. But they are not by any means the whole fabric of these nations. Mr. Bryce very properly, therefore, gives unsavory things only the place they deserve. This treatment is welcome.

South America long has been needing a book which would tell the truth fairly, no more and no less. Here it is. People may differ honestly with Mr. Bryce concerning some of the forecasts which he makes for individual countries and for the whole continent. But no one, agreeing or disagreeing, can fail to admire the breadth of understanding of South American conditions there revealed, and the unfailing accuracy of his facts. Between the covers there is no statement of vital fact to which justified exception can be taken—to be able to say this of a book about South America heretofore has been almost unheard of. Indeed anyone who wants to see South America in its right light and wants to

understand the making of its best nations has missed the best if he has not read Mr. Bryce's "Observations and Impressions." However great may be the profit in that reading, the pleasure can be no less.

WALTER S. TOWER.

University of Chicago.

Cardinal Manning; The Decay of Idealism in France; The Institute of France: Three Essays. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1912. \$8.00 net.

It is now fifteen years since Mr. Bodley published his "France," the most ambitious and extensive study ever devoted to that country by a foreigner. In two of the three essays which make up the present volume, he presents further fruits from the field where he has so long and carefully tilled. The essay on Cardinal Manning is a personal appreciation, based on an acquaintance beginning in 1884 when Mr. Bodley became secretary of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes and continuing till Manning's death in 1892. It is a glowing tribute rather than a searching estimate. The serene Olympian—always, in spite of his asceticism, a man of unusual social gifts,—now mellowed with years and distinguished by half a century and more of achievement, was bound to impress the young barrister of thirty whom he honored with his intimacy and aided with his counsel. We are much indebted to Mr. Bodley for a vivid though, one is bound to believe, an incomplete and idealized portrait of one of the most remarkable personalities of the last century. The writer's sympathies for Manning have prompted him to add a biting estimate of Newman, the rival cardinal. It was Manning's intention that Mr. Bodley should be his official biographer; but there seems little doubt that Purcell, who undertook the task, has set forth the man, in his weakness as well as his strength, in a truer light than would have been possible for his less discriminating admirer to do.

As was the case in his "France," Mr. Bodley, in his essay on "The Decay of Idealism," employs his vast knowledge of all things French to support a thesis. In the earlier work the ever-recurring *motif* was that French parliamentary institutions have proved to be hopelessly incompatible with the system of strong, centralized administration which Napoleon did so much to establish, and which persists to-day. In the present essay his contention, constantly reiterated with a wealth of illustration from different points of view, is that idealism is decaying in France, and that this is due to profound changes resulting from the advent of a mechanical age, the outcome of the amazing scientific and

industrial development of the last half-century. At the outset, he is careful to state that he is not dealing with philosophical idealism, but with the practical idealism of men of affairs, high and low. Yet, after an earnest effort to gain a precise, consistent idea of just what he means by the term, the reviewer is obliged to adopt the attitude of the cautious undergraduate in reply to an examination question, and say: "Mr. Bodley's notion of idealism, as I understand it, is not very well understood." At one moment he states that it is the tendency to frame set formulæ, or principles, for the guidance of political action, and points to the Dreyfus case as the last explosion of political idealism. More than once, however, the author represents what he has in mind as a certain distinctiveness of national character, rapidly being merged into a cosmopolitan uniformity. The decay of idealism, whatever may be meant by the term, he attributes primarily to the influence of the mechanical age, secondarily to the pessimism induced by the humiliating results of the Franco-Prussian war and to the disillusionment produced by the Third Republic. Among contributory causes, he enumerates the displacement of the classics in the French system of education and the influence of certain individual authors, notably the "dulcet iconoclasm" of Renan and the "withering nihilism" of Anatole France. To anticipate those who might cite the counter-influence of writings of another stamp, he remarks: "When one says that idealism is dead or dying in France, it is not meant that idealistic sentiment has departed from French literature. What has disappeared is that frequent conception of something to be realized in high perfection, which was the unswerving aim of French thinkers and leaders of thought." Yet, in order to make assurance doubly sure, he proceeds to take up and rule out of court, on one ground or another, the names of those who might naturally be suggested as literary exponents of idealism. M. Bergson is a philosopher, and that side of idealism was excluded from the discussion at the start. M. Romain Rolland exhibits idealistic tendencies in his "Jean-Christophe"; but idealism figures in this remarkable work as only one of a multitude of elements, such as mysticism, symbolism, and what not. M. Barrès, the author admits, has had a great influence, especially on the younger generation of Frenchmen; but he is disposed of in a summary fashion on the ground that he is a traditionalist rather than an idealist.

Now one cannot, like Mr. Podsnap, meet Mr. Bodley's gloomy prophecies by merely waving them aside. No doubt, a change is coming over France, and much that is gracious and picturesque is passing away. The quaint, secluded life of the provinces is rapidly ceasing to be, while France, as a whole, is losing much of its national distinctiveness. More-

over, it is grievous to reflect on the passing of that generation of elegant and leisurely scholars, of that fine type of thinkers and writers, many of whom Mr. Bodley, as he frequently informs us, had the good fortune to know intimately. Yet death is a debt which all must pay to nature, and it does not necessarily follow that those who have gone have not left descendants who will one day rise to their stature. From many indications it would seem that they have. Felix Ravaisson has exercised an immense influence in educational ideals, an influence which is being carried on through M. Lachelier and M. Boutroux. Gabriel Monod, who was still alive when the present essays were prepared for the press, represented ideals of historical scholarship which have left an indelible imprint on scores who have come under his influence. Moreover, that type of fetid, decadent fiction, which flourished so rankly a decade since, has had its vogue. A newer, more hopeful school with wholesome standards—represented, among others, by Barrès, Bazin, and Bordeaux—is gaining a steadily increasing hearing. Label them as he will or seek to leave them out of account, idealism cannot be wholly moribund where such men write and are listened to. M. Paul Bourget, once so hopeless, now cherishes the ideals of anti-socialism and the renaissance of Roman Catholicism, while M. Marcel Prévost nourishes the ideal of a return to the old restraints on the freedom of girls. In politics Mr. Bodley sees a situation dominated by the *arrivistes*, the pushing international type of men, who are in control of business as well. But observers on all sides are commenting on a new spirit now animating French public life almost coterminus with the rise of M. Poincaré to power, first as prime minister, now as president. It is a spirit of patriotism, of national confidence, and self-reliance. M. Briand announced three years ago that the time for “appeasement” had come, and although there are, perforce, sharp party divisions, the bitterness of factional rancor seems to be giving place to a more or less united effort on the part of all classes in France to set her house in order, to strengthen her executive, smooth down petty differences, and go forth “to defend her vital interests and uphold her dignity abroad.” From all indications pessimism and disillusionment are being dispelled by hope and enthusiasm.

Two “sanctuaries of tradition” which Mr. Bodley still finds in France are the “Comédie Française” and the “Institute.” Of the latter “famous corporation and the Academies composing it,” he gives us far and away the best account in English. While professedly following “the order of the narrative, which was produced in 1907 by the Perpetual Secretaries of the Five Academies,” he has enriched his account by many details drawn from his own great reservoir of informa-

tion. The original purpose of the "Académie des Inscriptions" is one of many items which will be new to the majority of English readers; so will the statement that the work of Levesque de Pouilly in a measure anticipated that of Niebuhr and Mommsen. As in the previous essays, there are fine touches of humor. For example, we are told that, at a sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions, a few weeks after the September massacres of 1792, "instructive papers were read on the Emperor Hadrian and Aristophanes." Surely such learned detachment had never been equalled since Sir Thomas Browne, when England was shaking from the upheaval of the Puritan Revolution, thought it was a fitting time to speculate as to why a camel might have two humps, and to discuss the principles of quincuncial ordination.

In the matter of style Mr. Bodley has high standards. "Easy writing," he declares, "makes hard reading and the swiftly flowing pen produces prose swift to perish." On the whole, the grace and distinction of his own writing is an excellent exemplification of his ideals. Here and there, it is marked by epigrams which stamp themselves on the memory—for example: "the tramp of western Europe whose ideal is complete abstention from productive industry"; and "an idealist in a hurry is as ineffective a force as a steam engine in repose"; and again: "to hasten the decay of conversation the French have adopted the resources of duller nations for killing time." One could wish, however, that Mr. Bodley had been more successful in his expressed intention of keeping himself in the background.

ARTHUR LYON CROSS.

University of Michigan.

The German Emperor and the Peace of the World. By Alfred H. Fried. With a Preface by Norman Angell. Hodder & Stoughton. New York. 1912. \$2.00 net.

To many people the title of this book may seem a paradox. What interest can the ruler of a mighty military state of Europe have in the modern pacifist movement? In the Hohenzollern dynasty one would not expect to find a world-peace advocate; and the system, more or less aptly called "Prussianism," which trained men of such "blood and iron" policy as Frederick the Great, Blücher, and Bismarck, would seem to give full warrant to the name of "War Lord" by which the present Emperor is so often known outside his own country. To be sure, only outside his own country. In Germany, no one calls him by that very misleading appellation. His training as a soldier brings him into the closest contact with the army; but his own personal warlike aspirations,

which are so often mentioned as imperilling the safety of his neighbors and disturbing the peace of Europe, are known to be of so tame a nature in practice, that again and again, from all parts of the empire, protests have been heard against his too conciliatory attitude towards the other Powers.

Very little, however, had been done to show forth the German Emperor's deeply rooted and thoroughly sincere desire for world peace and to prove that this desire not only exists, but has repeatedly borne fruit, until Mr. Fried wrote "The German Emperor and the Peace of the World."

The attitude of the Emperor towards the pacifist movement proper was at first anything but a warm one. Gradually, however, his negative position of simply refraining from war became a more positive one and he and his government took steps towards insuring future peace and more friendly international relations. Arbitration treaties with England and the United States, the participation in the Hague Courts, the Algeiras Conference in 1905, the Morocco Agreement in 1909, the Venezuela troubles, the affair of Casablanca, and other cases show the change in policy. Mr. Fried is inclined to attribute this change largely to the influence of pacifists like Carnegie, the Baron d'Estournelles, and the Prince of Monaco, as well as to the obvious trend in the same direction of the opinions of men in the confidence of the Emperor, like Ballin, the General Manager of the Hamburg-American Line, Count von Bülow, Herr von Achen, the then Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Herr Bethmann-Hollweg, General von Einem, Count Bernstorff, and the one-time German Ambassador in London, Count Wolff-Metternich. The greatest influence, however, is attributed to Norman Angell's book on "Europe's Optical Illusion," which the Emperor is said to have read with the deepest interest. "From this mosaic it is easy to see that the object of the sketch is to show that the spring-time of pacifism is leaving its traces upon the German Emperor. . . . The ideal of a great undisturbed peace, which the world believes him to be capable of realizing, is gradually forming in his mind, and is beginning obviously to influence his actions."

It is interesting to note that the trouble caused by the apathetic and reactionary stand of the German delegation at the first Hague Conference was not due to the influence of the Emperor, but primarily to Count Muenster, who "went to the Hague with the conviction that 'the summoning of the Conference was a political trick on the part of Russia, the most abominable trick that has ever been played.'"

All this by no means proves that the Emperor is a pacifist! On the contrary, he still maintains the time-honored standpoint: *si vis pacem*,

para bellum. And Mr. Fried concedes that he is, under the circumstances, perfectly justified in doing so. But he also emphasizes the fact that on New Year's Day, 1909, the Emperor read to his generals an article on "Modern War" in the "Deutsche Revue," and added that "his views coincided in every way with those expounded by the writer." The author proved to be Count Schlieffen, the ex-chief of the General Staff, who showed how armies and armaments, if increased at the present rate, would make a war so disastrous to life and property that no nation would dare to call up such a conflict. This is the pacifist argument and presumably coincides with the Emperor's views. But while the pacifist would say, "turn back, disarm, arbitrate," etc., Count Schlieffen sees no other course but to go on arming. And this also coincides with the Emperor's views.

That, Mr. Fried maintains, is an entirely wrong conclusion. A peace upheld by gunpowder factories is all too brittle. "The new method of securing peace is an intellectual one; with the technical alone it can no longer be done. . . . War material is no longer an instrument to carry out the will of a state; it is used only to protect the state against the will of another being imposed upon it. . . . War material which to-day is the defense of the individual state, will later become the defense of the community of states." As a sign of this social tendency in international politics is cited "the fact that European troops coöperate in Crete, China, and Morocco, for the purpose . . . of performing police duties in the name of a common civilisation." The community of states thus forming cannot remain unnoticed by the Emperor.

The pacifists do not demand that national boundaries be wiped out, that the independence of the nations be impaired. They do not even demand a federation of the powers, but simply the recognition and development of the organization and system of coöperation already existing in so many fields. The Emperor is the man naturally, and by his position, best fitted to take the lead, while the already formed Pan-American Union might serve as a model. Political questions should be put aside for the present, and the economic and social aspects of the problem be tackled first. "The indirect way is the only right one in pacification." Though the Emperor is to-day still hampered by "the men who surround him, and who have not kept pace with him in his development," still he will eventually free himself of their influence and fulfill his mission. "The world and history await a deed!"

The sworn pacifist will undoubtedly find in this volume the book of hope which the author intended it to be. It gives a clear picture of the Emperor's attitude towards the questions confronting the pacifist movement, and shows how much ground there is to expect in him the

leader the movement needs. One may doubt, nevertheless, whether the Emperor will be able to overcome the strong currents of opposition existing at home or to cope with the new situation resulting from the present unrest in European politics. However that may be, the chief value of the book lies in the fact that it shows for the first time in concrete form how much the Emperor has actually done. Far from being the disturber of the peace of Europe, as chauvinistic journalists and some pious churchmen on both sides of the Atlantic would make us believe, he has by a consistent policy of peace strengthened his nation and made it the iron core which holds together the nations of Europe. The recognition in the Anglo-Saxon world of this fact would be an immense step forward towards the peace of the world!

HENRY LÜDEKE.

Yale University.

Heredity in Relation to Eugenics. By Charles Benedict Davenport. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1911. \$2.00 net.

Dr. Davenport's book is written to demonstrate that the same laws of inheritance pertain to man as to animals in general, if one will only study them out. The breeding of the human animal is regarded as so entirely a matter of individual choice that interference with the selection of a mate is resented as a personal affront; and yet we make our selections, in the vast majority of cases, in obedience to the general law that like breeds like; and as a matter of fact we may say that the world has been fairly well served as a result. Why then this new "cult" of Eugenics? Why has it become such a matter of interest and investigation that volumes appear almost monthly; essays in the magazines; lectures, more or less popular; while an especial magazine, the "Eugenics Review," is devoted to its exposition? The answer is that, in the first place, the taxpayer finds himself financially affected; and second, that certain laws of heredity have been discovered which bear directly upon the propagation of the unfit.

For years the humanitarian and the philanthropist have led the way in caring for pauper and criminal, at the expense of the more provident. Statistics have shown a rapid and steady increase in the ratio of pauperism, insanity, and crime to the whole population; proving that the support of these defectives has become a veritable burden upon the tax-paying community, and that, although there might be individual improvement in those thus cared for, these very persons "breed back," so to speak, to their degenerate ancestors, their very betterment but affording the opportunity for them to propagate their unfit kind.

In this book, Dr. Davenport endeavors to answer the question, how can this ever increasing tribe of defectives be halted? One answer is to confine the sexes separately during the propagating period of life. This means in the male practically during his whole life; in the female for the thirty odd years of child-bearing. But this again costs money, and the present taxpayer is not relieved though posterity presumably will be. Is there any additional way? Segregation is good so far as it goes, but it includes but a limited number; and these, it must be remembered, form the least dangerous class, the low grade imbecile. The real menace is the high grade moron. This brings up the much discussed question as to the asexualization of these defectives. If this method should be adopted, it should apply, of course, only to those who are of too high a grade of intelligence to be segregated. These are really the most dangerous, for while their physical and mental powers are sufficient to permit them to earn their own living, to be economically self-supporting, perhaps a little more than that, their offspring are likely to be of the lowest types. The germ plasm which they inherit they will transmit, and if by chance their mating is of their own order (and this is most likely to be the case), the result, according to the laws of inheritance, will be defectives in large numbers, and the grade will be worse than either of the parents. This does not mean that there may not be some normal children born; but the proportion will be small and the grade inferior. While Mendel's law is an extremely ticklish thing to apply in the study of human inheritance, where mating is the result of individual choice, the experience of the breeding of the feeble-minded and defective criminal seems to bear it out.

Asexualization, it must be understood, has quite different effects upon the two sexes. Upon the female it has been practised for pathological reasons for a long time, and the evidence, as given by surgeons, is that upon the sexual instinct or passion its effect may be regarded as negligible. Upon the male it has not been practised to anything like such an extent, and the opportunities for observation are limited. The results of the operation of vasectomy have not been sufficiently studied to enable one to form a definite conclusion as to its benefits; it is still in the experimental stage. Where the major operation has been performed, it is always for a disease which has already destroyed the especial function, and the effect of the operation *per se* cannot be determined. The only opportunity we have for studying the effect of this operation, when performed to any extent on normal individuals, is in the Orient, where eunuchs are employed for definite occupations, usually about the harem. The operation having been performed on a normal male before the age of puberty, the only change is physical, in that the beard

and other distinctively masculine characteristics do not grow, the change in voice does not take place; the mental and muscular functions are not interfered with. If we may judge by the effect of the operation on the lower animals, and we have every right so to do, it is in no respect detrimental either to the physical or the mental development. It simply inhibits the sexual appetite, and with it removes the tendency to viciousness that is likely to come on with old age. Reasoning from analogy, it is much more likely than otherwise that defectives thus asexualized would become much more useful members of society, more amenable to instruction, more obedient, less restless and vicious, wage-earners rather than paupers and criminals.

Dr. Davenport argues with great force for the desirability, amounting to necessity, that society should protect itself in both these ways. He shows that the attempts to accomplish restriction of the increase of defectives and degenerates through marriage laws have been futile, resulting simply in the increase of illegitimacy. One has but to read the awful record of the defective branch of the "Kallikak" family to learn the hopelessness of attempting to accomplish by any other means than segregation or asexualization the prevention of the propagation of the unfit.

WILLIAM HENRY CARMALT.

Yale University.

Social Life in the Insect World. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. The Century Company. New York. 1912. \$8.00.

The study of animal behavior has been placed in recent years on so secure a scientific basis that special courses in this subject are now offered in all the larger biological laboratories. Such courses have been made possible by the accumulation of a vast fund of information acquired by countless studies of the behavior of animal species of all groups, from the simplest protozoön to the ape, and under a great variety of conditions. The results of these observations and experiments are recorded in the language of science, and such records, of course, differ entirely from the older studies in the natural history of animals. Nowadays, tables of time-reactions in the laboratory far too often replace the graphic accounts of the observations of the animals in their natural habitats by the older naturalists.

The writer of this book, however, has more of the spirit of the real naturalist of the old school. M. Fabre is an out-of-doors observer who has devoted a long life to the study of the insect world of his native province in France. No phase in the life histories of his objects of

study is too obscure to enlist his efforts, no action too trivial to arouse an inquiry as to its meaning. The time element plays no part in his work; if the problem cannot be solved this year, the next year will give another opportunity. Still active, and past ninety years of age, he undertakes problems which would discourage a man of thirty. Success is attained only by piecing together numerous fragmentary observations. And after the facts have been learned, and the habits and actions of the creature have become intelligible to his mind, this almost unparalleled observer has been able to report his discoveries to the world with a charm of language which appeals to every reader, old or young,—with an eloquence usually thought to belong exclusively to the habitual “nature faker.”

And yet fact is never confused with imagination in M. Fabre's work. Each particular in an insect's habit is tested by patient observation or ingenious experiment before being accepted; and no conclusion is reached without an explicit statement of the evidence on which it is based. In describing, for example, the life history of the cicadas, which live for several years in the ground after hatching from eggs laid on the twigs of trees, M. Fabre gives the following description of the actions of the insects after falling to the ground: “I see the tiny larvæ, no larger than fleas, attack the earth with the curved talons of their fore limbs, digging their claws into it and making such an excavation as the point of a thick needle would enter. With a magnifying glass I watch their picks at work. I see their talons raking atom after atom of earth to the surface. In a few minutes there is a little gaping well. The larva climbs downwards and buries itself, henceforth invisible. . . . Once they have burrowed to such depths as will safeguard them from the frosts, they sleep in solitude in their winter quarters, and await the return of spring before piercing some neighboring root and taking their first repast.” After four years of life beneath the surface of the ground the full-grown insects emerge to the sunlight, shed their skins for the last time, and acquire the gauzy wings and brilliant coloring of the adult. “Four years of hard labor underground, and a month of feasting in the sun; such is the life of the Cigale. Do not let us again reproach the adult insect with his triumphant delirium. For four years, in the darkness, he has worn a dirty parchment overall; for four years he has mined the soil with his talons, and now the mud-stained sapper is suddenly clad in the finest raiment, and provided with wings that rival the bird's; moreover, he is drunken with heat and flooded with light, the supreme terrestrial joy. His cymbals will never suffice to celebrate such felicity, so well earned although so ephemeral. . . . But the Cigale has a more terrible enemy than the sparrow. This is

the green grasshopper. It is late, and the Cigales are silent. Drowsy with light and heat, they have exhausted themselves in producing their symphonies all day long. Night has come, and with it repose; but a repose frequently troubled. In the thick foliage of the plane-trees there is a troubled sound like a cry of anguish, short and strident. It is the despairing lamentation of the Cigale surprised in the silence by the grasshopper, the ardent hunter of the night, which leaps upon the Cigale, seizes it by the flank, tears it open, and devours the contents of the stomach. After the orgy of music comes night and assassination."

This volume is sure to find favor with English readers. It contains graphic descriptions of the lives and the habits of fifteen species of insects, including the cicadas, mantis, crickets, moths, and beetles. Exception might be taken to the way in which some of the technical terms are translated; but in the main the meaning of the author is accurately rendered, and the descriptions are sufficiently vivid. The illustrations are excellent.

WESLEY R. COE.

Yale University.

Primitive Christianity and its Non-Jewish Sources. By Carl Clemen, Professor in the University of Bonn. Translated by R. G. Nisbet. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1912. \$3.50 net.

Bonn is one of the very few European universities to support a chair of the History of Religion; and its present incumbent is eminently worthy of the place. Professor Clemen, though still a young man, has long been widely and very favorably known for his work in New Testament criticism of which his scholarly volumes on the life of Paul and on the Fourth Gospel afford salient examples.

More recently he has given especial study to the sweeping claims of the so-called "Religionsgeschichtliche Schule," New Testament critics who rely mainly upon the methods of comparative religion. Of these a very small and extravagantly radical subdivision have concentrated attention upon themselves by the attempt to account for both Christianity and its literature with little or no historical nucleus. The gospel story, and even the letters of Paul, were alleged to be the product of syncretistic mythology in the period of the fusion of religions in the Empire under the Antonines. From these extravagant extremists the representatives of the method of comparative religion exhibit all gradations down to the sober and accurate scholarship of Bousset and Reitzenstein. But the material exhibited by great discoverers such as Dieterich, Cumont, and Deissmann is too recent to permit of a consensus of critical opinion. We are aware that the magic papyri, the Hermetic literature, the

liturgies and monumental remains of the mysteries of Mithras and other Savior-gods, have deep significance for the origins of our own faith; but how great, and of just what sort, remains still to be determined. The verdict must be pronounced not by fevered advocates, but with cool, sober, dispassionate judgment, after full and methodical comparison of all the data.

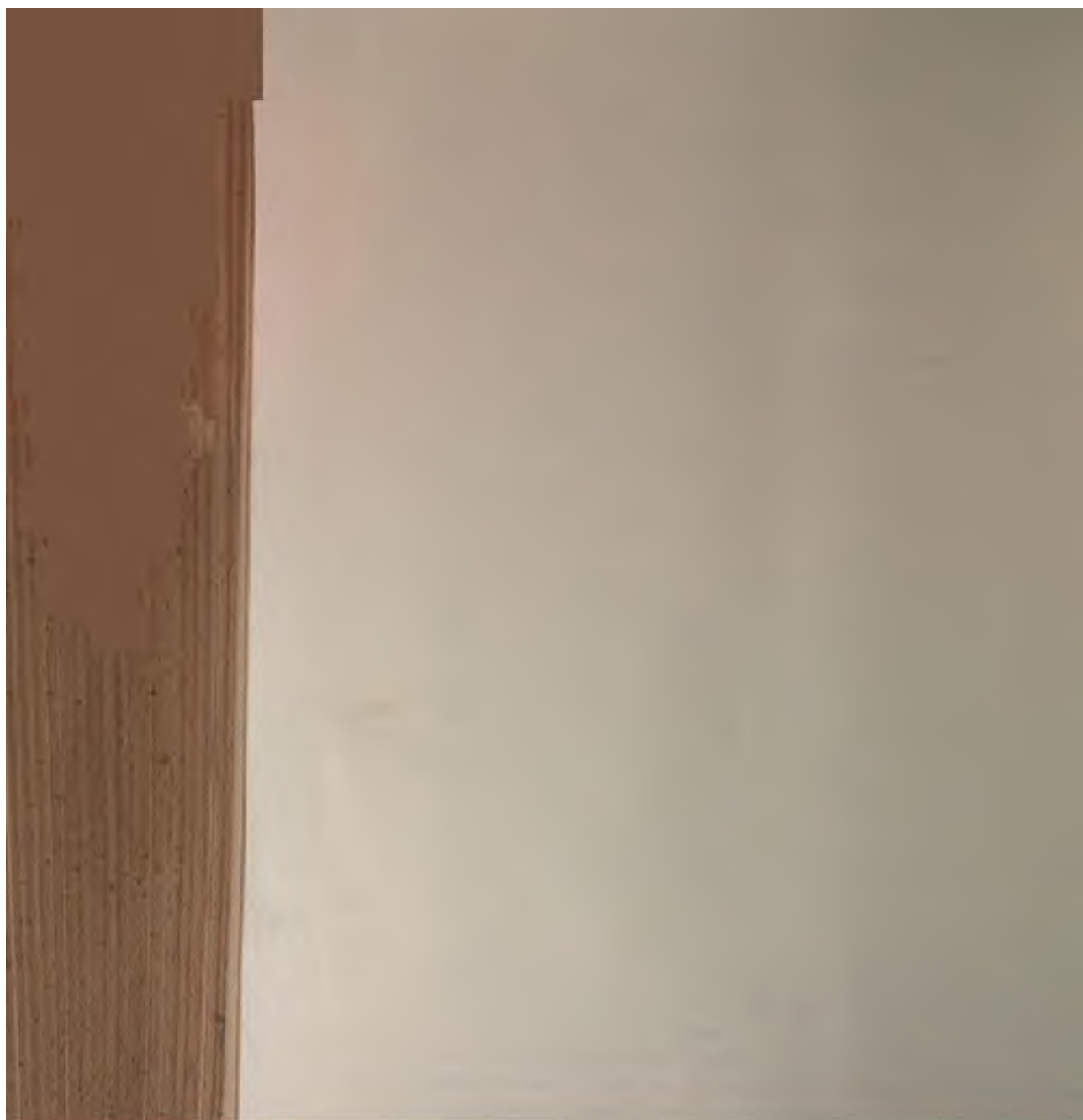
Professor Clemen's book is of just the sort to awaken confidence by its sobriety of tone, dispassionate judgment, and comprehensive survey of the facts. Few works of importance in the field, wide as it is, have escaped him, and his account of the authors' views, while succinct to a degree, is judicial and adequate. In the attempt to set the ideas inherited by Christianity from Judaism apart from those taken over directly or indirectly from Gentile religious thought, much of the difficulty is due to the considerable admixture of Persian and Greek ideas in pre-Christian Judaism. In this field Gunkel and Bousset have rendered especially important service which the extravagances of Jensen, Robertson, and W. B. Smith should not be permitted to discredit. For indeed while Professor Clemen himself is studiously fair, the impression made by a volume wherein so large space is unavoidably accorded to theorizers and impressionists is unduly negative. We seem to be reading an apologist—which is not the case. At the end, the summing up seems drier and more deprecatory than the really splendid achievements of this school of Biblical criticism have merited.

As regards the substance of the book, we have the methodical, careful, comprehensive scholarship we have learned to expect from Professor Clemen, whose unusual attainments in modern languages, especially English, leave him not open to the charge, often applicable to his compatriots, of ignoring English scholarship. In some instances one must claim the right to differ in judgment, and occasionally (but rarely) a literary relation seems to have escaped him.

We can also commend the excellence of the English rendering which not only does full justice to the sense, but throughout, by the vast numbers of citations supplies in addition references by page number to the English translations wherever such exist. We observe, however, with some curiosity, that no reader not having command of French, Latin, and Greek could read intelligently even the opening pages of the book, and ask ourselves how many such there are who need to have the German, but *only* the German, translated for them.

B. W. BACON.

Yale University.



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